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Orthodox London : or, Phases of religious



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ORTHODOX LONDON:

OR,

PHASES OF RELIGIOUS LIFE IN THE CHURCH OF
ENGLAND.

ORTHODOX LONDON:

OR,

PHASES OF RELIGIOUS LIFE IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

BY THE

REV. C. MAURICE DAVIES, D.D.

AUTHOR OF 'UNORTHODOX LONDON.'

'SIRS, YE ARE BRETHREN!'

Second Edition, Revised.

LONDON:

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8, CATHERINE ST., STRAND.

1876.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE present volume contains the whole of *Orthodox London*, parts I. and II., with the exception of a few chapters that possessed no permanent interest, and with the addition of some portions of *Heterodox* and *Mystic London*. The Annual Register for 1873, when commenting on these books, flatteringly supposes that they may one day possess historical interest. 'What would we not give,' it asks, 'for an equally fair and graphic picture of the religious bill of fare furnished for the England of two or three centuries ago?' Perhaps the purport of this particular volume could not be better described than by quoting some subsequent words in the same article. 'Dr Davies,' it is added, 'finds differences as great among the "orthodox" divines themselves as among some of the "unnorthodox" and those on the other side of the border.' It is even so; and the discovery need not shake faith in the Church of England as by Law Established; rather the reverse, suggesting Tennyson's words:—

'Not like to like, but *like in difference*.'

MAURICE DAVIES.

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SERIES I.

ORTHODOX LONDON.

REV. H. R. HAWEIS AT ST JAMES'S CHAPEL.

AMONG the revelations of modern science none are more wonderful than those which tell of the richness and complexity of nature. Everywhere there is life within life, there are worlds beyond worlds. Not only, as we were made uncomfortably aware by visits to the Polytechnic in childhood, has the smallest drop of drinking-water its multitudinous inhabitants, but the parasitic animal whose world is the body of an insect has its parasite; not only again are there 'more worlds than one,' but, outside the limits of our own planetary system, science begins to probe the suns of the galaxy and to delve into the mysteries of nebular as well as stellar cosmogony. Such are among the disclosures of the microscope and telescope respectively.

And something analogous to this is discoverable in the social and religious world. Where all seemed heretofore 'simplex et unum,' we are daily finding out distinctions of which our forefathers never dreamed. To take a single instance from political life. Parties can no longer be ranged under the two divergent standards of Whig and Tory. We are obliged to coin such terms as Liberal-Conservative, &c., which would, a generation ago, have sounded about as comprehensible as White-Black or Hot-Cold. The same may be said of the religious world. The comprehensive distinctions of Pro-

testant and Catholic seemed to our good old illogical ancestors quite sufficient to embrace all possible forms of thought—that special term ‘Catholic’ being quietly conceded to the most protesting creed of Christendom. Now we have discovered that even Catholicism is not so much at one as it claims to be. There are Catholics and Catholics, even within the fold of St Peter. Outside, the Anglican claims to be Anglo-Catholic too, tolerating the incongruity of the title for the sake of the ‘protest’ against Roman assumption which it involves; and, to pass by the multiform ‘variations of Protestantism,’ the Established Church herself numbers at least three great parties, the High Church, the Low Church, and the Broad Church. Satire still further subdivides them, cataloguing High Church, Dry Church, Low Church, and Slow Church. It was reserved for a Ritualistic Review some time since to add yet another branch in ‘Fast Church,’ to which it consigned the author of a certain obnoxious publication. But even this is not all.

I myself was employed, a year or two ago, as special commissioner of a widely-circulated London newspaper, to describe the various phases of religious life in the metropolis; and not only was I amazed at the undreamed-of fertility of the subject, which seemed literally to grow as I wrote—not only did I meet with strange outlying sects, such as Christadelphians, Sandemanians, &c., of which the very names sounded foreign, but within the bodies of Protestantism themselves I still found that marvellous complication—that system of wheel within wheel alluded to above. Plymouth Brethren were not simply Plymouth Brethren—they were Kellyites, Darbyites, or Newtonites. Even Jews, who seemed the very representative men of Unity and Indivisibility, were split up into the two sections—Orthodox and Reformed—differing in practice, if not in faith, almost as widely as Catholics and Protestants. There were varieties of doctrine or discipline even among Quakers and Jumpers. I feel sure all is not one even in Mr Prince’s Agapemone.

And this remark, which I here make of other religious bodies, comes strangely home to ourselves. The differences which fence off certain Nonconformist communities from the Establishment are, I find, often smaller than those which separate sections of the Establishment itself. It were invidious to mention names, though they rise almost instinctively to one's lips; but the differences between a moderate Unitarian and an advanced Broad Churchman—or between an ultra-Evangelical and the star of some little Bethel—would be considerably less than between the Broad Churchman and the Bethelite themselves. St Alban's, Holborn, resembles the Roman Catholic Church in Field Lane or Moorfields far more nearly than it does the 'Established' places of worship in Bedford Row or Islington.

It occurred to me, then, that an interesting and possibly not unedifying study might be entered upon without wandering beyond the pale of 'the Church of England as by law established.' To portray the various *nuances* of belief and their embodiment in practice among the different strata of the Church of England might be no unworthy subject even for the pen of an ecclesiastical Ulysses who has wandered so widely, seen the dwellings of so many men, and studied their customs! It is such a series of papers I now commence; and, as on the previous occasion, I would premise, first, that I use the term 'Orthodox' colloquially and half under protest to signify simply forms of faith and practice which are comprised within the elastic limits of the Established Church; and secondly, that I by no means presume to adopt the term etymologically, or to say who is right and who wrong, or even whom I think to be right and wrong. My mission is, I feel, only to describe, not to sit in judgment. Were the latter in any sense my function, I should certainly shrink from so delicate a duty as the portraiture of Orthodox London. Sects external to the Church I might have ventured to pass in review—though I did not; but *esprit de corps*, if nothing else, would have shut my mouth on the subject of the Church in which I am an ordained and officiating minister.

The ordinary and proverbial difficulty of a 'beginning' scarcely attaches to me in the execution of my present mission. To inaugurate an attempt so thoroughly eclectic in its nature as the present series, I felt at once that I must select a Broad Church clergyman for my 'representative man;' though I shall at once make the *amende honorable* by following up my sketch with a typical High Churchman and Evangelical; but the Broad Churchman must plainly be to the front. Where, in surveying the metropolitan horizon, should I find the most pronounced individual of the genus? I might have fixed on a well-known dignitary of the Church, which I did not, because he *was* a dignitary and had been 'done' to death. I might even, without being untrue to my title, have selected a clergyman of the Church of England whose breadth has proved as fatal to him as it did to the frog in the fable, yet who still claims to belong to the larger Church of England which is not, for the nonce, *any* national church. There were one or two well-known names which put in a claim, and whose claim I ignored for the very reason that they were well-known, choosing in preference a gentleman who, though well-known too, is not as widely or generally known as he deserves to be; and who, in my judgment, is incomparably best qualified to represent advanced thought in the Church of England at the present moment—namely, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, Incumbent of St James's Chapel, Westmoreland Street, Marylebone.

There is one book, lying a little way out of the beaten track of literature, which I am constantly surprised to find unknown even by reading people: I mean Bailey's 'Festus.' Considering the intrinsic character of the poem and the way in which it has been lauded by such men as Tennyson, Thackeray, and Lord Lytton, it seems marvellous that any intellectual person should be ignorant of the book. Yet such I constantly find to be the case, as also with one or two other works I could name. So, too, not to know Mr Haweis might seem, in the case of Londoners at least, to argue yourself

unknown. Yet so it is. I am constantly asked, 'Who is Mr Haweis? Where is St James's, Marylebone?' Writing, not for the initiated few, but exoterically for the uninformed many, it is a visit to St James's Chapel and a characteristic sermon by Mr Haweis I would make the subject of my present paper.

Westmoreland Street is a turning out of Weymouth Street, in that network of central London known principally to cabmen, and forming part of the purlieu of Manchester Square. It must, I am very much afraid, be set down in Cockney parlance as a slum, and the exterior of the sacred edifice is thoroughly in keeping with its surroundings. An æsthetic High Churchman might deem he had come to the Ultima Thule of religious London, indeed, as his cab deposited him before the unsightly doors of St James's. Should the plans of the incumbent be carried out this will not be the case beyond the present season. The sepulchre is at all events to be whitened. The façade is to be made as sightly as it can be short of utter demolition, and a bell-tower is to replace the present rickety belfry, which, it seems, is not only hideous but dangerous. Presenting myself at this unattractive portal one Sunday morning, I was confronted by the orthodox beadle in his Bumble livery, who passed me on to the conventional pew-opener, with cap perhaps a trifle, but only a trifle, more jaunty than at the neighbouring Evangelical churches. There were evident symptoms of a congregation. Campstools lay in ambush, and there were flaps at the end of the pews ready to put up in cases of emergency. The attendance at St James's I found was pretty nearly co-extensive with its capacities, and numbered something like fifteen hundred. Some men cannot be hid, and Mr Haweis is evidently one of them. It was some time before I got a seat, and as the chapel was not nearly full during the service, I formed uncharitable opinions as to the venality of the pew-opener, which I found from subsequent explanations were decidedly wrong, as so many of our hasty judgments often are.

If the exterior of the chapel was ugly, the inside tried

to make amends by being slightly over-decorated. It was a hopeless task. It was like a plain old lady getting herself up with the 'latest additions and improvements;' but it was no use. St James's, inside as well as outside, was irremediably ugly. What paint could do had been done to brighten up the edifice. The east end—there is no symptom of a chancel—was oak-stalled, floored with the conventional Minton's tiles, and adorned with cushions evidently worked by the fair fingers of ladies of the congregation, for there are, in these strong-minded times, Broad Church ladies as well as clergymen and gentlemen. The Communion Table was richly draped, though small; and on a super-altar were the unexpected adjuncts of jewelled gilt cross, four vases for flowers, and two large red tapers. The east window was filled with Munich glass, and represented the Transfiguration, the legends—'When He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is!' and, 'He was transfigured before them'—running above and below. The rest of the windows in the chapel, or at least the greater portion of them, though of the ordinary court of justice or Little Bethel type, were filled with English stained glass. The figures were unorthodox, because they looked human, and the legends were legible; but there was evidently an æsthetic element in St James's for which I was not prepared. It put me in mind all along of an old Roman basilica Christianized under difficulties. A surpliced choir of eight men and twelve boys entered at eleven o'clock, with Mr Haweis and an Assistant Minister, who was bearded as became a Broad Churchman. After a preliminary hymn, this latter gentleman commenced Morning Prayer in what might, by some stretch of imagination, be termed a monotone; though I could not quite discover to the end whether, as far as the clergyman was concerned, the service was meant to be choral or not. I fancy not. The responses were sung and accompanied. Mr Haweis is a musician, and there were evident signs of the fact in the details of the service. The Te Deum and Nicene Creed were very simple and

effective; the anthem, a bass solo and chorus, was Nares's 'Rejoice in the Lord.'

The service proceeded straight to the end of Morning Prayer, which was over at 11.45; and then there was a pause, during which the bell was rung and the organist played the slow movement from one of Weber's sonatas. Then I saw why the jaunty pew-openers left so many seats untenanted. A large moiety of the congregation came 'to hear Mr Haweis,' and did not arrive until noon, when Communion Service was commenced by that gentleman himself. After the Nicene Creed there was another pause, while the preacher went to the vestry. He returned anon, having exchanged his surplice and hood for academic gown, and entered the pulpit, in which, by the way, is no apparatus for a MS. I was exercised to think what the Archbishop of Canterbury did, who was one of the select preachers at this church last year, or what anybody did who did not happen to be a fluent extempore preacher like Mr Haweis. The thought recalled to my mind an incident which occurred in this chapel on the occasion of my only previous visit. Dean Stanley was preaching, and the rostrum was then a venerable velvet-cushioned three-decker, instead of the elegant open pulpit of to-day. The Dean had three or four MSS., evidently venerable as the pulpit itself, besides the one he was using. He put these aside on the treacherous velvet cushion, having probably selected the one most appropriate to his congregation. By and by, in obedience to the laws of gravitation, the MSS. went flying down on the devoted head of an old lady in a little pew-box below, as I had seen for full five minutes they must inevitably do. This was bad; but a liveried Bumble made matters worse by coming from the very bottom of the chapel, carefully collecting the *disjecta membra* from the old lady's box, and taking them up the pulpit stairs to the Dean. I shall never forget the look with which that dignitary regarded the officious Bumble as he cast the unfortunate MSS. on the pulpit floor, and proceeded with his discourse.

Mr Haweis, according to what I found to be his frequent custom, took no text. He selected for his subject the wreck of the *Northfleet*, which had occurred during the previous week, and plunged at once *in medias res*.

He often wondered, he said, why people thought so much of going to church, where prayers were too frequently formal, and sermons had no bearing on every-day life. It seemed as though religion were a Sunday matter, and irreligion belonged to the rest of the week. Surely Sunday studies ought to prepare us to look with calm eyes on the trials of life. When any great calamity has happened during the week, he said, I always consider what people think about it when they read of it. Are they perplexed at it? In the great calamity of last week, I thought, Now here is a case of difficulty. People might say, There, I told you so! There is no God who cares for man. He sees people smashed in railway trains. He lets great speculations fail and ruin good and bad alike. He sees unmoved 'from His cold hard sky' the great ship go down in the hungry sea. It is at times hard to realize a God of Love!

Worldly people are constantly perplexed by this; but 'religious' people find no difficulty here or anywhere. They have a cut-and-dried theology to account for it all. If you don't believe it, they say it is because you are not 'regenerate.' To account for such a calamity as this, they take up the Bible and quote a text, and then they feel comforted. Is it not written, 'My thoughts are not as your thoughts, nor My ways as your ways!' God, they say, is different from man. These things would be cruel in man, but they are the essence of love in God. Have nothing to do, said the preacher, with explanations of this kind. If goodness and love mean one thing on earth and another in Heaven, then better leave off talking about them altogether. Love in Heaven may be greater than on earth, but it must be the same in kind. The language of Heaven and earth do not conflict. If they do, have

done with theology, and confess that we know nothing; but don't, in God's name, let us cheat ourselves with words. Remember the context of the passage just quoted, 'My ways are higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts.' God's love is only greater than man's. Then how can God look down calmly on sufferings which He might obviate? To justify God's ways to my own heart I fall back on the element of mystery which we find in the world. Make up your mind to two things: first, that there is overpowering evidence to prove God a God of Love. There may be difficulties in realizing this, because you are short-sighted. You have not all the facts before you. We work in a narrow circle on account of the limitations of our own minds. We don't understand what is going on under our own noses. Let me give a homely illustration of how differently things look when we have all the facts. I accept the proposition 'fire burns wood,' but I bring wood to fire and it is not burnt. The wood was wet, but I didn't know it. I was arguing on insufficient premisses. It was a mystery to me that the wood did not burn. Tell me it is wet, and all becomes clear. So it is we are continuously meeting with little bits of facts in the world. We know 'in part.'

There are analogies in plenty to tell me God is a God of Love. God is a Father, and we are His children. That is the best way of expressing our relation to God. Now the child cannot see the wisdom of a parent's severity. So, again, the decision of a judge seems cruel to the family of a man sent to prison. The man was justly condemned; but ask *the man's wife* whether she thinks it just. If one ignorant of surgery saw a surgeon cutting and hacking away at a patient who was already weak and ill he might think the surgeon cruel. If he had all the facts before him he would see that the surgeon was acting wisely and kindly. If you had been present at that fearful shipwreck and seen the captain fire among a boatful of poor wretches who were only trying to save their lives,

you might have said the man was a brute. Not so, when you are in possession of all the facts. He was devoting his life for his fellow-creatures, ready to go down in that devoted ship, and so to inscribe his name on the roll of England's heroes. If we had not known all the facts his conduct would have seemed cruel. So, too, many things which seem pitiless on God's part may, from a higher standpoint, be consistent with God's love.

But still, when all is said, there rises before us the scene of that stern crowded with living beings, by the light of the last rocket, and ready to disappear beneath the waters, and you say, 'How can it be? was there no help from above in such a terrible scene?' You are surrounded with worse misery than that. Pain, death, and suffering are all around you. These, however, are usual; but when sufferings come dramatically, and are, as it were, brought to a focus, then you are startled and question God's love. The sufferings in that ship were less than in one London district or street any single night. Take it at the worst, there were forty minutes of suffering. Those who suffered more than that were sailors. Compare that with an attack of rheumatic fever, or the weeks of exhaustion in a case of consumption. The mental anxiety was great; but the physical pain lasted only a few minutes.

This does not clear up the mystery, I know; but it tells us we ought to check our imagination by our reason. When we are led up to a great catastrophe, we should say, 'This is only a concentration of what is continually going on around me; and in the midst of it, I still feel God cares for me.'

'What's death?' he proceeded to ask, colloquially as I have printed it. It is something to make Christians shiver with terror; but among heathens it was a good minister or angel sent to free men from troubles. There is in health and strength a natural shrinking from death. In sickness men become acclimatized to thoughts of death. This shrinking on the part of the

young and healthy is greatly produced by the force of contrast. Why is it that the Christian fears death? Because he has had preached to him a gospel of Damnation, instead of a gospel of Salvation. He has had preached to him a God who, after threescore and ten years, plunges people into an imaginary Heaven or Hell, for each of which they are equally unfitted. So we may say that, by all the laws of dogmatic theology, a great many people are going to be burnt in the fires of an All-Merciful God, and if we escape, it will be 'by the skin of our teeth.'

We grasp with difficulty the fact that God's judgments are going on now. God does not punish man; man punishes himself. Man, however, is not going to be let off! 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' The fire that is not quenched will be within him. The drunkard and the voluptuary reap their rewards here. So does the dishonest man when he is cut off from society, and so too shall it be in the next world. The thought that we are in the hands, not only of a good, but also of a 'philosophic' God, should reconcile us to the idea of death. It is only a change from room to room. It is only the mounting another step in the ladder. Only the removal of life from one fit stage to another fit stage.

What reck I, he concluded, if this be slow or sudden? In any case I go to Him who made me. And, looking at this catastrophe, you have no right to say, 'My God, why hast Thou forsaken them?' unless you are ready to look up into the Face of the Father, and say, 'Father, unto Thy Hands I commend their spirits!'

Such will probably be confessed on all hands a somewhat exceptional sermon to be preached within the walls of a church of the Establishment. It was delivered extempore, and with such rapidity as almost to puzzle a shorthand writer to report verbatim. But Mr Haweis is thus exceptional, both in his preaching and his theology. The following are two of his

utterances in a sermon, entitled, 'Worship and Praise:—

'Supposing the Athanasian Creed damns the greater part of the human race, as we are told it does, why, so much the worse for the Athanasian Creed. It cannot do the world any harm. The laity have seen that all along, and have said it in thousands of ways. In the first place no one knows who wrote it, or what its precise ecclesiastical authority is; they don't even seem to know what it means: but if its assertions *are* as monstrous as they are generally understood to be, any man with common sense would give it up, and say that if the Athanasian Creed has damned the world, Christ has redeemed the world, and there is an end of it.'

'People make a great deal of fuss about the extravagant luxury of the present age. God knows, there is plenty of selfishness, and where luxury is the outcome of selfishness, it is damnable and bad, and has the mark of Cain on its voluptuous brow. But why, I ask, are our people selfish and luxuriant? Why are the pursuits and pleasures of the world curses? Why is poetry immoral? Why is the theatre or opera-house, to a great extent, still unpurified? Why are all these things, I say? I will tell you why. It is because the Church has turned its back upon them. As far as the Church is concerned, that is the reason. The Church has cast out of secular life the æsthetic instincts which it has not crushed, which it never will crush. The Church has gone round to every place of amusement which was a little unclean, and cried out "Unclean! unclean!" until the hard and fast line between good and evil has been drawn, and the bad has become worse without the good becoming any better! If you, in the name of religion, neglect the great human perceptions intended to refine, to elevate, and re-create society, that neglect will bring degradation along with it; for it will bring the most fatal of all kinds of corruption—the perversion and abuse of naturally wholesome instincts.'

On the unpopular subject of 'Modern Spiritualism'

(which, rightly or wrongly, claims Mr Haweis as at least a partial convert) he has thus delivered himself in a volume of sermons called, 'Thoughts for the Times,' which, unlike the general run of those compositions, went through three editions in a short space of time.

'In some circles, the very rumour that spiritualism is to be scientifically investigated raises a hoot of indignation throughout vast Philistine communities, who pride themselves on common sense. Yet there has never been an age—this age least of any—when we have not heard a great deal about the supernatural—when things have not happened which nobody could explain; nor can it be maintained that the sort of explanations which the scientific world has offered us are at all adequate to account for the phenomena of spiritualism. The explanations which have been put forward sufficiently prove the amount of imposture that is associated with the word "spiritualist;" but then we knew all that before. We wanted the scientific men to explain the residuum which puzzles most people who have paid any attention to the subject, but they prefer to discourse beside the mark to people who are already satisfied that the whole thing is imposture. We will not say "They are all dumb dogs; they cannot bark;" they are rather like shy horses—they refuse to approach the hand that is stretched out to them, for fear of being caught.

'I am propounding no theory about spiritualism. I hardly know what it means, or why it is called spiritualism. I merely affirm that occurrences which cannot be confounded with conjuring tricks—seeing that conjurers and men of science are alike challenged to investigate them—seem to me to occur, and they certainly seem to me still to await some adequate explanation. I will commit myself to no theory. I have none. I merely aspire to be honest enough to admit what I believe—that a class of phenomena are daily occurring in our midst which have not been explained; and perhaps I may be allowed to indulge in the vague hope that many

hundreds of thousands who are so far of my opinion throughout the civilized world, are neither born fools nor confirmed lunatics, although I regret to say that some who are believers are impostors as well. But whatever truth or untruth there may be in these opinions, one thing is tolerably evident to my mind, and it is this—that if you accept the Christian miracles, you cannot reject all others.’

Mr Haweis is also author of the well-known work ‘Music and Morals;’ is himself an amateur violinist of no mean celebrity, musical critic on at least one journal, and—*mirabile dictu*!—writer also of a pretty little tract called ‘Amy Arnold, a Sketch from Life,’ which is not on the Anglican Index Expurgatorius, if such exists, but on the list of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Altogether, Mr Haweis is a very exceptional ‘parson’ indeed.

Without merging in that criticism which we have forsworn, it may be said that it is in a manner the speciality of Mr Haweis to combine with the utmost breadth of doctrine those æsthetic elements which were for a long time without any assignable reason held to be incompatible therewith. Evangelical opinions, and anything like Ritualism, we can easily understand to be incongruous; though even Evangelicism and Non-conformity are, coyly and shyly so far, ‘going in’ for modest beauty in this respect. But with an eclectic system like the Broad Church, there seems no sort of reason why beauty of ritual should be ignored. It is not at St James’s, Marylebone; and it is precisely this combination of breadth with beauty that constitutes the claim of Mr Haweis to be the representative man we have made him.

FATHER STANTON AT ST ALBAN'S.

THE one effort which I shall keep steadily before me in these peripatetic papers is to be appreciative ; to keep clear of the vulgar error which can discern no excellence beyond its own particular clique or coterie. True, my mission is to be descriptive, and not critical ; but we all know that there are two ways of looking at a thing. One method is to regard all with a jaundiced eye that does not square with one's own prejudices ; the other is to look at all, however uncongenial it may at first sight appear, with a calm and philosophic gaze ; and I feel I should be acting unworthily if I did not resolve to be as eclectic—that is, in the best and truest sense, as Catholic—as possible. True, I commenced my studies with a typical Broad Churchman. There seemed a natural fitness of things in doing so. Now I go to quite another extreme, and select a representative man of the advanced Ritualistic school.

But then, again, the peculiar character of the mission I have proposed to myself prevents me from selecting those individuals, at all events in the first instance, whose names are usually associated with the different bodies I describe. I take rather exceptional than representative men perhaps. I might have taken Dean Stanley for my Broad Church portrait, and Mr Mackonochie for my Ritualist. I do not ; first, because I want to open up new ground ; secondly, because in some cases the fact of a man being the recognized head of a movement or a party gets him into a groove or rut, which is fatal to originality. The *monstrari digito prætereuntium* often has a paralyzing effect on such a man's powers. It stereotypes him to the Shibboleths of his party. Such men are not to my purpose ; at all events, not yet.

The admirers of Mr Stanton, or 'Father' Stanton as they delight to call him—and their name is legion—will think I am dwarfing his dimensions if I seem thus at all to concede the point that he is not a typical man; not so Mr Stanton himself. He quite ridiculed the idea of being put forward, and almost refused information about himself, though in the most courteous and genial manner: so that all I can give will be a sort of pen-and-ink portrait of one whose influence extends much more widely than is suspected, even by himself.

Father Stanton, then, differs about as widely from the ordinary run of 'High Church' curate as is possible. We are accustomed to think of such as a rather limp individual;—'tender-eyed' as Leah, and with a falsetto voice perpetually monotoning on G. He is strongly ascetic and severe against 'all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.' Not so this young 'priest.' As one of the assistants at St Alban's, Holborn, he is, of course, a pronounced and advanced Ritualist. But he is—*credite posteri!*—a member of the Liberation Society! His bugbear is Establishment. 'Mention Church and State to me,' he says, 'and it is like shaking a red cloth before a mad bull.' Some time ago, all the Mrs Grundys of the country were attacking him, and a good many male, or, at all events, clerical Grundys, too, because, when he established the St Alban's Club for working men, he allowed spirits and beer to be sold there, and did not prohibit the use of cards. 'I like my rubber of whist and night-cap; why shouldn't they?' he asked. 'As long as they don't get drunk or gamble, where is the harm in a glass of grog or a game at cards?'

Father Stanton, then, it will be perceived, thinks for himself, and dares to act as he thinks. He does not run in a groove. He presents the apparent anomaly of an excessively High Churchman, strongly seasoned with Democracy.

This peculiarity gives, of course, a tinge to his ministry. He is demonstrative almost to the limits of rant in his preaching, and in other respects has a supreme disregard of little clerical *convenances*. He has organized the

watch-night service at St Alban's on the eve of the New Year, which is like a ritualistic Methodist meeting more than anything else. The first time I heard him preach—several years ago—I could not help thinking of Sydney Smith's imprecation on a bishop who had offended him. He wished he might be 'preached to death by wild curates,' and Father Stanton appeared to me the very curate to have cast the first stone. It was on Good Friday—a day of all others when there is least to rave about; but there was method in the madness. He has toned down since that, though without losing his peculiar characteristics.

If one may venture to speak of the *personnel* of one's portrait, there are in Father Stanton's outward man many elements of the pet curate. He is youthful in appearance, with dark, almost olive complexion, and jet black curling hair—not shaven and shorn, after the manner of the ordinary Ritualist; and, softly be it spoken, pretty *dévouées* do like to carry Father Stanton's photo about with them; but Father Stanton is the very reverse of a ladies' man. With all his physical capacities for such a *rôle*, he is infinitely above its little-nesses, and is every inch 'a priest.'

The morning I chose for my expedition to St Alban's was the unpropitious one of the 2nd of February, the Feast of the Purification, when the first snow of 1873 fell, and winter virtually commenced. I had ascertained that Father Stanton was to preach 'at mid-day mass;' and so, though omnibuses had struck and cabs retired into private life, I struggled along against a biting east wind and blinding snow, eventually reaching Brook Street, where St Alban's is situated, when 'Matins,' which immediately precede 'High Mass,' were only about half over. Mr Mackonochie was intoning on a wildly wrong note, and the choir sang a hymn on the Purification to a distressing Gregorian tone as I entered. There was a fair congregation, far larger than one would have expected from the nature of the weather, which was calculated to act as a decided damper on any æsthetic proclivities one might have had. I scarcely think I

should have struggled to St Alban's save for a special purpose.

The altar was vested in white, and there was just a *souçon* of the smell of incense about the church, but no signs that Candlemas was to be made a high festival of. In fact, Ritualism seems to have dropped out of its philosophy much of the 'Mariolatry' that was suspected in its rudimentary form of Tractarianism. When morning prayers were over, two persons in surplices advanced and censed the altar, leaving their censers, I believe, in a side chapel, so as to keep up the fragrance, for I could see clouds rising a quarter of an hour after the operation was over; but the result was eminently satisfactory. An introit was sung, and then the procession of acolytes, celebrant, epistoler, and gospeler entered the chancel, preceded by a large cross borne aloft. Father Stanton, habited only in surplice, hood, and small white stole, passed to the clergy stalls, while the rest went to the altar. The celebrant had a huge gold cross on the back of his cope, and the acolytes were gorgeous in scarlet cassocks and white surplices. Mr Mackonochie himself occupied the humble position of epistoler. The celebrant intoned the Commandments in so low a voice as to be scarcely audible; but what I do not mean to call offensively the *mise-en-scène* of the 'Mass' was magnificent; and the effect of all the congregation kneeling, when the incarnation was asserted in the Nicene Creed to deep and solemn chords of accompaniment, was solemn in the extreme. The sign of the Cross was devoutly made when 'the Life of the World to come' was mentioned; and so, at the close of the Creed, Father Stanton mounted the pulpit. His hood was fearfully and wonderfully put on; and the effect of his dark fine-cut face against the deep crimson silk was very monastic indeed. But the sermon soon removed all impressions of the kind. He prefaced his discourse with the publication of banns, prayers for the sick, and also 'prayers for the repose of the soul' of one departed. Then he gave out his text, which was from Mal. iii., part of the Scripture appointed for the Epistle of the

Festival—‘The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His Temple.’ He dwelt on the peculiar character of the Festival under its double aspect of the Purification of ‘our Blessed Lady,’ and the Presentation of our Lord in the Temple. It was, he said, like a last look at Christmas, over which was beginning to be cast the dark shadow of the Passion. The curtain was lifted for one moment, and the spectacle showed us the power of Christian heroism. We saw ‘our sweet and blessed Lady’ carrying in her arms her Divine Son. It was, as he had said, a last lingering glance at Christmas, and a spectacle dear to every Catholic heart—that Mother with that Child at her breast. To-day she is passing, with St Joseph, the foster-father, through the streets of Jerusalem. There are the dark shadows of the houses, and the glare of the eastern sunshine, and the passers-by going to and fro. How often has she come before to the same place. Now, though a mother, she is ‘spotless as the driven snow.’—Father Stanton cleverly pressed this image into his service. What thoughts must have been in her mind as she held in her arms her Son, the Everlasting God, the Prince of Peace! Yes, she bore the Eternal God, as she ascended those steps.

In the Temple, how simple was the scene! An old man takes the Child, and a thrill of joy passes through his heart. He had waited for the consolation of Israel. He speaks a few words; and then a woman stricken in years comes in. She utters her prophecy. She recognizes the Lord of lords in the Child. The offering is made, the purification is over, and they leave. Night closes, and the Temple doors are shut. The Lord *had* suddenly come to His Temple. He whom they yearned for had come. Heaven and earth had met together: God and man had met. The glory of the latter House had exceeded that of the former. The latter outshone its predecessor. The glory of the Temples had come. Only two persons recognized it. It had come—and gone.

The great thought of this festival is the superhuman

manifestation of God to those who watch for Him. He was not recognized by the scribe who knew the law, by the Sanhedrim, the rulers, the learned, or the mighty. Two old people who had long been waiting were the only ones who knew Him. That Babe who was set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Those who saw Him were 'full of the Holy Ghost.' To them it was revealed that they should see the Lord's Christ; and a light greater than that of the sun came to their hearts. That old man saw what the wise could not see. He took up the Lord of life in his arms; and he felt that now he could depart in peace, for he had seen the Lord's salvation.

Dear friends, he said, this realization of Jesus Christ is far beyond all learning, art, or science. There is given to those who seek it, a light above that of the sun. Christ communicates Himself in His Divine Personality as well as Essence. Religion is unsatisfactory unless we can thus have personal intimacy with Christ. If we have but heard of Him through men and books, He only exerts a secondary power on us. Our conception of Him merely amounts to a moral certainty, as with any other great hero we read of in history. We have seen Him only through the shadow of ideas. We have not taken Him in our arms and gazed on Him with ineffable joy.

There is, you know it well, a special light, transcendent and transluminous. The converted man will say, 'I have read, and heard, and argued laboriously about Christ, but some day there came to me, at the corner of the street, or at my own fireside, or during some sermon, a mystic certainty about Him. The scales dropped from my eyes. I saw my Lord as I had never seen Him before. I felt the power of salvation. I went back again to my books, and, as I read the old pages, a new light flashed upon me. New arguments came which I had never seen before; and Faith got from that mystic light confirmed them. I never can deny this; for to do so would be to deny the secret of my life.'

No one can say that Jesus is the Christ but by the Holy Ghost. You may say you think so; the Child might be God. But to see it with the light of the superhuman day is another thing. Far different to know that the Lord whom you have looked for has suddenly come to His Temple. Then you can say—

‘Oh! my sweet Jesus, come to me,
 My longing heart's desire;
 With tears of love I've wept for Thee,
 Thee doth my soul require.
 ‘A thousand times I've yearned for Thee;
 Jesu! when wilt thou come?
 When will Thy presence gladden me,
 And make in me a Home?’

If the Revelation of Christ is not so, if it depends on knowledge or reading, where is the Sacred Democracy of the Faith? It would be an oligarchy of genius. How could the little child make the sign of the Cross? How could the poor man be lifted up from the dunghill? Jesus Christ Himself seemed to burst into enthusiasm when He thought of this, saying: ‘I thank Thee, Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.’

Of course, the great question is, Have all these people conscious communion with God; this mystic knowledge of things about which we hear so much and see so little? Yes. Wherever God has created life, He has given certain powers, going out beyond the organism of the life itself. Plants have powers which seem to trench on animalism. The vine throws out its tendrils for support, and roots pierce down to a congenial soil. Animals show powers which seem beyond instinct. We speak of the sagacity of the dog and the cunning of the fox. So in the higher life of man, there are strange instincts. There are impressions we cannot account for; there are moments when we seem to stand out beyond ourselves. We feel intelligence within us we cannot explain, such as prognostications and presentiments.

When God makes His faithful ones partakers of

Himself, He gives them a certainty far greater than that which is arrived at by logic and science. We can see this in the lives of the Saints, in the annals of the Church. People lead lives of extraordinary faith, which neither they nor you can account for. 'By the Grace of God I am what I am,' is all they can say.

But, you will still ask, Is it likely *I* shall ever feel like this? I have heard of conscious conversion and intercourse with God, but it seems far above my head. I never felt it, though I have practised religion for years. I cannot put my hand on a particular day of my life, and say, 'On that day I became converted.' How is it I cannot do as others? Do not be distressed. Go on waiting for the consolation of Israel. Do you not see that they in the Temple had been doing so? That old man had been promised that he should see the Lord's Christ. He waited patiently, 'full of the Holy Ghost,' and at last the Lord suddenly came to His Temple. He *did* depart in peace.

So, too, that old woman; she had long fasted and prayed. Day and night, Scripture says, she had waited for the consolation. It had not come, but day after day, and night after night, she still went on—still fasted and prayed. 'In eternity time struck the hour,' and Jesus Christ came. She had not waited in vain; and henceforth she could talk of nothing else to those others who were waiting too. And have you not felt this? You groan and pray to see God: to press Him to your heart and feel Him yours. You want to grasp 'what lies behind all your Prayers, Communions, and Confessions.' You want religion to be a personal affection for Christ, something you can never let go. It shall come to you: when or how I cannot tell; but it shall come. Perhaps it may be at the end of your life, when the shadows of this world pass away, and the morning breaks over the everlasting hills. You shall see the King in His beauty, whom you had tried to follow at such a distance off. Then will you say, 'O God, Thou art my God. Jesus Christ, Thou didst come to earth for me.' And you will be able to add, 'Lord, now lettest

thou Thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes *have seen* Thy salvation!

A translation of the hymn 'O quam glorifica' followed, and the usual choral communion or 'mass' was proceeded with. During Communion, Keble's exquisite hymn 'Ave Maria' was sung to music, consisting of a tenor solo, with chorus of the words 'Ave Maria' only. Very few persons communicated.

The *cultus* of St Alban's has been too often described to need reiteration here. It was bright with colours, odours, flowers, and music. According to the theory of the Ritualist, these were, of course, no foreign adjuncts supervening on the English system, but simply what the English ritual was and would have been had the Reformation never run riot into Puritanism. When the great bell of the church boomed out among the snow-clouds at the moment of Consecration, a Broad Churchman might not be able to realize the fact in its intensity; but to those who knelt, or rather prostrated themselves there, the Sacramental act *was* a great fact.

When I 'interviewed' Father Stanton in his anything but monastic room in the clergy house, he said, 'The only two points in which we have made concessions are, that we do not light the candles or burn incense during celebration. All else is as before.' The great influence at St Alban's is, he says, in the Confessional; and that influence he attributes to the fact that confessions are made openly in church, not in the vestry with closed doors.

As an instance of the geniality which overlies the whole system at St Alban's, he told me, after describing the numerous guilds, sisterhoods, *crèche*, orphanage, &c., that at the Mothers' Meeting a titled lady once came in and said—'I suppose, Father Stanton, you read these women a chapter in the Bible while they are at work?' 'Not so,' he said; 'I am at present reading "Nicholas Nickleby," and have just finished "Adam Bede."' 'Then you begin, at least, with the Collect for the week.' 'As that Collect happened to be "Blessed Lord, who hast caused all

Holy Scriptures to be written for our learning," &c., I did not think it quite appropriate to "Nicholas Nickleby," he said.

And the congregation who listened to the earnest words of this young preacher are not, be it understood, boys and girls. There were grizzled men, and young men in plenty. The women were in excess that snowy morning, it is true; but the congregation was more evenly balanced than in most London churches, and the poor were decidedly in the ascendant, and fully on a par with the rich. One very aged sister in ecclesiastical dress particularly attracted my attention by the way in which she hung on the words of the preacher and followed the beautiful music. Her face might have been that of a Mater Dolorosa or St Anna. It had a history in itself.

Father Stanton, young as he is, combines, in a very singular degree, the opposite elements of Ritualism and popularity, too often antagonistic, but why? His sermon might have, with few alterations, been preached in a Conventicle. Preached in the ultra-ritualistic Church of St Alban's, Holborn, it was a very exceptional one indeed; and, though not promising, from its subject, to be a distinctive one, proved, perhaps, as fair an example as I could have met with of the apparently incongruous personage—the Democratic Ritualist.

MR FORREST AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

TO an anxious inquirer bent on an excursion into regions Evangelical, it might seem that Clapham or Islington would afford unbounded attractions, since it is in these that the so-called 'Low-Church party' traditionally 'most do congregate.' But, rightly or

wrongly, I have determined in these ecclesiastical rambles to wander a little out of the beaten paths. Just as I avoid men whose names proverbially head the different schools of thought, so also do I eschew localities consecrated to special sects, and try, as far as possible, to break up new ground. Thus was it that, avoiding both north and south, I turned due west for my typical Evangelical.

For in western London, as the focus of metropolitan civilization, just as in Alexandria of old, where the schools of philosophers jostled the Christian churches, every shade and colour of religious belief may be found. Around the beautiful Pro-Cathedral at Kensington a Catholic population has sprung up just as around the cathedral-close in ancient times. Ritualists in every stage of advancement throng the frequent services and swell the teeming coffers of St Mary Magdalene's, Paddington. The synagogue and the kirk stand wall to wall in the Harrow-road, and the New Jerusalem Church has stationed its apostle, Dr Bayley, almost under the shadow of the Vicarage-elms in the old Court suburb. It is, of course, only with the Establishment that I am at present concerned; but our National Church is represented in its every phase. From the beautiful Kensington Parish Church lately raised out of the ashes of its ugly and venerable predecessor, as from a centre, one might exhaust the theological thermometer, ranging from fever-heat at St Matthias, Earl's Court, to zero at St Matthew's, Bayswater, where Archdeacon Hunter elects to 'blush unseen.' I had half resolved to make him my representative man of Evangelicalism *pur et simple*, but the Archdeacon begged so hard not to be 'done' that I had, in mercy, to let him off and seek another type among the fertile pastures in this land of the West. The fact was that since his return from his twenty years' work in Rupert's Land, the Archdeacon had thought fit to retain 'the archidiaconal title' even when not discharging 'arch-deaconal functions.' At this the penny local papers were wroth, and discharged upon the Archdeacon the

vials of their anger, and *quieta non movere* became the Archdeacon's policy forthwith.

The world was all before me where to choose ; and, though limited now to a single department of religious thought, I absolutely suffered from an *embarras de richesses*. Should I seek the shrine of the Rev. Daniel Moore at Holy Trinity, Paddington? No, I would reserve him for the Golden Lecture. Messrs Moorhouse and Æmilius Bailey presented strong attractions, but these were still too much men of the old school ; men like Daniel Wilson, of Islington, whose very name has an Evangelical smack about it. I would none of these. I wanted a man who should represent the Evangelicalism of the hour, not the *cultus* of my great-grandmamma ; who should be to his system what Mr Haweis and Mr Stanton were to the old conservative Broad Church and to ordinary Ritualism respectively. Such a man, I was given to understand, was the Rev. R. W. Forrest, late chaplain at that nursery of evangelical orators, the Lock Hospital, and now vicar of St Jude's, South Kensington. To South Kensington, accordingly, I went, *viâ* the Metropolitan District Railway, near the Gloucester Road Station of which St Jude's is situated, being one of those handsome new structures locally termed the 'Ten-thousand-pounders,' from the traditional cost of their erection, which is very likely quite a false estimate.

St Jude's lies upon the very outskirts of civilization, among the fast disappearing lanes and market gardens of a receding rusticity. Long reaches of green fields lie incongruously among streets, while here and there a veritable old farmhouse crops up, and Cockney lovers were gazing spoonily into the cabbage-gardens as I sped through the mud and snow on Septuagesima Sunday to church. Crowds of well-dressed worshippers were defiling through those lanes, disturbing Corydon and Phyllis in their conversation, and making Mr Forrest's advent a very death-blow to their billiug and cooing. The church is a handsome Gothic one, well worth the somewhat heavy price alluded to above, which

is understood to be the cost of locating in the wealthy parish of Kensington.

Neither outside nor inside did St Jude's bear the slightest resemblance to what used to be a Church of 'the strictest sect;' but then were not Nonconformists so far 'trimming' as to come out with organs in their worship and crosses on every available point of vantage in their buildings? St Jude's was so far only keeping pace with the times, or perhaps going ahead just one or two steps in advance. There certainly was not a trace of orthodox ugliness in its rather gorgeous altar, or 'Communion Table,' as I suppose it would still be termed. It was surmounted with glaring Minton tiles, inlaid mosaic-wise, in the wall, and surmounted with an east window, whose grotesque figures and Dolly Varden kind of costumes were all that the Ritualist would have desired. Within its enclosure were two highly æsthetic Glastonbury chairs, and a light airy kind of rail cut off the penetralia from the handsome oak-studded chancel. Here, again, all was as 'proper' as possible. There was a low reading-desk and a not very high pulpit. There was a lectern with bookmarkers as wide and as gay as a ritualistic stole, and a graceful coloured corona hung suspended from the roof. Certainly it was never so seen in Islington or Clapham. I had almost forgotten to add that the very Palladium of old Evangelicalism—the Ten Commandments—had been conveniently disposed of by dwarfing them to the smallest possible dimensions, and setting them up in orthodox ecclesiastical hieroglyphics in a corner, where they obtruded as little as possible on the public gaze. The body of the church was seated with low pews for a vast congregation, and the galleries retired modestly into the aisles, as if protesting against the necessity of their presence. Most of all unlike the Evangelic arrangements of my boyhood, the pew-openers were not the mob-capped widows and spinsters I had remembered, but male attendants in white ties, bearded like Broad Churchmen, but smiling seraphically as they handed the initiated to their seats, or pointed a new comer and prospective 'renter' to the advantages in

point of pulpit range commanded by some well-placed pew. However, they were courteous and obliging, not waiting until after the second lesson before they gave one a seat, or lingering for a 'tip' when they had done so. There was a good deal of nodding and conversation among the congregation during the quarter of an hour whilst they were assembling; but then is it not prescribed in the horn-book which contains the legend of Tommy and Harry, that it is a necessity of etiquette to bow to one's friends on entering church? The St Jude's people were punctilious in this respect. There was even a little giggling among the young ladies, and some skirmishing about seats and hassocks among the old. The ladies were largely in excess, and the bulk of the congregation were of the upper middle class. It was scarcely what one would call a fashionable or intellectual congregation, but they were, to a spinster, devout 'Forresters.' I could see that.

At eleven o'clock a voluntary was played, and so ornate were the appendages of this Evangelic Church, that one would not have been at all surprised to see a surpliced choir stream in from the vestry. They came, however, a long file of men and boys in the ordinary garb of everyday life, and with a slow and measured step that reminded one of a cheerful funeral. A curate followed, in ordinary surplice and hood, but with the now almost obsolete bands as big as a barrister's. Then came Mr Forrest in episcopal-looking surplice, with largely developed Dublin M.A. hood, but still that badge of orthodoxy the Geneva bands, which always were, for some unaccountable reason, the mainstay of the Evangelical body, seeing they are among the most 'Catholic' of all possible appendages.

The responses were given in a monotone, and of the chanting I can only say it was to my mind the perfection of Anglican antiphonal singing. I marvelled to hear that the Psalms were sung instead of being read as they used to be. Surely this is only a concession to common sense; and I must repeat I never heard the florid Anglican chants so perfectly sung as at St Jude's, South

Kensington. Mr Forrest read the lessons somewhat pompously, and, like Mr Bellew, with a considerable difference. The canticles were sung to several chants, which made them almost as complicated as Cathedral 'services,' and the hymns were taken from the Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer, compiled by the Rev E. H. Bickersteth, of Hampstead, a sort of compromise between Tate-and-Brady and Hymns Ancient and Modern, omitting, of course, the objectionable Catholic translations, and preserving most of the *chef-d'œuvres* of the popular manual.

The criterion of the state of feeling in St Jude's was evidently given in the recitation of the Apostles' Creed. It was sung on G by the choir, and of those gentlemen three out of seven on one side turned to the east, the other four remaining *in statu quo antè*, with a rigid look on their face as though they would die sooner than yield. A larger fraction bowed at the Sacred name. One could gauge the state of the theological temperature pretty clearly from this fact. St Jude's was Evangelical in point of doctrine perhaps, but 'a little high,' as is vulgarly said, in point of ritual.

There was no Litany, but the final prayers of the morning service were read after the third collect, and the General Thanksgiving was recited full-voiced by the whole congregation, no longer on a single note, but with the natural intonation; and I venture to think that full unmusical sound had more of the old Puritan ring in it than the elaborate service of which it formed an almost incongruous portion. I do not say I liked it better, or that it was the worthier expression of worship—that is not mine to judge—but it was certainly more 'Evangelical.'

The Communion Service was read by Mr Forrest, and I was still more reminded of Mr Bellew in his delivery of the Commandments. A musical kyrie was sung, but it was painfully slow, and then Mr Forrest passed to the pulpit, arrayed not in the academic gown of ancient times, which has ceased to be a symbol with any but very lag-behind Evangelicals, but in surplice, hood, and

stole, which he had worn during the service. Prefacing his discourse with a simple collect, and after a brief announcement of an impending lecture, Mr Forrest gave out as his text a passage from Revelation xxi. 5—'He that sat upon the throne said, "Behold, I make all things new!"' Now, an Evangelical sermon, though easy to transcribe verbatim, is difficult to analyze; and this was especially the case with Mr Forrest's. There was great *copia verborum*, but there were frequent repetitions and no very logical arrangement. It was, however, to the following purpose:—The compilers of the new Lectionary had, he said, an evident purpose for placing in juxtaposition on Septuagesima Sunday the opening of Genesis and the close of Revelation; the old and the new creation, and he proposed to draw out some point of resemblance between the original creation and the spiritual regeneration of man's soul.

1. Both the old and the new creation were the production of a new order of things. The world before the Mosaic account of creation was said to have been void and dark. These opening chapters of Genesis had been made the subject of keen controversy, and some thought them in hopeless conflict to science. Even "professed believers" sometimes held—it might be properly so—that the Bible was a book for the masses, and that you must not expect in it scientific accuracy. Others, again, thought the Mosaic account of Creation and the Fall allegorical. But, be this as it might, the opening words of Genesis implied a previous ruin of the world, possibly by evil spirits. It had become dark and void when God uttered the fiat of Creation.

The spiritual parallel was at hand. Before regeneration, like the world before 'creation,' the soul was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. The peerless form of its Maker's image was lost. It was 'destitute of its pristine beauty, and the crown had fallen from its head into the dust.' (Mr Forrest garnished his long discourse with frequent flowers of speech like this to an extent it would be impossible to convey in a brief analysis.) The soul

was void, 'like a house without furniture.' The body, once a temple of the Holy Ghost, had become a cage of unclean birds, a haunt of satyrs and dragons. The house might be swept and made alluring to the eye, but there was still about it an appalling vacuity.

But our view of Nature affected our acceptance of the Gospel. If we said, as many did, that sin was only a form of ignorance, we were blinded as to its nature, and were not able to value aright the intervention God found it 'imperatively necessary' to make when His Son died. We must, he said, discard the idea that the seeds of good were in man requiring only education to foster. The work of the Holy Spirit was not the resuscitation of dying sparks, but the introduction of a new fire, a new life.

2. There was a Divine Agent both in the old and new creation. Very sublime were those words: 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' None could tell when the beginning was: possibly hundreds of thousands of millions of years before! But those words exposed the fallacy of erroneous systems, of Atheism, Polytheism, Pantheism, and Fatalism. So, too, was there a Divine Agent in the spiritual creation. Man, he said, had no inherent spiritual excellence. There was about as much truth in the idea as in the poetic fiction of 'forms of loveliness in unhewn stone.' Man cannot create. He can only combine. All is the work of the Spirit, who — the old Hebrew says — 'brooded' over chaos. We, as St Paul puts it, are his workmanship. We cannot take a step without the Holy Ghost; and yet every step we take is our own, in holiness even more than in acts of sin. As spring flowers will soon be drawn out of the earth by the sun, so are our souls by the love of God. Oh! (It is impossible to convey by any spacing the length of this ever-recurring interjection.) Oh! stupendous miracle of love. In the creation, God only spoke, and it was done; but when He made the new creation, He 'must needs' come down, take flesh and blood, and die. The Third Person of the Trinity, too, 'must' descend to remove obstacles

to the purposes of the Most High. If the heavens show the handiwork of God, shall not the redeemed be to His glory for ever?

3. There was also a Divine plan in each creation. It was not the effect of chance. God said of the old creation that it was 'very good.' It was a deliberate act of intelligent wisdom answering to the archetypal pattern of the Divine mind. So, too, in the new creation, in the plan of salvation. 'Now look here,' said the preacher, becoming colloquial for the moment, 'deny that doctrine and you throw the Gospel into confusion, like touching the law of gravitation in the natural world. Deny the plan of Redemption, and you snap the adamantine chain that binds my soul to the Throne of God!'

4. Lastly in the order of events, there was a striking parallel between the natural and spiritual creation. Light was first created. Elohim said 'Let light be, and light was!' Even the heathen admired the sublimity of that utterance. It was not that light was then first created; but light already existing was shed in this lower sphere. The spiritual parallel was again at hand. God shines into our hearts. The eye is not the cause of sight, but the light shining on the retina; and so is God the source of illumination. With regard to the distinction between light and darkness, too. Darkness was only negative. So God only created goodness. Sin has no positive being; it is the defect and destruction of being. Philosophers might talk very finely about virtue and vice being relative terms only, and say there was no absolute standard. 'The Lord deliver us from such philosophers and their philosophy. It will be the curse of society.' 'If the planets,' Mr Forrest proceeded to say, 'refuse to obey the sun, they would become *wandering stars*, and so should we if we did not reflect the light of Christ. Like the Apocalyptic angel, stand in the sun. Shed forth life-giving light. Christ rules you, and you, as lesser lights, should rule the world.' But 'whatever you do to elevate people up to you,' he added towards the conclusion, '*take precious*

good care that they do not drag you down to their level.'

At the conclusion of this very lengthy address Mr Forrest said a few words on the subject of the collection then about to be made for the choir. The nature of this brief address was even more remarkable than that of the sermon which had preceded it, as evidencing the power of the Evangelical clergy over their people through the pulpit, scarcely exceeded by that of another school in the confessional. The words were authoritative as a Papal Bull, brusque as a direction by Abernethy. He was aware, he said, that some of the congregation objected to so much music, and especially to the chanting of the Psalms; but it was his opinion that the Psalms should be sung, and while he remained vicar such would be the case. He begged the congregation to contribute, or, if they had not come provided, to send him their subscriptions. So they paid their contributions like good people, and the organist played us out of church to a jaunty air which would have made an old Puritan of Islington or Clapham shiver in his shoes.

Now, here surely is a very exceptional, yet possibly a transitional, Evangelicalism, heralding, it may be, a vast change. On that very morning the Rev. Capel Molyneux was holding his first 'Liturgical Service' in St James's Hall; and the next evening Mr Mason Jones was to inaugurate a series of meetings for the Disestablishment of the Church of England. Is such the tendency, viz., towards fusion of thought and practice in the Church, and the elimination of those rigid bodies and original minds who refuse to adapt themselves? We may not augur, but certainly there has been evidenced in these three preliminary sketches an unexpected consensus, in practice, if not in precept, between three bodies generally supposed to be diametrically opposed either to other—the Advanced Broad, the Democratic Ritualistic, and the Transitional Evangelical Church of England.

REV. T. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE AT
BERKELEY CHAPEL.

WHEN one of our leading scientific men was asked to sit on the Committee of the Dialectical Society for investigating Spiritualism, he replied that he would as soon take tea and spend the evening with the curate of the parish; which was his particular form of expressing intense disinclination to accept the proffered honour. There is a wide-spread idea that clergymen are, as a rule, what one of our literary papers termed 'fatally uninteresting;' nay, there is a sort of notion among the faithful that it is not right for parsons to be interesting, or do anything but preach and attend mothers' meetings. To play any instrument but the flute or pianoforte is wicked for a curate—a guitar occupying debatable ground, but savouring too much of the serenade. To write, or, as the elect term it, to be a 'literary character,' is 'Bohemian.' I verily believe many good but narrow-minded persons think that writers, actors, and poets—except, of course 'goody' ones—live in daily defiance of the rules of morality, and are what they group under their wide category of 'improper persons.'

There is no doubt, however, that the class of clerical contributors to our London journals and magazines is a large and increasing one. Many a secular editorial chair is filled, and ably filled, by a gentleman in orders. The *rationale* is not far to seek. With many University graduates a liberal education constitutes the sole stock in trade, and it is a fact beyond dispute that Providence always seems to bless with a special benediction the domestic quivers of those on whose heads have rested episcopal hands. Failing interest for ecclesiastical pre-

ferment, or a rich maiden aunt or thriving papa to build a church, there are two courses open to such clerical 'Bohemians'—tuition or literature. Some combine both.

And such men, in the metropolis and most large towns, constitute almost a class by themselves. They are generally poor, or not rich, men; and consequently cannot indulge in the 'luxury of private opinions' to the extent of becoming advanced Ritualists or pronounced Broad Churchmen. As Evangelicals they may make it pay if they go in for hymns or pious leaders; but, as a rule, your literary or scholastic parson is not a man of extreme opinions. He brings to bear, however, on orthodox dogmas, a vigour of thought for which the Church, perhaps, is not sufficiently grateful. Curates in regular harness, especially the bachelors and incapables, denounce him as 'irregular,' because he does not go in for school-treats and tea-drinkings; but he is generally to the front on a collection Sunday, or when a national Thanksgiving or other exceptional event demands something out of the ordinary grooves and ruts. The literary parson is eminently free from ruts, and will bear printing. The stock curate is often open to the suspicion of thirteen-penny-halfpenny 'sermons in stone.'

It was some such literary cleric I determined to 'do'; but in order that my lucubrations might not be too advanced for ordinary sympathies, I avoided Mr Stopford Brooke's afternoon lecture at York Chapel on 'Theology in Shelley,' and determined to visit another of those *foci* of the lettered parson, Berkeley Chapel, where the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, a clergyman whose literature is duly tempered with ecclesiasticism, had recently made his *début*. Mr Shore won better than golden opinions—viz., gold medals at Trinity College, Dublin—for English composition and oratory; has since, for reasons best known to himself, exchanged his Hibernian degree for an *ad eundem* Oxford M.A.; has wielded the pen successfully in many departments of literature, and now fills the editorial chair of the *Quiver* in Messrs Cassell's

giant establishment at Belle Sanvage Yard, E.C. But Mr Shore has never been 'Bohemian' to the extent of merging the cleric in the *littérateur*. He has, I believe, always preserved the odour of sanctity by retaining parochial work in connection with his literary labours. He was senior curate to Archdeacon Sinclair at Kensington for a time, but disappeared suddenly beneath the horizon, greatly to the regret of the congregation. He then worked up the Church of St Mildred, Lee, Blackheath; and eventually, through the munificence of a private patron who recognized his ability, and was not staggered at his literary proclivities, was presented to the incumbency of Berkeley Chapel, a place of worship in the very heart of fashionable London. But, alas! the antecedents of Berkeley Chapel have not been so happy as those of its present incumbent. For many years it has been 'in the market,' and the price asked for this piece of preferment has been such as to scare aspiring parsons, insomuch that I know it to be a fact that, in answering the advertisements of ecclesiastical 'agents' for Episcopal chapels, many a clergyman has, to avoid unnecessary correspondence, declared himself at the outset ready to treat, provided always the position were *not* Berkeley Chapel. A series of unsatisfactory incumbents lowered what ought to have been a sort of clerical Paradise to the very abyss; it being reserved for an ex-colonial prelate to complete the *facilis descensus*. It seemed a hopeless task to rescue Berkeley Chapel from its low estate; but Mr Shore set himself with characteristic and commendable energy thereto.

When I visited this fane, some three or four weeks after Mr Shore's instalment, I was struck first of all by the 'downy' aspect of the place. A cheerful fire was burning in a stove placed right in the centre of the middle aisle, which was carpeted with cozy Brussels. The front row of the galleries looked like a series of pulpits, for there were three or four pulpy-looking cushions in each, with tassels hanging over the front, tempting the occupants of the seats to pound them.

The pews in the body of the chapel had been so evidently and so recently cut down some three feet that the basement gave one the idea of a man with his hair cropped, or a sheep a day or two after shearing. In fact, some of the old pews remained, in the side aisles under the windows, of primitive height, and with curtain rods like the tester of a four-post bed round them, but the drapery removed. Here, at least, was a reminiscence of the 'Devotion made easy,' which characterized the dear soporiferous old times of one's boyhood. It was, perhaps, the last lingering relic in fashionable London; but even Berkeley Chapel was yielding to the genius of the age. The chancel, since last I saw it, had been raised several gradual paces, and Minton's tiles, which cover a multitude of sins, like charity, bedecked its floor. The east wall was polychromous, and the Commandments things of the past, as though the venerable old Conventicle had outgrown the Decalogue. The pulpit, once white as a Jewish sepulchre, blazed in flatted colours and gilt; and the organ had walked, like Aladdin's Palace or furniture at a spirit-séance, from the three-story gallery at the west end to a position behind the choir at the east. The tiny altar was over-draped, like a little old lady in a red velvet gown; and a mixed choir of ladies and gentlemen were squeezed into the apology for a chancel, in an awkward corner of which stood also a lectern. Berkeley Chapel tried hard to be picturesque under difficulties.

At half-past eleven—the easy hour at which Berkeley Square begins its devotions—Mr Shore entered, gorgeous in Oxford hood and tiny black stole, preceded by O! such a funny little old gentleman in a green wig, and scarf half a yard broad, who seemed to represent the genius of the chapel itself in its earliest times. He took the first part of the service in a feeble twitter, and the choir responded musically according to the 'use' of Helmore, with an organ accompaniment. The Psalms were chanted to a separate Anglican chant for each; and it was quite evident that the old gentleman who officiated had not had any Valentines that year, for he

gave out the 15th instead of the 16th morning of the month, and made Mr Shore look very uncomfortable by so doing. The congregation was small and evidently aristocratic, far too much so, indeed, to be thrown out by any such trifling *contretemps*. Mr Shore read the Lessons. The first was the difficult one of the Fall, in Genesis iii. He read it rapidly, and rather as though he was glad to get over it; but in the second, which contained the account of the Last Supper, he displayed considerable pathos without the slightest theatrical effect. The funny little gentleman 'gave out' the Collect for 'Sexagesima Sunday, or the second before Lent,' like a parish clerk. A rather 'high' hymn was sung from the 'Ancient and Modern' collection, commencing 'The Church's one foundation,' and speaking of the Establishment by the feminine personal pronoun all through. In it, too, occurred the significant stanza which seemed to say Berkeley Chapel was 'looking up : '—

'Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest ;
Yet saints their watch are keeping ;
Their cry goes up, "How long ?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.'

By way of making it a 'morn of song' at Berkeley Chapel, Mr Shore proceeded to intone the Litany, the responses to which were made in *unison* by the choir to organ accompaniment; a needless waste of strength, it seemed to me, as the ladies and gentlemen were quite equal to harmony. The hymn 'O Paradise' followed, sung to the former and less satisfactory tune in 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' Next came the sermon, which, I honestly confess, was what I had come to hear and report.

Mounting the polychromous pulpit, in surplice, stole, and hood, as before, Mr Shore, without premonitory collect, gave out as his text the words from St Matthew

xiii. 31—33 : 'The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard-seed which a man took and sowed in his field ; which indeed is the least of all seeds ; but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof. . . . The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened.'

No subject, said the preacher, did the Master oftener dwell on than the nature of the kingdom which was to bear His name. He explained it by all kinds of parable and illustration ; and there could scarcely be two more dissimilar than those quoted ; one referring to an outward visible progress, and the other to an inward, intangible, invisible, subtle influence. There was something to be learnt as to the nature of the kingdom from the very dissimilarity of the allegories. There was a lesson in each separately, and another in their juxtaposition.

Looking back by the light of Church History we could not but be struck to see how the little seed became a great tree, whereto the nations of the earth flocked for shelter. The fact of success argued the Divine nature of Christ's religion. Everything was opposed to it. Over against the selfishness of the heathen world stood the Christian doctrine of self-sacrifice. Christianity came to the intellect of Greece, and told it there was something greater than intellect in man ; and yet, when Paul preached in Athens, there was not a man in tattered tunic or with brodered sandal but felt that he spoke with a power not of this world, and taught a morality purer and diviner than any they could learn in the schools of their philosophers. So, too, with regard to the brute force of Rome. Christianity, first flung to the beasts, came to wear the diadem of the Cæsars. It never pandered to the vices of heathenism ; nay, it opposed all that was dearest to it. A fiercer opposition to Christianity came from the Jew. He looked for a temporal ruler to bring back the splendour of the old traditional faith, and drive Rome from the dearly-loved

land ; but instead of this the Jew found One who ' was led as a lamb to the slaughter.' He looked for an exclusive Messiah, but Jesus of Nazareth opposed exclusiveness. All was against Christianity ; and yet she triumphed over the prestige of Judaism as over the intellect of Greece and the brute force of Rome. The cry of Divine agony that came from those pale lips beneath the awful shadow of the crown of thorns, shattered for ever her altar, and rent the vail of Jewish exclusiveness ; and ever since, for eighteen centuries, the tide of suffering humanity has flowed in above that prostrate altar and through that torn vail, and broken with its surf of sorrow upon the very footsteps of the Throne of God. How could we explain the historic marvel of this growth ? Only by another aspect revealed in the Parable of the Leaven.

There was nothing outwardly to account for it. Twelve men, only two or three of whom were educated, and none of whom had any social or political influence, effected this miracle. There was no appeal to processes by which other creeds had grown. We must look for it in the leaven that worked in their hearts. The Divine Power was greater than the opposing forces, as spirit is more potent than matter. It was greater than prejudice, greater than intellect, greater than material force. What, in a word, he asked, was the essence of Christianity ? What, ' in cant phrase,' was the ' one thing needful' ? Some say it is a particular church system ; some a creed or shibboleth. Turn to the history of the early Christians, and we find the one thing represented by the leaven was faith. ' One's almost afraid,' he added, ' to use the word. It is just as though you should take a leaf from a tree, and put it between the pages of a book. Years after, you would find only the dry and dusty skeleton of what was once so full of life. So faith has had all the life crushed out of it by ponderous volumes of theology, in which it has been discussed. To us it means now too often the cry of a party, or the standard of a sect. To an Apostle it meant personal trust in Christ, absorption of will in His. It was no mere assent to intellectual

propositions. It was a deathless trust in Christ the Saviour; and this was the secret of success in early teachers.'

Mr Shore then proceeded to draw two practical lessons. First, this was still the best defence of Christianity. People told us of their difficulty in believing miracles. But what was this compared with the huge difficulty of believing that the world was converted by twelve men *without* Divine help—basing a pure morality on lies? 'I could believe any miracle, in or out of the Bible, sooner than that twelve impostors went about—living the purest lives—teaching the noblest morality, and basing it all upon what they knew to be false.

The second lesson was that, now as then, the progress of the leaven in individual hearts was still the condition of the Church's success. If she was to transform national and political life it would be outwardly in direct proportion to the influence existing in the heart.

'Try,' he concluded, 'to let the God-given leaven leaven the whole man, not only one day in the week or at religious services, but always and everywhere. We have heard too much of outward ceremonies, forms of words, Bible and Prayer Book and Sundays. We want the whole man—every faculty, intellect as well as soul—pressed into God's service. We want everything consecrated by being done for God's sake, and in God's name. If Christianity is to triumph, it will be when such Christians—not Sunday Christians or Bible Christians, but Christian men and women, consecrate all their work by doing it in the spirit of our Lord. Then the Church will fulfil her high and holy mission. Then she will rise to something of the dignity of her true position. Then she will be no longer the scorn of the infidel, or the tool of the politician, but the Bride of Christ, passing on from victory to victory only to lay all her spoils at the Feet of Him who has redeemed her with His blood.'

Berkeley Chapel has had much to bear, and may seem to have entered on a quasi-Millennial era. I question if the walls have ever echoed to a better sermon. At least it has entered on a respectable condition of existence

both in a social and intellectual sense. Let us hope that the good time so long coming has come, that Mr Shore may be the leaven to leaven this long unfermenting edifice, and that it may not be said of Berkeley Chapel as of Trafalgar Square, that one of the finest sites in Europe is being wasted.

MR LLEWELYN DAVIES AT CHRIST CHURCH,
MARYLEBONE.

IT is, perhaps, inevitable that there should be in a movement like that of the Broad Church party in the Church of England an element which shall seem destructive, and wear the aspect of aggression. It is the case with all influences which break in upon routine and ruffle the calm of the established order of things. Even the Tractarian and Ritualistic movements may be viewed in such a light if taken from their point of antagonism to the Protestant position; but these systems are to a great degree dogmatic, and therefore, apparently at least, affirmative and constructive, if not altogether conservative. The Broad Church position, however, being really eclectic, though termed by its male critics latitudinarian, and by old ladies 'infidel,' does, no doubt, contain an element of negation in that it protests against the dogmas of all system—notably those of Protestantism itself—being regarded as exhaustive of truth. And this *quasi*-destructive element has grown around both poles of thought. The advanced Broad Churchman of to-day differs as widely from the conservative Broad Churchman of some years ago as the pronounced Ritualist from the original and undeveloped Tractarian. It is in the nature of some minds, and so of the schools they influence, to

become arrested at a certain point in any inquiry, beyond which the bolder spirits push recklessly on, while these more cautious ones pause and become fossilized, as has always been the tendency in such cases since the days of Lot's wife.

Rightly or wrongly, I had got to associate the well-known name of the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies with this conservative Broad Churchmanship. I remember the time when Mr Davies was thought 'dreadful'—the epithet Mesdames Partington and Grundy always attach to advanced opinions of any kind. I am amused to remember why it was those venerable ladies were so scandalized in Mr Davies's particular case. In those ancient days, before Essays and Reviews were born, or Bishop Colenso thought of, it was deemed worldly to wear a beard, and Mr Davies ventured to assume to himself that hirsute adornment of manhood. Thereat the said ladies waxed wroth, and spread abroad—as their sex is so capable of doing—what I have no doubt was an egregious *canard* in reference to a former Bishop of London and Mr Davies's beard. It was proposed to hold a Confirmation at Christ Church, but his lordship declined to officiate unless the Rector shaved! I beg it to be distinctly understood that I only give this anecdote on the authority of my revered friend Mrs Grundy. But, just as they say of the Apocryphal Gospels—even if they are not canonical, they are interesting as showing something of the opinions held at an early age of Church History; so Mrs Grundy's legend about Mr Davies's beard is interesting under the same aspect—viz., as showing what monstrous opinions could be entertained in an incipient era of Broad Churchmanship. Now, when a man's orthodoxy may almost be measured by the length of his beard—unless he is very correct, and shaves clean—and when none but fashionable Evangelicals nurse shoulder-of-mutton whiskers, it seems incredible that even the fertile imagination of the old lady could have invented such a myth as that of the Bishop of London and Mr Davies's beard. Mr Davies's beard is now—I am sure he will excuse my saying it—beginning

to look grizzled, and he sees the 'movement' he was one of the first to inaugurate almost universal among his clerical brethren: sees how they have outstripped him, both in hirsute adornments and in the doctrines they were then supposed to symbolize.

To Mr Davies's church, then, I went on Quinquagesima Sunday, in the hope of finding my model man of the more primitive Broad Church school, as a geologist, if he did not know his labour would be in vain, might search for fossils in the primary strata. Mr Haweis had been what we might describe in the same language as a 'later deposit.' Christ Church, Lisson Grove, is a huge old-fashioned London parish church, standing in an unfragrant neighbourhood near the Edgware Road station of the Metropolitan Railway. It is strange into what apparently uncongenial latitudes fate seems to cast parsons. Here was a ripe scholar and former Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, pitchforked into one of the least desirable situations of West London, for Lisson Grove must be baptized strictly on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*. There is no grove around Christ Church, and the neighbouring streets and alleys—among them notably James Street—are laid down to the sale of semi-stale fried fish, cretaceous sweets, and photographs of a ghastly and half spirit-like character. Rows of little brass bell-handles, one above the other, decorate the doorposts, and *sages femmes* there 'do congregate,' apparently out of all proportion to any increasing population. The old Marylebone Theatre is hard by; and marvellous penny exhibitions of distorted babies and fat ladies invite the wonder of the little pagans of the Grove. But the temple is doing its quiet work among those same little pagans. Not only is Mr Davies an active member of the School Board bent on reclaiming those little heathens from their wanderings in the Grove, but go where you will in this unsavoury metropolitan parish you find the name of 'the Rector' spoken of familiarly as one seldom hears it in London, but constantly finds it in a country parish. The Rector is recognized as an entity, and as a centre of influence.

Christ Church I found had, like the rest, 'developed' from the condition of pristine ugliness in which I had last seen it, so that when I entered from the east end alongside the chancel I scarcely recognized the place. I remember years ago going to hear Canon, then Mr, Kingsley preach, and found all 'flat' except the sermon. Now, however, the chancel was stalled for a choir and raised, so that I was on quite a different level when I came in. I fancy the ritualistic condition of a church might almost be gauged by the height the sacarium is raised above the nave. A moderate and essentially middle-class congregation had begun to gather, and was straggling sparsely over the miles of pew in the body of the church and obtrusive galleries, which seemed able to hold the whole of Lisson Grove on an emergency. No such crisis occurred during that morning. Good, sober, old John-Bull people, with their wives and families, kept dropping in and bolting themselves securely within the high-backed pews, which had only partially succumbed to modern tendencies by being cut down a little. Another test of adaptation is the height of the pew. One is about up to the neck in those at Christ Church, Lisson Grove. Those sturdy *patres familiarum* would evidently object to anything in the shape of an 'innovation;' in fact, everything was so conservative at Christ Church that the pew-opener, who was arrayed in the ordinary russet gown and dismantled bonnet of James Street, rather looked on me as an intruder, I think; for, despite my white tie, which generally carries weight with such officials, she put me into a side pew nearly out of sight and quite out of hearing of the pulpit, where a lot of other people, and especially one awe-stricken but painfully polite little girl, prevented me from taking my notes in peace and comfort. This arrangement was more unnecessary, as there were acres of room in the church. So I think stray parsons must be looked on as interlopers, and thus tacitly recommended to stick to their own church. Of the other adornments of the place I need not say more than that the elevated chancel was paved with the inevitable Minton, and the altar richly draped

with velvet ; but the Ten Commandments stood full in the centre, flanked by the Creed and Lord's Prayer in fullest conservative fashion. The pulpit was of the orthodox tumbler-glass kind, which makes you wonder why the position of the centre of gravity does not necessitate its tumbling over, and calculate what harm it would do the orator to fall from such a height. There was, however, a gorgeous hanging of red velvet in place of a cushion, to match the altar, and with an intricate cross beautifully embroidered upon it. That was nearly all I could see from my retired position, though I craned my neck to catch a glimpse until, I fancy, the polite little girl, who kept plying me with sacred literature, thought I was practising for an acrobat.

At eleven o'clock soft music commenced, and a quaint effect was produced by two surpliced processions simultaneously entering the church at its extreme ends, and walking towards each other as though they were white dragoons advancing to the attack. From the east, behind the altar, came the clergy, preceded by a beadle with an aggressive-looking mace ; and from the west a surpliced choir. They met in the centre by a brass lectern, and thence filed into their positions in the sacrarium.

Mr Davies's curate was one of those disappointing men who, being of stalwart proportions, lead one to expect a *basso profundo* voice, but who treat one instead to a feeble falsetto. The prayers, as far as he was concerned, were read ; and though his voice was singularly clear, only its feeble echoes reached me in my hermit cell. Perhaps that was why it seemed so thin and weak. The responses were sung to an accompaniment, and the Psalms chanted. I even noticed that more favoured pews than mine had printed lists of the music arranged for the whole month ; and this it was, no doubt, which produced what I so seldom find in my ecclesiastical wanderings, an agreeable consentaneity of the hymns with the rest of the service. Too often they seem taken at haphazard. I really hope my presence has no magnetic or mesmeric effect in making curates give out the

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wrong psalms; but just as on the previous Sunday the old gentleman had done at Berkeley Chapel, so this thin-voiced young gentleman at Christ Church threw everything into confusion by announcing the twenty-sixth morning of the month instead of the twenty-third. It seems like going back to an unlettered age to give these things out at all; and yet one constantly finds it done, even where notices are freely circulated in the pews, especially in the case of an impending collection. After the second lesson, a number of banns were published by the Rector; and I could not help thinking (though I suppose Mrs G. would say it was 'wrong') that if I wanted to marry on the sly, I should like to have the interesting fact of the approaching ceremony announced at Christ Church, and any dissentient relative of the bride-elect located where I was. I heard nothing but the 'bachelors' and 'spinsters.' All faced due east at the Creed, and bowed reverently at the sacred name; and a somewhat ludicrous effect was produced by the organist accompanying the Creed on a single high note with a stop which made it shrill as a railway whistle. I am aware this is done to prevent the choir losing the pitch; but I would humbly suggest a little softening down. It was quite a relief to the ear when we subsided into harmony at the final 'Amen.' We went on straight to the Litany after the third collect, thereby losing the chance of utilizing our really good choir for an additional hymn. This was a pity; for the sermon was a little heavy and would have borne more music. The Litany itself was read, but the responses sung to an accompaniment. It was well done on the whole, but dragged. The congregation was not up to the responses—at least the male portion. The ladies sang the tune, but the *patres familiarum* growled under the impression they were singing bass; just as an evangelical lady always sings in consecutive thirds to the air, and terms it 'singing second.' It is, I believe, an article of religion with puritanical ladies to do this. Mr Davies read the ante-Communion Service, and then, the choir having sung hymn 333 from the

ubiquitous 'Ancient and Modern Collection,' the clergy left the altar, and Mr Davies retired to the vestry, re-appearing soon after in conservative black gown and cassock, and got up into the tumbler-glass pulpit. I looked anxiously for bands under the historic beard, but there were none.

The text was taken from 1 Thessalonians iii. 12: 'The Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another and toward all men.' The discourse was little more than a moral essay, or at most a homily. It was evidently meant to be no more; but was scholarly and practical, and listened to with marked attention, though not with the overstrained anxiety and parenthesis of pent-up coughs that accompany the inflated utterances of favourite 'divines.' As to coughs, the little semi-pagan school-children, who were dangling between earth and heaven somewhere up about the apex of the organ, seemed to be universally affected with asthma or croup, and coughed without ceasing. 'On this day, Christian brethren,' said the preacher, 'love was commended to our admiration; and it was a great thing to be said of love that it commands the general approval and assent of mankind. It was an emotion which was most useful to the world. It included all virtues, and guaranteed fellowship with God, for we were told that "God is Love." Love, therefore, according to the Christian doctrine, secured holiness. We were told to be holy, as He is holy.' One of the first things taught us about love, was that it was *the gift of God*. As such we can but pray for it, as, he trusted, they had prayed that morning in reciting the collect for Quinquagesima Sunday. The more we simply confessed love to be the gift of God, the more likely we were to have it. We could not too thoroughly believe that we were dependent on God's grace. Such faith would be proved by inward tests; and no gift was so much to be desired as this gift of love. 'Do you believe this?' he asked. 'Then pray to God for this most precious of His gifts.' But then, he went on to say, prayer is the 'Godward aspect of labour.' So it

was that St Paul said, 'Follow after charity.' But how could we confess this to be the gift of God, and yet strive to attain to it? This was a mystery to be solved only by the experiences of life; but our whole relation to God was of this inexplicable character. It came to be natural to us to pray as if we could do nothing, and at the same time to act as if we could do everything. Another difficulty which could not thus easily be put aside was, Can we increase love by effort? Was it not a gift? Without making difficulties, thoughts like these would, he said, occur. Love was drawn out by some object that we deemed lovable. The most genuine love was the least self-conscious. Was it wholesome, then, to try to love what we ought to love? He would answer thus: that charity was in this sense to be followed, not directly, but indirectly. It was possible to resolve on certain modes of following love. For instance, we might studiously fix our minds on what was most lovable, such as the grace of God, and then whatever in man reflected this grace. To the first Christians the preaching of this love of God which culminated in the voluntary self-sacrifice of Christ, eclipsed everything else. This reconciliation drew out the affection of man to God more than anything. The act of creation was nothing on God's part compared with the giving up His Son to live as a servant and die as a malefactor. If this death of Christ could be brought home to thoughtful minds, it must touch them, and so kindle a genuine devotion. As men's thoughts were fixed on the Cross, their hearts became softer and their lives less selfish. It had been said that nature revealed the goodness of God; but nature was not exclusively beneficent. There were destructive forces at work in it. We might, from nature alone, doubt whether the Creator was perfectly good; we might be perplexed by social ills; but in Christ on the Cross we see heavenly love put forth with an emphasis that carries all before it. Nothing can separate us from the love of Christ. In loving God the Father, then, we were led to love man, our brother, also. Let us fix our attention on

what was best in man. Let us remember what was good and great in the ages past. Let us look forward to the glory that shall be revealed. Look, he repeated, at what is good in man; not at the sins and follies which keep the world back. A second mode of following charity was *practising ourselves in kind actions*. There was, he urged, nothing unnatural in the discipline of doing our best to those around us. Those who did kindness grew more kindly. Men were ever wont to hate those whom they had injured, and to love those whom they had benefited. Efforts to relieve those in necessity had, in point of fact, come to monopolize the name of 'charity;' and one of the saddest things in our experience was that efforts to relieve the poor constantly brought out in them mendicancy and deceit; so that people got to think they must harden their hearts to a tale of woe. It was, however, firmness, not hardness, that was required. The desire to do good might often be disappointed; still we must not harden our hearts. But there was an old saying, that charity began at home; and it might even be necessary to remind those who had just used the Quinquagesima collect that forbearance was often necessary at home. It was not difficult to be pleasant to one's friends; but it was difficult to get on with the uncongenial: and it was in such discipline as this Christians should exercise themselves. True, there was no respect of persons with God, or those who were most like God, most truly His children; they held themselves bound to honour all men; but still, in another sense, there was 'respect for persons.' They respected every person. Thirdly, this love needed protection. There were hostile influences from which love needed to be shielded. For instance, there were continually occurring petty incidents calculated to interrupt harmony. A word or a look might give offence, and thence might spring up resentment. Was it too much to ask that such should be avoided? Nothing was needed beyond a little self-control. 'You,' he said, 'young or old, who desire to follow after Christian love, can keep watch over your tongues; can

suppress the look or tone of defiance; can beware of the first symptoms of anger.' A more subtle influence still was self-indulgence. If any loved the world, it had been said, the love of the Father was not in him. Those who loved the world and tried to combine with it the love of God found such to be not incompatible with a certain good nature, but fatal to anything like self-sacrifice. This demanded a labour which the self-indulgent were unable to render. On the whole, we might encourage ourselves in the conviction that there was no insignificant aid to love in watchfulness. It was not in vain to keep watch over the doors of our life, and what goes out and comes in at them. These were the methods he suggested—Contemplation, Practice, and Defensive Watchfulness; not forgetting that love was God's gift, nor, on the other hand, neglecting to put ourselves in the way of the gift.

Such a season as Lent, he said—and I pricked up my ears to hear the Broad Church deliver itself thereanent—was designed for this purpose, to aid efforts for the attainment of Christian love. Some of the traditional language as to the observance of Lent might cause a stumbling-block, such as the advice to suspend all relaxation for so long a time, or the discipline of fasting. Many were far from believing in that discipline; but a season of contemplation, practice, and watchfulness, in respect of Christian charity, might bring a blessing with it. If Christian love could possibly be made more energetic, what would we not do to compass such an end? 'Do'—such was the purport of the peroration—'whatever God shows you to be most conducive to such an issue.'

A little jog-trot perhaps, and savouring of the idea that Lisson Grove was a grove indeed, and its pagans true to the etymology of that name; but suited still to the *genius loci*. A destructive criticism would certainly not have suited those pewfuls of Tory-looking *patres familiarum*. Frothy eloquence they were, I am sure, far too sensible to stand. 'The Rector' was evidently—true to *his* name too—the right man in the right place.

So, ere these lines saw the light, Carnival was over, our pancakes eaten, our annual banquet of unascetic salt-fish discussed, and we were landed in Lent. It is a season greatly to be desired by the student of ecclesiastical development. We may have to take our parsons no longer singly, but in groups or bouquets. The world of Orthodox London was before us where to choose our place of rest, and we laid in a goodly stock of note-books and pencils for chronicling the salient features of the Lent of 1873.

MR MAGUIRE AT CLERKENWELL.

SO far, our studies of representative men in the Church of England have been confined to what we may term the sphere of positive opinions. The Broad Churchman rests on his basis of common sense; the Ritualist relies on the æsthetic element in worship and the sacrificial doctrine in matters of faith; the Evangelical preaches the Gospel, the whole Gospel, and nothing but the Gospel. But there is a wide and well-defined sphere of what may without offence be termed negative religion. It is best described by its own self-chosen title of Protestantism. Without, of course, for one moment saying that its professors ignore or neglect what is positive in faith or morals, that which differentiates the one and the other is hostility to Rome and whatever is Roman in genius or tendency. It is quite consistent with fidelity to the Church of England to entertain each or any of these different theories—to hold, that is, that at the Reformation she elaborated for herself a system based upon or divergent from the old faith. The two elements are there, beyond a doubt; and it is no disrespect to the Established Church to confess her the result of a

compromise; but there are many of her most earnest members who will not allow this. On one side the line between Rome and England is only the shadowy one of the supremacy. In all other respects the systems are one and the same. On the other, 'No peace with Rome' is the one badge of profession. Among endlessly varying details of faith and practice this, which I have ventured to call a negative characteristic, forms a common bond of union. I term the school that of Aggressive Protestantism, and I take the Rev. Robert Maguire, Vicar of Clerkenwell, as beyond a doubt the representative of this school. In point of actual divergence from Rome, it would, of course, be quite true to say that the Broad Churchman differed *toto cælo*, but it is not on that difference he elects to take his stand. The Aggressive Protestant does, and it makes me feel very old indeed when I recollect how many years ago it was I heard Mr Maguire, then Secretary of the North London Protestant Institute, preach a sermon in the parish church, Islington, on the Romish doctrine of Intention. I was then coquetting with the mild Puseyism of a quarter of a century since, and thought Mr Maguire, if not an actual heretic, at least very unæsthetic and unappreciative. I gloried at that time in my title of Anglo-Catholic; but I still see him 'in my mind's eye,' surrounded by piles of folios, in the lofty three-decker of St Mary's, Islington; and I recollect how very clinching his arguments were against that little understood doctrine of Romanism. It is not many sermons a man can recall after twenty years; but I have a distinct recollection of that discourse, and on renewing my acquaintance with Mr Maguire on a recent Wednesday evening I found him still dealing very hard blows indeed at the old enemy.

I selected a week-day instead of a Sunday for my visit to Clerkenwell, because I had seen announced in the *Times* the opening of a series of historical lectures on 'The Martyrs and Reformers of the Church,' to be followed by an examination and distribution of prizes awarded by the Protestant Educational Institute. Now, here was a certain opportunity for catching my Aggres-

sive Protestant in full protest. Accordingly, being informed by the printed announcements that Clerkenwell Church was only four minutes from Farringdon Street Station, I availed myself once more of the Metropolitan Rail, which serves to link together the most opposite poles of religious thought, and soon found myself, only about half-an-hour too early, in the fine parish church by the Sessions House, where a cheery old verger was just lighting up. I invariably go thus early, to get the *genius loci* well into my constitution, and, if possible, to confab with the beadle or pew-openers if they happen to be, as at Clerkenwell, civil and communicative.

St James's Church must be capable of accommodating a very large congregation, with its double tier of galleries, which so gladden the eyes of an ultra-Protestant. Of course, it was not full on the occasion to which I refer. In fact, the galleries were not used, but the body of the church was well filled, the congregation consisting mainly, but by no means exclusively, of young men. Prizes ranging from £1 to £10 were offered for the competitors who should pass an examination to be held in April. So there was a novel element of studentship in the congregation which lent an additional interest to the gathering. Having 'interviewed' Mr Maguire in the vestry beforehand, I was installed in a vast official pew, sacred to the churchwardens and sidesmen, but occupied on this occasion by myself, a curate, and the vicar's wife, both of whom took voluminous notes.

The fine old chimes rang out for a quarter of an hour, and then Mr Maguire entered and took his place at a lectern, which stood in front of one of the old-fashioned pulpits and reading-desks in the centre of the church at the east end. He was clad in surplice, Dublin M.A. hood, and bands, and commenced the brief initiatory service with a hymn from a small collection which was used at open-air services, and circulated in little sheets in the church. The congregation joined heartily, the curate mildly, as became a curate; but the vicar's wife,

if she will pardon the personality, sang like a whole congregation rolled into one. There is nothing more characteristic of the Evangelical school than this power of hymn-singing, often combined with a faculty of eloquent prayer, which is traceable throughout the lay community much in the same proportion as extempore preaching prevails among the clergy. I take this as an evident symptom of sincerity. They have their religion always ready to hand. We may not like the quality of the article; in fact, we may think it often savours too much of *one* Article—the 17th; but there it is, such as it is. In professions of other branches of the faith one too often finds the faculties of prayer and praise well-nigh paralyzed.

To return to my narrative. After the hymn had been sung the Apostles' Creed was recited; several collects were read, including those for St John Baptist's, St Peter's, St Mark's, and All Saints' Day; the General Thanksgiving was taken full-voiced by the congregation—as it surely ought to be—in conjunction with the Minister; the Apostolic Benediction was given, a second hymn sung, and the brief service, appropriate for its character as well as its brevity, was over. After a voluntary, the lecture began, Mr Maguire having previously arrayed himself in his academic gown, and delivering his discourse in a slow and quasi-professorial style, so as to allow of notes being taken by his student-congregation. The first lecture was purely introductory to the course, and was to the following effect. It is, of course, necessary largely to condense, as the discourse was very long. It was always practical, often eloquent, and if it erred at all it was only in the way of prolixity.

God, said the lecturer, has ever sought the service of true men. All loyal service is the service of the heart, and God is satisfied with nothing short of this. And although all hearts are known to Him, yet, for many reasons, God will have men's hearts and affections proved. (1) For His own sake, that His work should be honoured in the testimony; (2) for the individual's sake, that 'the trial of faith, being much more precious

than of gold that perisheth, may be found unto praise, and honour, and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ ;' and (3) for His Church's sake, that, by the 'cloud of witnesses,' each may be encouraged to run with patience. Thus, amidst the illustrations of faith, in the Church's history, there are none more interesting, more bracing, or more pertinent than those recounted in Heb. xi., and since continued in the lives and deaths of 'martyrs' in the Church of Christ.

The English word 'martyr,' he said, is purely a Greek word (*μάρτυρ*), signifying a 'witness.' The Latin word is *testis*, from whence our word Protestant, a *witness for*, or in behalf of, Truth. The word 'martyr' did not originally mean one who had witnessed unto death. It is used in its ordinary sense (a *witness*) in the following passages :—Matt. xviii. 16 ; Acts i. 8 ; vii. 58 ; Heb. xii. 1. Yet, even in the Holy Scriptures, it came ere long to be used in its more limited sense, but then always with some intensifying expression, indicating suffering and death—*e.g.*, Acts xxii. 20, 'the *blood of thy martyr Stephen* ;' Rev. ii. 13, 'Antipas, my faithful *martyr*, slain among you ;' Rev. xvii. 6, 'the *blood of the martyrs of Jesus*.' In modern language the word has come to be applied to that class of witnesses only who suffered unto death. These were called 'martyrs ;' short of death, they were called 'confessors.'

Martyrdom is a voluntary death for a cause—dying for testimony ; not as culprits and felons, who would escape if they could, and elude the sentence of their punishments. The men of whom we speak in these lectures, suffered willingly, joyfully, and 'counted it all joy' when they fell into these fiery trials. When John Frith was told he might escape if he liked, and his gaolers were disposed to leave him and give him a chance, he said, 'If you go away, you will find Frith at your heels.' Rogers was offered pardon at the last, and under the most tempting circumstances—in the presence of his wife and ten children—and he declined to accept deliverance, so that Fuller, the witty historian, says of him—'Rogers had eleven good reasons to favour himself

—namely, a wife and ten children!’ If ever a cause was honoured in its adherents, it was the Reformation. Science and Philosophy afford no such testimonies; it is only religion that has the witness of blood; and for this motive—‘Having respect unto the recompense of the reward.’

The deaths of martyrs were not expiatory, but only exemplary; not for atonement, but for witness and example. There is every possible difference between the two, and it is important to bear this in mind, lest we confound things that differ. It is in this wise; there are some who would discredit and depreciate the atoning death of Christ, by urging that it was a distinguished martyrdom. But it is not so: Christ was not merely a martyr; an infinitely higher value attaches to *His* death—He died not merely to attest a doctrine, but to *atone for sin*. Jesus was a sin-offering; and hence the distinction between a martyrdom for testimony and a sacrifice for atonement. The death of Christ was utterly unlike a martyr’s death. *He* died in agony, with strong crying and tears; praying that his ‘cup’ might pass from him; *He* sought deliverance from the bitter end, and cried out against his pains; not so the Martyrs—they endured all gladly, smiled at approaching death, embraced the pyre and clasped the faggots, welcomed their awful death, and rallied each other in the flames. With Jesus it was not so; witness the ‘seven cries from the cross.’ What was like to that in the martyr scenes? In agonizing pain he died; and above all, that cry that martyrs never uttered—‘My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?’ The martyrs never felt themselves forsaken. God was never so near to them as at the burning stake. And why was all this? Because in Christ God found sin that day; and wherever God finds sin, ‘He *must* visit it.’ He found it that day in His own sinless Son, who ‘was made sin for us;’ and He smote him—‘The chastisement of our peace was upon Him.’ His was a vicarious offering—‘The just for the unjust.’ Christ Jesus bore our sins, the sins of the whole world; but martyrs bore only their own cross, in their testi-

mony for which they died. 'Divine justice was satisfied' in the death of Christ, while human malice triumphed in the death of martyrs.

The history of the martyrs, he continued, begins early — 'from the blood of righteous Abel.' Some of the earliest impulses of the Christian faith were from the same cause. The child Jesus Himself emerged as from a sea of blood, in the martyrdom of the holy innocents — Herod's first-fruits, the first droppings of the storm. John the Baptist was imprisoned and beheaded for his bold testimony. Stephen's death was for witness; and its immediate effect was to strike deeper the fibres of the Church, and to scatter the seed as it ripened, to reproduce itself in other fields. Thus, even then it was true that 'the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church.' Nearly all the Apostles testified by their death to the truths they preached, and thus has it been from time to time ever since.

And for what cause, he asked, was persecution then? and from whence did it proceed? The religion of Christ was to pervade the world, and, to this end, it must antagonize every false system. Therefore, it provoked opposition from the first. It brought 'not peace, but a sword.' Christianity was a new revelation, setting up new interests, new duties, new responsibilities. With a determined future, as living leaven it was to work till the whole was leavened; and it gave early signs of its living power. It was sent forth to convert the world, to pronounce all existing religions worthless or effete, to cast down imaginations, to abolish idols, and to establish a spiritual religion. The effect on such heathen religions was great and vital. This overturning of long-cherished institutions and beliefs would be sure to be unwelcome, and to be opposed with might and main. Against two opposing forces Christianity had to contend—against the Jew, with all his legal and national prejudice of religion and of blood; against the Gentile, with all his numberless superstitions, backed up by the power of imperial Rome. Christianity, as it was then preached in all the fervour of its first love, would admit no compromise.

Dagon must fall and Christ be exalted ; Aaron's rod must blossom though all other rods be barren and bare ; the image that fell down from Jupiter must be shown to be but the work of the craftsman.

Accordingly Rome, the chief seat of government, became the chief place of persecution. Cæsar was the scourge of the Church of God. All hatred and malice and disaffection to the cause of Christ culminated there. The Coliseum bears its terrible testimony to the sufferings of Christians. Every cause, every reason, every pretext, was laid hold of to quicken or renew the persecutions. If a plague fell upon the city, if defeat discomfited the Roman legions in the battle-field, if the Tiber was swollen a foot or two by sudden rains, 'Bring out the Christians to the lions!' was the order of the day. Our great martyrologist, Foxe, reviews that period at some length. It forms the suitable beginning to his great and world-famed book, which is, for the evenings of this course, to supply us with most of our studies and reflections.

Biographical notes of Foxe were added, and mention made of the sanction accorded by Convocation to his 'Book of Martyrs'—a copy of which was ordered to be placed in every church and in every episcopal residence in England. 'And why,' it was asked, 'should we not enforce this order on both Bishops and Clergy in these days?'

Altogether, my previous good opinion of Mr Maguire, as a controversial preacher or lecturer, was more than revived by this introduction. Broad Churchman as I may be called, un-Protestant as I am bound to be, still a little tilt with the dogmatists is wonderfully attractive and invigorating sometimes, and there was a real old Roundhead smack about this lecture ; so much so, that I was even induced to attend a discourse on a second evening, when fate led me to penetrate the unattractive regions of Bagnigge Wells in the midst of an awful fog. All was bright at St James's. The congregation was still large, though, for evident reasons, not quite of such proportions as on the previous occasion. In the first

place, Clerkenwell is not quite the place one would select for a walk during a fog; and then, again, it is in the nature of things that enthusiasm should subside. The Protestant young men, however, were note-taking with unabated energy, and Mr Maguire had now got well into his subject. Having given a clear *résumé* of the Three Centuries of Persecution, he proceeded to show how, after Christianity became the established faith of the Empire, 'the sword only changed hands; from Cæsar it passed to the Pontiff, and the suicidal policy was adopted of Christian hands shedding Christian blood.' Contemporaneously came a declension from the faith of the Gospel which had been kept pure under the stress of persecution. The Church grew luxurious under patronage. It is true of communities as of individuals; the bitter tonic of persecution is preferable to the luscious draughts of prosperity.

Then he proceeded to show how—having sheathed the sword of controversy—the Church entered into a series of compromises with the heathen world. Then, as now, the Church was perverted. The salt began to lose its savour. It followed thus in the wake of the Church of Israel, and the defection was twofold. There was a declension both in the way of faith and doctrine, but, greater even than this, in the way of outward worship. This tendency towards external objective adoration was an ever-present temptation. Human nature always gravitates, he said, towards sensuous worship, and against this both the Old and New Testament are equally strong. From the worship of external objects, the Church passed to the demi-god system of Lords many and Gods many. Image-worship, the worship of relics and of the dead, were among its earliest symptoms. But with the first dawn of error came the first protest; came the reaffirmation of the old faith. Hereupon followed a spirited and minutely detailed account of the controversy between Vigilantius and Jerome, both of whom, the lecturer said, were head and shoulders above their fellows; one in defending the old faith, the other the new state of things. The discipline of celibacy

followed ; tapers began to be burnt in broad daylight ; shrines were venerated, and monastic institutions organized. There was a strong undergrowth of error ; but the Cottian Alps became filled with the seeds of Vigilantius, and are bearing fruit to the present day.

Such are only shreds and patches of a series of lectures which can scarcely with greater fairness be taken as samples of the whole, than the brick which, in the old joke-book, the man carried about as a specimen of a house he wanted to sell, could be regarded as a fair sample of the edifice.

Surely, whatever we may think of the principles being advocated, this is the fair and manly way of standing up for them. There is another man, at quite the opposite pole of religious thought, of whom I have spoken laughingly, but whom I honour for his pluck in defending by the historical method what I, of course, believe to be an untenable position. I mean Father Ignatius. Mr Maguire would have us all good, hard-headed Protestants like himself. Mr Lyne thinks we ought to affiliate the Benedictine system on Anglicanism. Can anything be more delightfully evidential as to the comprehensiveness of our Establishment than the fact that both these gentlemen hold Anglican orders, and have officiated in the metropolis beneath the very nose of the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury contemporaneously ? That is not to our actual purpose, though the fact of such variety alone makes possible our present series of papers. What one rather wishes to urge is the perfect legitimacy of this aggressive Christianity in a Church system where private judgment is an ingredient. As Broad Churchmen, of course we don't 'aggress' anybody ; but if I should ever want to 'aggress' any one courteously but completely, I would attend any number of Protestant lectures at St James's, Clerkenwell, and strive that a double portion of Mr Maguire's spirit might rest upon me.

It would not be giving a fair summary of Mr Maguire's different modes of influence did one omit to mention that he is a poet as well as a Protestant controversialist.

To an outsider there does not seem much in common between poetry and aggressive Christianity. 'No Popery' seems antagonistic to Parnassus. Two gaily-bound little volumes—published (need it be said?) by Messrs Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday—attest the fertility of Mr Maguire's muse; and the fact that an edition of a thousand of each was exhausted beforehand by subscription among his congregation shows that he does not pipe in vain or 'waste his sweetness on the desert air.' 'Lyra Evangelica' consists mainly of poems on Scriptural subjects, one series being 'Footsteps of Jesus,' another 'The Parables of our Lord.' The other volume is of a mixed character, and is entitled 'Sighs and Songs of Earth.' No room can be found for a review in these pages. Let it suffice to have enrolled—Maguire among the poets!

DEAN STANLEY AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

IT has been too much the fashion to suppose that, while sects have each one their own particular feature of interest and shade of colour, the Church of England is simply colourless and uninteresting: just as Mr Lowe, in accounting for the want of coherence in the Liberal party, laid it down that Conservatism was stagnation; and there was, he said, only one way of standing still, while there were infinitely varying methods of 'moving on.' Unless I greatly mistake, however, we shall find within the comprehensive walls of 'the Church of England as by law established,' quite as much complexity, quite as delicate *nuances*, as in any, or amongst all, religious bodies. In fact, an objection from the other side tells us that the complications are too many, and the differences of parties too internecine, for us to pre-

dedicate unity of their aggregation; and when we speak of the Church of England, facetious outsiders derisively ask '*which* Church of England?' An honest and appreciative examination of these different shades of faith and practice may possibly have the effect of assuring us that they are no more than might be expected as evidences of vitality; that they are, in fact, only analogous to Mr Lowe's different methods of 'moving on;' and that we may still, notwithstanding, fearlessly and unhesitatingly pronounce the accustomed words of our grand old symbolum—'I believe in one Catholic and Apostolic Church.'

If any one were inclined to question the characteristic of the Church of England as a living power in society, he could scarcely do better than pay a visit to St Paul's or Westminster Abbey, whether at an ordinary service or when some great preacher—such as Canon Liddon in the one case, or Dean Stanley in the other—is to preach. In the vast throngs which then crowd the aisles he would see, in the form of an object-lesson, as it were, the best argument in favour of the Church of England in general, and the cathedral system in particular. It is a stock objection of outsiders that the Church is only 'respectable,' and the attendance of worshippers mostly perfunctory. Better give back the cathedrals to the Catholics—meaning the *Roman* Catholics—say they; you don't know what to do with them. They want them for their big processions, such as they had down at St Edmund's College, Ware, the other day, when the Archbishop of Westminster opened the 'Fourth Provincial Synod of Westminster.' Let such detractors absent themselves one single Sunday from the special attractions of Mr Spurgeon's tabernacle, or their own particular conventicle, whatever it may be, and fairly appraise the congregations that gather in those two great *foci* of metropolitan devotion, the Abbey and St Paul's. They will see that the Church is not dead, or even sleeping. Dormant it may have been. I can remember when a service at either of these places was a soporiferous thing enough; when the lay vicars lolled

about in the most undevotional way, the choristers openly played their 'little games' during service, and the clergy—softly be it spoken—did not set them a particularly good example of reverence in the House of God. I myself recollect sitting close to the singing-men one day, and distinctly hearing the alto sing to the tenor, instead of the verse in the psalm, the words, 'A——, I've got a fine Cheshire cheese at home. Come with me after service and taste it.' But all this is changed, thanks to such men as Dean Stanley, Canon Gregory, &c. Not only are the services at our metropolitan cathedral and abbey perfect as specimens of musical art, but as examples of reverent and devout worship; and, what is more to the purpose, they are thoroughly appreciated as such by vast masses of worshippers, drawn from 'all sorts and conditions of men.' Never, perhaps, was the true ideal of Catholic worship more thoroughly realized, for the poor man and the peer sit side by side; the fine lady with her jewels, and the poor seamstress in her scanty Sunday best, are equally well cared for by the courteous attendants.

Finding that Dean Stanley was to preach on the Sunday after the Bishop of Winchester's funeral, I went betimes to the abbey, knowing by experience the crowds that were accustomed to gather on such occasions, but I really was not prepared for the scene that awaited me. The cold gray stone of the magnificent Gothic arches contrasted gratefully with the glare of the July sun outside, which stole in, subdued and softened, through the deep colours of the 'storied windows.' A solemn funeral-march marked the entrance of the clergy and choir, and the whole service was of a chastened character, the plaintive *De Profundis* forming one of the psalms of the day. The anthem was the appropriate one of Handel, 'When the ear heard him, then it blessed him,' &c.

After the third Collect, Dean Stanley ascended the pulpit, and read in his sonorous voice from MS. a long sermon, mainly on the subject of Bishop Wilberforce's death, though glancing incidentally also at that of Lord

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Westbury. The Dean took as his text the 27th verse, 1st chap. 2 Samuel, 'How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!' After alluding to the circumstances under which this lamentation over Saul and Jonathan was uttered by the Psalmist, he remarked that it was a dirge which had become the model of all like lamentations. Its strains had been wedded to the immortal music of the Dead March of *Saul*, which since the days of Handel had always been associated with the departure of illustrious Englishmen; and the words of the text were inscribed in Latin over the door of the chapel which contained the ashes of the Spanish Cid—'*Quomodo ceciderunt fortes!*' . It was the expression of true patriotic instinct which binds a nation together, and calls each one of us to feel pride in the gifts and graces of those of our most famous countrymen with whom we had the least connection, and with whom perhaps we might have been in perpetual conflict. It described also, in language as true as pathetic, the shock with which we received the tidings of the tragical close of any brilliant or eventful life. It was a song that sanctioned and sanctified the irrepressible instinct of the human heart, which at such a solemn moment refused to speak of the dead anything but that which was good. Of the great lawyer who has gone from us, said the preacher, this is not the occasion to say more than a very few words. To those who feel the majesty of human law, to those who know the divinity of that justice which guards alike the humble wants of the poor and needy and him that hath no helper, and also the eager struggles of the soul after spiritual truth and freedom, it can never be a matter of indifference when the Most High sends to this earth or takes away from it one of those keen intellects which burst through the entanglements of prejudice and the mists of passion in common life, and by whom crooked ways are made straight, and the false is shrivelled up and passes away like a scroll of parchment when it is rolled together. But of the great Churchman whom the nation deploras it is impossible not to speak more at length within these

walls, in the presence of those to whom his face, his voice, his every look and tone, were so familiar as almost to form a part of our existence. Over this abbey he presided for a short time in the early days of his famous career. Many a time and oft within these walls his eloquence has touched the hearts of thousands. Beneath the floor of this church lie the remains of his yet more illustrious father, in a grave which, but for overruling family affection, would have contained his own at this moment. In the awful suddenness of his departure there is something, even without going beyond the event itself, that cannot but strike the most careless. The stroke of death, which came in the very midst of life, has, as by a lightning flash, transfigured with a preternatural vividness the whole course and character of the departed. The wide-sweeping cataract of ubiquitous vitality has been checked midway in its headlong course. That figure which stood confronting us at the end of almost every avenue and prospect of public and social life has disappeared from our gaze. Those bright and keen weapons of war, which made his opponents feel that in him they had found a 'foeman worthy of their steel'—

'Experto credite, quantus
In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam,'

have crumbled into dust. The spirit of boundless energy has passed from the very height and fulness of earthly existence into the unseen spiritual world; has passed, if I may so apply the sacred words as they were applied in the last week by one who was all but a witness of the fatal catastrophe—has passed away in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as at the last trump. On the personal graces and accomplishments of the departed it is not for a comparative stranger to dwell, nor to intermingle with the grief which wrings the heart of many a mourning friend at this moment over a loss which, to them, is beyond repair. Of his opinions it will be useless on this occasion to say a single word; of the complex result of that marvellous

mixture, as of many men's personalities in one ; of the various aspects thus presented to those who viewed his course most nearly ; of its ultimate effects on the spiritual development of the English Church—history must judge at leisure. We are not here to-day to criticize, but to learn. We are here not to condemn or be condemned, but to be instructed, to be touched, to be elevated to those spheres where no jarring thoughts will intrude, and where, speaking as in the palace of truth, we could speak only of the incontestable and the indestructible. What was there, then, in his career as a Churchman which has an enduring value beyond all questions of opinion or party, and beyond all analysis of motives ? There was, first, deep planted in him a sense of the grandeur of the profession of an English clergyman. This was quite irrespective of any views which he might have held for or against the sacerdotal or sacramental virtue of the clerical order. It was something far deeper, wider, higher. It was the consciousness that the English Church and the ministry of the English Church were institutions reaching far down into the vitals of our constitution and our welfare, embracing all the elements of our domestic, political, and social life. To this consciousness, no doubt, his own extraordinary geniality and versatility gave wings and feet and hands ; but, from whatever cause, it enabled him to combine, as in one focus, all the characteristics and capacities with which God had so richly endowed him. It enabled him to regard the ecclesiastical office, not as do many gifted men of our day, with contempt or indifference, but with pride and affection. He represented, as in a visible shape, the conspicuous, many-sided character of the English Church, and which every national Church ought to seek for itself. When we admire this in him, we claim it as the heritage of the Church itself. When we recall the innumerable points at which he touched the circle of intellectual and social interests, we see as in a figure the richness and variety of the gifts which the English Church must absorb if it would hope to maintain its influence. We see in the

general admiration bestowed on this aspect of his course the pledge and assertion that, for all such gifts, for all such manifestations of eloquence, grace, and knowledge, the great ecclesiastical order ought to find a place if it is to hold its own among the ruling powers that guide mankind. The world in our day is sometimes tempted to regard the clerical profession as too narrow and too insignificant to be worthy of national concern or world-wide interest. The Church of our day has been sometimes tempted to regard the mighty gifts of genius, prudence, common sense, patriotism, and wide knowledge as too secular to be worthy of a spiritual man or a spiritual order. Such was not the view either on the one side or the other by which alone the admiration of a course like that which has now been closed can in any degree be justified or explained. If the Church of England is to be a civilized Church, and not a barbarian sect; if it is to be ruled by a reasonable religion and not by a false superstition—then, and then only, it can draw wisdom and strength from such ecclesiastics as him whom all parties now unite in deploring. Further, this hold on the vast outer world and on the general policy of the Church was in him united with an undeviating and punctual fulfilment of all those laborious duties which his Episcopal functions imposed upon him; rather, I would say, which his own magnificent conception of what the Episcopal office should be, created for him. Keen as was his perception, insatiable as was his enjoyment of the intellectual and social pleasures which were open to him in an unusual degree, partly through his great historic position, but yet more through his own unbounded receptivity, and his own inexhaustible endowments; yet in spite of those distractions, and notwithstanding those temptations, he devoted himself to the tedious details of administration, lent himself to the incessant calls on his time, patience, and judgment, ever increasing in proportion to the growth of his fame and usefulness, as though he had no other occupation or concern. Indefatigable, with the indefatigability which has sometimes been called the sure sign of genius; filled

with that strong sense of public obligation which belongs to every genuine Englishman; transformed, shall we not venture to say, with something of that loftier spiritual inspiration which to him was almost a birth-right, and which blended itself inextricably with the lights and shades of his manifold character, he employed his singular gifts and penetrating influence in the service of the humblest of his curates and the homeliest of the parishes under his charge, as unsparingly, as cheerfully, as effectively, as on behalf of the highest in the land. When he turned his face towards his diocese, then, in the language of the ordination service, he 'drew all his studies that way.' Perhaps it was that the office of an English Bishop grew, as it were, under his hand almost into a new institution. His example became, perforce, contagious. No Bishop, no clergyman, we might almost say no layman, within his reach, could stand still without feeling the touch, the stimulus, the magic atmosphere of an activity which could neither rest itself, nor, as has been well said, suffer those around him to rest. No doubt, in this respect, he was but one instrument among many in the work of reanimating a slumbering Church. He inherited the forces of that religious movement, which, beginning with Wesley in the last century, was continued, in all the simplicity of Christian zeal, in his father's home at Clapham. In that fresh re-invigoration of the Episcopal office other prelates now gone to their reward had preceded him in the conscientious and laborious discharge of hitherto unpractised duties. Others, still living, have followed him with an energy no less vigilant and even more self-denying. But it was reserved for his splendid gifts to crown this course with a halo of its own which once kindled can never be extinguished. This is a part of his example which, alike from its homeliness and its brilliancy, all of us, however remote from ecclesiastical affairs, however differing, whether from his means or his ends, can appreciate and admire. It derives also an additional solemnity from the reflection that he laboured thus incessantly, with a constant and an increasing forethought

of the sudden end which at last came in so unlooked-for a form. 'I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day. The night cometh, when no man can work.' And night has come upon him as on the sun in the tropics. There was no twilight; no preparation. It may come to each of us in like manner: may it find us, as it found him, working and watching. His life was a glorification of industrious work; his death was the seal set upon it.

Of the details of that work there is one point upon which I may be allowed to dwell for a moment; because it is drawn from our own experience in this place, and because it applies with special force to one particular portion of my hearers. It is the custom of this abbey, in consequence of the peculiar independence of its ecclesiastical position, that when a confirmation is held for the Westminster scholars, the dean selects some bishop, formerly connected with Westminster, to administer the sacred rite. It has been my lot for nine successive years, with one exception, to request on these occasions the aid of the departed Bishop, both because he once ruled as chief officer over this body, and also because of the singular and surpassing grace with which he discharged this particular function. The confirmation office, as thus administered amongst us, was gradually moulded through his influence, and it was in order to consecrate the effect of his presence in those who came to be confirmed, and to bring them more directly within the thrilling tones of that sweet silvery voice, sinking on those occasions into a familiar conversation or solemn whisper, that the service was transferred from its ordinary place in the choir to the chapel of King Henry VII. And there year by year the successive generations of Westminster scholars heard the words ratherly counsel from those marvellous lips, which never spoke with more gracious simplicity and unaffected pathos than in those addresses. The slightest hint conveyed to him a moment before would be caught up and transformed into some striking figure or precept that could never be forgotten. The advice, the warn-

ings, the consolations, though always on the same subject, were always varied, always fresh as from the 'womb of the morning.' You, my young hearers, who three weeks ago knelt in that chapel to receive his benediction, will remember in future years that you heard on that now memorable occasion the parting admonitions of one of England's most famous prelates. May you reflect even now, in the days of your youth, that it was the inspiring sight of your young faces, the peculiar interest awakened in him by the trials, the influence, the tenderness, the innocence of boys at school, that were the means of drawing forth from that most eloquent son of a most eloquent father words and arguments more persuasive, more affecting, and therefore more truly eloquent, than any that were ever heard from his mouth either by the lesser or the greater congregation. Upon you he poured forth all that was in him of his nobler and finer nature. Be it yours to bear it away as his latest legacy from this glorious abbey, which he so dearly loved, and which delights to rank his name among the most brilliant of those who have presided over its destinies. And now, in concluding, amidst the uncertainty and insecurity of all judgment formed under the shock of such a catastrophe, one thing is absolutely certain: the shock has left a blank, and has opened a void which cannot but be felt in a greater or less degree through the coming fortunes of the whole of English Christendom. In the public meeting, in the religious assembly, in the social gathering, one face will be looked for that now will be seen no more; one voice that charmed all hearers is for ever silent; and not only so, but an existence is extinguished which was the chief stimulating or retarding force of almost every movement of ecclesiastical policy. New necessities, new duties, new opportunities for good crowd into the vacant space; and of the weapons by which the war or the peace of the Church has been maintained for the last thirty years, not a few, whether spear or sword or bow, are buried with him in his grave. It was said by one who loved him dearly and knew him well when he left his first

episcopate—‘The romance of the diocese is gone!’ The same in a large and more varied sense may be said now that he has left us altogether. The romance, the conflict, the dramatic interest, the multifarious excitement, the trumpet’s silver call, the phosphoric, electric atmosphere, the iron sharpening iron, the magic of dissolving views—all these are gone : we have turned over a fresh leaf in the history of the English Church. It is for those who remain to weigh well what are the characters which should be written on its future pages. We have been warned in various tones that such as he was is not likely again to paint or adorn the tale of our eventful annals. It may well be so ; for such a rare and at the same time such an intricate combination of qualities comes once in the age of a nation, and comes not again. ‘The mighty are fallen, and the weapons of war are perished,’ and no art or effort can recall or reconstruct them. But the materials out of which these weapons were forged, and the stage on which the heroes of the world and of the Church have acted, still continue, and will continue as long as goodness is to be promoted, as long as freedom is to be secured, as long as truth is to be vindicated, as long as selfishness, indolence, and falsehood have to be combated on the face of this distracted earth. In the weariness of life’s struggles we are sometimes tempted to think, Blessed, thrice happy, are they that have fallen in the fulness of years and of honours, that have gone beyond the reach of misconception, of failure, of temptation. Blessed, thrice blessed, to have passed at one bound from the midst of toilsome labours, arduous duties, and eager aspirations, into the presence of Him who knows whereof we are made, and in whose light we shall see light. Yet for those who are left behind in the dull wear and tear of those earthly scenes, there is a call that reverberates from the grave. True, there is not, nor will there be for many a year to come, one of like gifts with him who has now been removed, as neither was there for many a long year before. The race he ran is not yet over. England and the English Church have still a course

before them, larger, wider, than any individual career. We know well that there have been in other times and countries revivals of religious life, not for good, but evil, or at least for very mixed and partial good; zeal without knowledge, life without light, faith without charity; revivals not of living and eternal truths, but of ancient errors and dead superstitions. Let it be our aim and prayer that our departed brother shall not have laboured in vain in his efforts to reanimate this Church of England. Let our tribute to him be in the years that are coming that there shall be imparted to the future movements of the English Church an upward spirit that shall ever more and more direct our wandering efforts rightly, which shall lead us even through the valley of the shadow of death to the green pastures and beside the waters of comfort. Let us remember that the true and only purpose of every religious institution, and of every religious revival, is to make earth like heaven, and man like Jesus Christ. Let us remember that the glory of the clergy is not to set themselves apart as a separate caste, but to make themselves one with their fellow-countrymen and fellow-Christians. Let us remember that the chiefest and noblest weapons of war with which error can be subdued are those which are forged, heated, and burnished in the furnace of unflinching inquiry, of absolute love of truth, of unshrinking and unswerving sincerity, wielded with discriminating forbearance, strict impartiality, and boundless charity. Let us not seek to exterminate differences, for differences are the essence and fruits of life, but to prevent differences from becoming divisions. Let us be sure that in every effort to enlarge our borders, to open our gates, to retain whatever there is of true and holy among ourselves, and to welcome whatever there is of true and holy among our estranged brethren, is the strength of a Church whose boast it is that it is the Church of England, the Church of the Reformation, the Church of Him who said, 'When I am lifted up I will draw all men unto myself,' and who also said, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'

Many members of both Houses of Parliament were present at this service; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, not robed, but simply as a member of that mighty congregation, occupied a stall next to the Dean. As we filed slowly out to the majestic strains of Handel's Dead March in *Saul*, the most unimpassioned must have felt his soul stirred within him, and may have learned to his profit the same lesson that was taught even more solemnly still by that open grave in the quiet Sussex churchyard, that there is more of real pathos in the simple ritual of the Church of England, properly carried out, than in all the meretricious adjuncts of the costliest spectacle ever presided over by a master of the ceremonies.

CANON LIDDON AT ST PAUL'S.

IF one of our ancestors were suddenly to start into re-animation, he might, on certain Sundays in the year, fancy that the old glories of Paul's Cross had continued undimmed to the present day. He might even deem those ancient splendours enhanced as he saw the Metropolitan District Railway disgorge its laden trains at Blackfriars to hear Canon Liddon preach; for it is of his period of residence at St Paul's we speak. This preacher gained what is for most of us an unenviable notoriety by delivering sermons of an hour and a quarter in length; but the strangest phenomenon of all was that he got people to listen to him—got vast congregations to sit at St James's, Piccadilly, and actually wish there was more coming, instead of hailing the ascription as a relief. I saw Canon Liddon advertised to preach under the dome at St Paul's one Sunday—no smaller area is capable of accommodating his congregation—and determined I would take him as my representative man

of the day. In a general way there can scarcely be imagined a greater contrast than Fleet Street on a Sunday and Fleet Street on a week-day. For six days the tide of life goes ebbing and flowing without pause, but Sunday is generally dead calm. The very press-men do not make their appearance until people are well in church at their morning or evening devotions. Then, in the former case, the luxurious leader-writers, in the latter the night-working owls of sub-editors, surge up to the surface. But for these, Sunday would be a breathless calm in Blackfriars ; but Canon Liddon makes a very palpable ripple on the surface when he is the afternoon preacher at Paul's Cross.

Studiously avoiding to use my privileges, either as a journalist or a clergyman, by pushing to the front seats, I determined I would go in with the crowd to St Paul's that Sunday afternoon, and see whether I could analyze its component parts, and in any way test the effect of the Canon's sermon on them. Sitting beneath the shade of Samuel Johnson's monument, I saw gathered before me one of those vast seas of human beings which it is so exceptional for a preacher to get together without meretricious aid of some kind. There were large numbers of ladies, old, young, and more middle-aged, of course ; but the female element was far from being so largely in the ascendant as we often see it in congregations. There were young men—from shopmen and City clerks to West-end "blood"—and grayheaded men of all ages and classes. Clergymen abounded, coming in—many of them late, like myself, and evidently hurrying thither after a long morning service—to take a lesson in pulpit oratory, or simply to enjoy the unaccustomed luxury of being preached to. Inflexible spinsters tried to occupy two or three chairs each, and gave infinite trouble to the gigantic gentleman in spectacles acting as an amateur *Suisse de cathédrale*, and his attendant vergers, who fidgeted about in gowns and silver maces, and did their best politely to pack that huge gathering.

The Psalms, I regret to say, were being sung as I entered ; but it was 'duty,' and not inclination, that had

broken in upon my habitual and inherent punctuality. Very sweetly did the cadences come from the large surpliced choir, and seem to roll from side to side of the peopled nave as the congregation took up their verses antiphonally. Then a venerable gentleman, with long white beard, read the lessons from a lofty eagle in the centre of the space under the dome. I had thought it would be impossible for him to make himself audible, but he did so with apparent ease by pitching his voice in a high key—in fact, almost monotonizing the words of Holy Scripture. There was great reverberation, but I should think every one heard. The anthem was the exquisite one from Elijah, ‘If with all your hearts you truly seek Him, ye shall ever surely find Him;’ and as I listened, spell-bound, to the touching solo, or the soft and chastened chorus with which it was supplemented, I could not but think of the dead master-musician who had been moved to tears there where I was sitting, when he heard the little charity children sing their simple melodies at their annual gathering, reminding one of Keble’s beautiful lines :—

‘Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,
If it flow from childlike hearts.’

I can remember the time when a service at St Paul’s was a very dreary, and, withal, a somewhat slovenly performance; but some good genius has waved his wand over the arrangements, and simply but effectually changed all that. The sermon was preached, not after the third Collect, as is customary in many cathedrals, but in the more usual place, at the conclusion of evening prayers. The pulpit is at the south-eastern portion of the vast circumference, and is surmounted by a huge but somewhat tawdry-looking sounding-board, supported from on high by a chain so slender as to give it the appearance of being likely to fall and crush any incautious preacher who should give way to extra enthusiasm in his discourse. There was no hymn or pause of any kind

between the prayers and sermon; which was unfortunate, not only because an opportunity was lost of utilizing that splendid choir, but also because it obliged the preacher to leave his stall and mount the pulpit while the prayer of St Chrysostom was being read; but we scarcely noticed the incongruity. We had emphatically come to 'hear Canon Liddon,' as the Clapham people speak of going to church, and our Chrysostom was now in his pulpit. His sharp-cut, shaven, and monastic-looking face peered out wistfully over the great assembly; and in a voice slightly forced, but quite audible, and with the unmistakable accent of a quondam academic 'don,' he gave out as his text the two opening verses of the Parable of the Unjust Steward—the Epistle for the day:—'There was a certain rich man which had a steward; and the same was accused unto him that he had wasted his goods. And he called him, and said unto him, "How is it that I hear this of thee? Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward."'

First of all, the preacher noticed how this parable, like that of the Unjust Judge, was probably taken from some event in the current history of Palestine, and how vivid and effective such a circumstance would make the teaching if the hearers were well acquainted with the details. He then passed rapidly in review the familiar points of the story as one of 'clever rascality,' and showed how our Lord only reported, without endorsing, the commendation of the landlord. Probably the steward had a legal, though not a moral, right thus to tamper with his master's rental; but the approval of the master constituted what we might reverently describe as the *surprise* of the parable. We should expect the master to be angry, and so, no doubt, he would have been had he been an English landlord; but the course he took was just what we should expect to find taken in the East now. The Oriental mind is struck, not by right or wrong, but by audacity and success; by a triumph of force or cunning. If not absolutely ruined by it, he would, as an Eastern, admire this stroke of clever rascality; and this

touch had much to do in making critics believe the story a real one.

The point enforced by this commendation was the necessity of prudence in matters that touched the soul. We must practically recognize two obvious truths. I. Every human being is simply a trustee. From the Queen down to the poorest person this is true ; there is no such thing as human ownership. This seemed, Canon Liddon said, a mere truism ; but all our gifts were either inherited or earned ; and in the first instance we did not give the energy of acquisition to those who bequeathed them to us, or in the second we did not give ourselves the strong arm or active brain by which we had earned them. Life itself was a gift. We were still only stewards. How little we made of this truth ! We spoke as if God was bound first to make us, and then to give us what we had ; as if we had substantive claims on God. Or else we complain that God had not done more for us, having done so much. The fundamental idea in our minds was, that as a matter of bare justice no one had claims on us. We transferred to our relations with God the privileges given us by human law. If we spoke out, we should say that, as God had rights in heaven, so had we rights on earth. There were some cases—as, for instance, that of landed property—where men did recognize the fact of responsibility. It is not a mere possession of the owner, to do what he will. He holds it on trust for the poor, or for his country. His bit of land was naturally intended to support a certain population, and those rights were not set aside because that population were his tenants. If he cleared his land and sent the poor into some adjacent city, so as to lower his own rates, he would be condemned by the conscience of the country. This principle, like all truths, might be exaggerated and pushed to extremes ; but what was true of landed property in this country did apply in a certain degree to property of all kinds, ‘in the funds, in foreign funds—in nobody knew what funds.’ We were still trustees. If we lost sight of this fact, we wasted goods which were not ours, but our Master’s. This waste was ‘one of the

sad mysteries of God's moral creation,' and it kept pace curiously with His bounty, as the activity of error seemed to keep pace with the spread of truth. The waste of property was most palpable when the young heir squandered it on the turf or at the gambling-table; but property was often wasted in a less ostentatious way—as, for example, when a man spent all on himself, or hoarded his money as though he were going to keep it for ever. The man who did not make a conscience of what he had by giving a tenth, or some fixed proportion, to God and his fellow-men, was wasting it, because he was treating it as his own, and not as what would have to be accounted for at Christ's throne; and this fundamental error vitiated all his use of it. Then there was the waste of mental gifts; for genius and talent were the same as money under this aspect. Having sharpened his wits by education, a man thought he might do as he liked with them, and wrote in 'clever newspapers' or periodicals which sacrificed morality to sensation. Flashes of genius were thus wasted, because nothing was done for the glory of God or the progress of the human soul. Talent was given for one supreme end, and that end was God's glory.

There was the waste of influence, too: the power given to all of us of guiding others. It was wasted by indolence, timidity, or seeking popularity instead of truth. Fathers of families, heads of establishments, chief servants, teachers, clergymen, Bishops, and Archbishops—all these had a great account to give. All which they *might* do fell within the area of their responsibility.

Greater still was the waste of grace. It does not tell like property or ability; and therefore, walking by sight and not by faith, as we did, we were apt to think less of it. But it was incomparably greater than money or talent. It cost more, and could do more. It was earned by Christ's Blood. It touched not our material life, but our real selves; not this world, but the next. How piteous was the waste of opportunity in reference to prayer, instruction, the sacraments! Each opportunity

was a property. Of such we were stewards; and what such stewardship involved we should only know hereafter.

Incidentally we might speak of the waste of health and time. Even sickness itself was sometimes an opportunity. 'I would not for all the world,' said a great sufferer who had led a careless life, 'suffer one pang less than I have for the last five months.' But health was God's best gift. Time was charged with irrevocable opportunities. Time, said a great Christian writer, should be made the most of every hour, as men sip a liqueur, drop by drop. No life could be wasted with impunity; for as waste proceeded on earth, it was being pleaded as an accusation before the Lord of Life in the courts of heaven.

II. A time would come, said the preacher, when an account would be demanded. It was not always the life that was taken. The literary man who had sacrificed truth to sensation might lose his sight. The waster of property found himself a pauper. The abuser of power saw that power collapse, and become a byword for moral impotence. Now and then there was a pause in the history of the world, as if for us to see the withdrawal of great endowments, brought about by what was called the force of events. Five times in the present century had it thus been said to France, 'Give an account of thy stewardship.' So was it with Solomon in the lesson of the day. He was humbled, yet spared. It was a mercy when God thus withdrew His gifts, but left time for repentance. In view of this last account it might be better to end life at St Helena than at the Tuileries.

But the call to account was not always merely one to retirement. Men were often summoned to appear before the throne. We had been solemnly reminded of late about these swift passages from bustling life to the stillness of the presence-chamber. We might be sitting in the last carriage of a train that got detached from the rest, nobody knew how. We might be cantering on our horse chatting to a friend, when, lo! a slip from the saddle, and in a moment all was over. The chasm

that parted time from eternity was passed. He would not imply that sudden death was penal; it was often the act of a peculiarly tender love. All depended on whether those who were so summoned were living in thoughts of death or not. It was impossible not to think of that prelate who, one short month ago, had been administering one of our greatest dioceses; and it was a comfort to know that he lived habitually in the prospect of death. When a friend, some short time since, was speculating about a bishopric, he said, 'Probably I shall make the vacancy.' Those who only knew him in public scarcely guessed how he carried this idea into all the departments of life. Yet so it was; and now there rose around his grave 'a chorus of encomium,' affirming that he above all others had taught what the stewardship which was committed to an English Bishop might mean. While we were seeking how to perpetuate his memory, it was impossible not to ask where was that keen inquisitive mind *now*? It mattered little to him, said the eloquent preacher, with most solemn emphasis, what we should do, now that he had seen the everlasting realities; now that he had passed the threshold of the world, and gazed, as a spirit might gaze, on the face of Christ. If he could speak, he would say, what his life and death said, 'Be you who you may, you are stewards; and the one thing is so to live that you may give account.'

It had been said, he concluded, that public men were divisible into two classes: those who believed in the Day of Judgment, and those who did not. That meant that some had a sense of responsibility which others lacked; and the observation was true of all of us. All had a stewardship. And with the majority of us all would soon be over. In thoughts of death, and of the account after death, we learnt healthy views of life and duty.

The sermon occupied something less than an hour in delivery, and at its conclusion the Canon gave out, in simplest, homeliest fashion, the hymn, 'When morning gilds the skies,' which was sung by the choir in a way

to make us regret that metrical hymns are not more usual in cathedrals.

As I passed out and saw the crowds filing from each separate door, I could not but recognize the fact that, with all our advance since the days of Paul's Cross, preaching might be still a great power amongst us, and the pulpit vie even with the press as an influential force on society.

AT THE GOLDEN LECTURE.

I SCARCELY know which is the more striking effect, that produced by the shining of a solitary light in the gloom of a Cathedral at night, or by the silence of a church in the midst of the noise and din of a great city. I once entered the nave of an English Cathedral during a winter's evening, when the sexton was digging a grave by the light of a solitary candle, and actually saw him shovel out a skull of some ancient canon or other dignitary, just like the grave-digger in 'Hamlet;' and I know not how it is, but when I attend a City church, as I did on the first Tuesday in Lent at St Margaret's, Lothbury, I am conscious of a kindred sensation. There is a feeling of awe which it would be very difficult to analyze or explain. As I paced the busy thoroughfare of Moorgate Street from the Metropolitan Terminus to my destination, and by and by the bell of St Margaret's clashed noisily out above the din of traffic, there seemed something incongruous in the combination of sounds. It was the same when I entered the building, and heard the roll of waggons and omnibuses, which even double windows were unable to exclude. The stillness and solitude within seemed perfectly terrible in comparison with the noisy tide of life without. I had of course expected the silence, but I was not, I own, quite

prepared for the solitude. I remembered what the Golden Lecture had been in the days of Henry Melvill, and how necessary it was to be in good time to get a seat. I recalled the unwonted spectacle of business-men leaving the receipt of custom to listen to the eloquent, even if somewhat stilted and artificial, periods of the celebrated preacher. I thought the mantle had fallen on his successor, the Rev. Daniel Moore; and it was with some surprise that, after something like a rush from the station, and only arriving about a quarter to eleven, I found the church virtually empty. A dilapidated verger, in a dress coat worn with age, was walking pensively about, and seemed really quite glad to see me, put me in a centre seat, and supplied me at two several journeys with prayer-book and hymnal. He seemed not to be happy except when walking about, did that ancient verger, and only comparatively so even then. He looked as though he had something on his mind; perhaps it was the memory of olden times, when the Golden Lecture, the Laureateship of the pulpit, was more attractive than now. He left me to the contemplation of the sacred edifice, which, empty as it was, bore reference to better days, in the fact of numbers of now useless chairs being stacked on either side of the Communion Table, above which were portraits of, I fancy, Moses and Aaron, in garments which resembled gowns with high stomachers. By the time the bell ceased, there were, I was amazed to find, only fifteen in the congregation. Three of those, including myself, were parsons, and one a maiden aunt of my own, who, I believe, feels bound in conscience to attend every Evangelical week-day sermon preached within an accessible radius of London. Most of the fifteen were gray-headed, and some dilapidated, like the verger. All were evidently Conservative and Evangelical to the very marrow.

At eleven o'clock a procession of two emerged from the vestry. One was a bearded gentleman, arrayed in surplice only, which he seemed to have put on in a hurry, forgetting his hood and stole. The other was the

Reverend Daniel Moore, in a M.A. gown, brown with age as the verger's coat itself. The surpliced gentleman mounted the second story of a portentous pulpit-erection, and Mr Moore subsided into a pew. The service was the reverse of ornate, there being no singing even at the 'Glorias,' and the reader still giving one the idea that he was pressed for time. One of the gray-headed gentlemen in the congregation took the responses, officiating as amateur clerk, while the dilapidated verger walked about like a wandering undertaker vexed with depression of business at a healthy time of the year.

There was a little unobtrusive lectern at the foot of the pulpit staircase, and I fancied the reader would have read the Lessons from thence; but he remained on the second *étage*, and appeared to find the Hebrew names in the First Lesson—Numbers x.—rather obstacles to his progress. He threw more fire into the Second, and read the dialogue of Herodias and her daughter almost dramatically, but certainly well, showing how nicely the rest of the service might have gone if he had had more leisure at his command. In fact, if I may be allowed to anticipate, this was the idea uppermost in my mind all the time,—what this Golden Lecture might be, and if might, surely should be. I could not help comparing the scanty gathering at St Margaret's with the crowds that thronged St Edmund the King's hard by, to hear the eccentric young Anglican monk, Ignatius, deliver himself. Surely, with such an endowment, the Golden Lectureship should draw business men—as I know it did once draw them—from their business by presenting them with an ideal service and sermon. If it does not do so—if men are really so much more material than they were in Canon Melvill's time, then it suggests the further thought, why not transplant this lecture to the West? Mr Moore would have got a congregation—of ladies, at all events—in his own church of Holy Trinity, Paddington. But I am digressing, and perhaps verging on criticism, which latter I am resolved to eschew, except so far as facts speak for themselves.

When the service was over, I wondered whether we should be included in 'choirs and places where they sing.' We had not been after the third Collect; but the impetuous gentleman carried us breathlessly on to the prayer of St Chrysostom before we knew where we were. Then, however, he gave out the doleful hymn, 'From lowest depths of woe,' which seemed vastly appropriate, however, and which the aged people sang with all the little twiddles and turns and passing notes, as they always do in country churches. We were very primitive and behind the age that day in St Margaret's. I hope I am not wronging the organist; but I very much suspected that functionary of rushing in to play the *De profundis* for us, and decamping as soon as it was over. Mr Moore left the pew and retired to the vestry during the hymn, though he was arrayed in full academical costume for the pulpit already. The only change which I could see he had effected was the removal of his gloves during his absence. He then mounted the pulpit, and commenced the first of a series of sermons on the Apocalyptic addresses to the seven Churches of Asia, which we were informed by printed notices in the church would be continued each Tuesday during Lent.

That day was devoted to the Church of Ephesus; and Mr Moore took for his text Rev. ii. 4: 'Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee because thou hast left thy first love.' Referring to a previous course of sermons on the subject of the Church of Laodicea, the preacher said that all these addresses to the Asiatic Churches were very instructive to bodies of Christian worshippers, as showing how they were regarded by Him whose eyes were as a flame of fire, in whose hand were the seven stars, and who, to search the heart and test the sincerity, is ever walking amid the seven golden candlesticks. These messages varied in tone; in some the elements of commendation prevailed, in others that of censure. In the Address to the Church of Ephesus there was much commendation. In no niggard spirit there was set forth what she had done and suffered; but still there was a great blot on the picture; a 'huge fly'—

such was the peculiar imagery employed—had made its way into the ointment of a good name. She had left her first love. Let us, he said, glauce at her history. There were reasons why she should take a precedence of all the other Churches. Ephesus was the civil and ecclesiastical centre of the Asia of the Revelations. She was, as she liked to be termed, the ‘*Light of Asia*,’ beyond Smyrna and Pergamos, and the other cities. She was distinguished, in a secular point of view, for her commerce, and for her Oriental and Greek culture. There was the temple of her tutelar goddess Diana. But she was more distinguished still under a Christian aspect. Thus Ephesus stood out conspicuously. Here it was St Paul laboured successfully for three whole years. So long a period of his mission life was given to this one place, and his success was attested by the fact of the sorcerers bringing their magical books and burning them. Here the number of converts awoke the selfish jealousy of Demetrius and his fellow-craftsmen. Here Timothy was ordained to the episcopate, and Apollos taught. Here, too, the beloved Apostle spent the last few years of his protracted life, when he had left Jerusalem to superintend the Asiatic Churches. Down as far as the second century her bishops had borne faithful witness to the truth; but from this point she had decayed, had gone from dark to dark, until she came to the untraceable blank and void. The glory passed away, and only few relics of her ancient Christianity remained. Attempts had been made on the spot to gather some traces of her former success; but in vain. Modern travellers told us that there were few Turks on the site of ancient Ephesus, and only one Christian! A cloud had passed over the place. Green corn grew amid her ruins; so truly had been fulfilled the words, ‘*I will come quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of its place.*’

And yet witness was borne to the self-denying efforts of the Ephesian Church. ‘*I know thy works,*’ &c. The works are specified; and they are those common to the other messages. This, the preacher said, showed

us that no act of self-denial, or resistance to sin, or endeavour after higher life, passed unnoticed. Ephesus was not an idle Church, or an indifferent one, like Laodicea. The people were in earnest for the Gospel of Christ, and for the salvation of souls. What flaw or vitiating element, then, was there? We should see 'presently.' So far, it was enough for us to know that God might see our good works, and yet know that there was something faulty in them. Men might labour, might compass sea and land, might work night and day, might spend and be spent in a good cause, and yet not be actuated by a right spirit, even as the sons of Zebedee when they would call down fire from heaven. The lesson was that zeal in a good cause, earnestness, devotedness, labours even to fainting, might be no more than 'an Ephesian grace.' Their practical Christianity received honourable mention as far as it went; but the commendation was neutralized by the words of the text, 'Thou hast left thy first love.'

The Ephesians were commended for their invincible patience. They had not fainted under rebuke. They had not given up heart and hope when there were enemies on every side. This was still a higher attainment than the former, for it was easier to work than to forbear. Many had the lesson of sitting still to learn, and found the limits of a sick chamber the boundaries of their mission-field. This was the advanced point of spiritual discipline to which Ephesus had attained.

Again, there was a sensitiveness to all dishonouring companionships: 'I know how thou canst not bear them which are evil.' Like testimony had been borne in the Epistle to the Ephesians; and after thirty years the lesson had not been forgotten altogether, but still—once and again the text was repeated—she had 'left her first love.' There was a righteous intolerance of false doctrines, a purging out of all teachers who did not hold 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' and in keeping all liars out of the apostolate. Such was the honourable testimony borne; but before there was time for congratulation, all was marred by the occurrence of the oft-quoted

text, 'Thou hast left thy first love.' Hence, we could, he said, see the signs and the source of religious declension in the alteration of religious affection, in the leaving of the first love. Let us try how far this holds good with ourselves.

I might mention that by this time the congregation had perhaps increased to thirty; that all wore a stolid, resigned, rather than an interested appearance; and that two of the clerical gentlemen had their eyes fast closed, whether in slumber or deep thought it is not for me to determine.

The preacher then described at length how, on the early unity of the Christian Church, had grown up the evils Christ Himself had foretold—divisions, heart-burnings, jealousies. Men were no longer of one heart and one soul. They began to live for self, each caring only for himself and his own. The same spirit marked religious declension now; an isolation from the Communion of Saints, a declining sympathy with the trials of God's people, a decay of Intercessory Prayer, and diminished anxiety for souls, limiting spiritual effort to our own salvation. This was the great sign of leaving first love—a lessened interest in the spiritual welfare of others. Then, both in the case of the Ephesians and ourselves, such leaving of the first love was evidenced by a cooling down of the soul's affection for Christ Himself. The love of the first Christians for Christ was no barren feeling, but a sublime passion. It was the ardour of consecrated enthusiasm. The love of Christ constraining him, sustained the Apostle in all he did. 'Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee,' said Peter. 'We love Him because He first loved us,' the beloved disciple St John.

He would ask, then, as far as we could recall our first sensations, did not one of the earliest after conversion take the form of personal love and gratitude towards our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? Had we not here a central object for faith, love, and joy, so that we could say, 'Whom not having seen, we love?' This feeling was deepened by many sacred memories, by many kind

assurances in times of dejection and sorrow, by many deliverances from danger to our own souls. On the bed of sickness we felt Christ's sympathy. He stood by us in danger. If our heart was right we must love Him supremely, with all the freshness of first love.

But how if our heart was not right? We cared less to please Him. We had less delight in thinking of Him and imitating Him. The work of spiritual declension had begun, nay, had advanced. In this case there remains the malediction, 'Anathema Maranatha.' We are not leaving Christ, but we have left Him.

Once more, the sign of commencing religious declension was when the things of Christ grew less attractive, and we began to give the first place to things of the world. Between going forward and going back the text supposed no medium. The carnal mind was not indifference, but 'enmity against God.' Therefore we might well take as our first Lenten lesson the warning to the Church of Ephesus. We might see from what a height she had fallen. We could judge what a spiritual Church she was, and yet a few centuries after she had 'neither candlestick nor name.' At that little 'somewhat' the gold changed, one of the seven stars disappeared, and Ephesus comes before us in the way of a warning of the danger of swerving from God. Let us, he suggested in conclusion, be honest in carrying back our thoughts to some period when our spiritual love was fervent, and testing whether of us too it might not be said that we had 'left our first love.'

Now, I have quoted more largely from this discourse than might appear necessary, because I wanted honestly to apply it to the case of the Golden Lecture itself. I could see a decided falling away from first love in the case of all save the somnolent clergymen, the volunteer parish clerk, and the devoted maiden ladies. It seemed hard to account for, just as an outsider might have deemed that the sermon meted out 'hard lines' to Ephesus. There was evident effort on the part of the preacher to keep to the old grooves and ruts of Evangelical style; but at the same time there was the

self-evident fact that these Evangelical attractions did not 'draw' as heretofore. Only these faithful thirty stood, or rather sat, faithfully where the hosts used to gather. There was all the old prestige, all the *genius loci*, and no small personal influence on the part of the preacher; for Mr Moore is a fortunate and, in a certain sense, a famous man. His church at the top of Westbourne Terrace is more than full; but then Tyburnian churches always are, even if golden lectures are a howling wilderness. It is clear that some special attraction is necessary to draw men from their business at the busiest portion of the day. Ignatius does it by his preaching; and I am told Mr Rodwell does it at St Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, by his advanced Ritualistic service. Mr Moore simply does not do it at St Margaret's, Lothbury, with his unattractive, not to say prosy or slovenly service, and his intensely orthodox evangelical discourse. One felt disposed to stir up everything except the dilapidated verger, who appeared to walk restlessly about just in order to avoid becoming subject to the prevailing stagnation, and affording to a scandalized Christendom the spectacle of a sleeping beauty in a snuffy black dress-coat.

This is a terribly practical age, when everybody has to submit to the *cui bono* test, and it is quite certain that a rich endowment like the Golden Lectureship will not pass uncriticized if the clerical Croesus who holds it be not able to entice more than thirty old-fashioned people to Pactolus.

FASHIONABLE EVANGELICISM.

OF all the different Churches of England it had been my lot to chronicle there was none which I pictured so piquantly to my imagination—neither High Church, Dry Church, Low Church, nor Slow Church—as that exceedingly genteel form of godliness of which I had seen some glimpses in my Age of Innocence, when an Evangelical relative bore me, unwillingly, to the shrines of a then rising Molyneux, Noel, McNeile, or Close. Alas! how times change; two out of my celebrities have ‘secessed;’ while the third has been fossilized into a canon, and the last annihilated in a deanery. I lived in Gower Street at the time when I had these infantile ‘experiences;’ and I vow that, to this day, I cannot pass that locality, even in the bowels of the Metropolitan tunnel, without shuddering in the midst of my asphyxia as I recall them. They were excruciatingly genteel and, of course, proportionately uncomfortable.

Symptoms of a return to pristine innocence must, I fancy, have developed themselves in me of late without my consciousness thereof, for on two occasions I have been favoured with a card, of which the following is an exact transcript:—

Mr _____

and Miss _____ propose (D.V.) to hold a Bible Reading on _____ Evening, _____, at 7½ o’Clock, when the Company of Friends is requested.

Subject, Rev. ii.

Reading from 7¾ to 9½.
Morning Dress.

I meant to go, but mundane circumstances prevented me, so I suppose I shall never have the chance again. By the way, I did go to something of the kind years ago,

and recollect that, after one of the usual talkee-talkee evenings, Bibles were handed round on a tray, like refreshments, and we wound up with prayers. A worldly-minded acquaintance also told me that he got an invitation to something of the same sort once, which, as far as the body of the card was concerned, might have applied to a dance, or even a card-party; but in the corner were the characters, 'Tea and P.' It was only after lengthened study he gathered that the cabalistic signs stood for 'Tea and Prayers.'

Experiences, then, of what I would venture to call the Lavender Kid Glove School of Theology, were things of the distant past with me when I proposed to renew them by visiting some shrine of Fashionable Evangelicalism. But whither should I go? The world—that is, the western world—of London was 'all before me where to choose.' There is plenty of evangelicalism at the East-end; but it was not of the sort I wanted—not fashionable. There could be no doubt that lavender kids were dying out of the Establishment—scarcely, perhaps, to its loss; becoming extinct like the Dodo, and giving place to a more masculine and intellectual system. Its last stronghold was in certain Proprietary Episcopal Chapels, clustering in a narrow radius round the Marble Arch. To one of these I would go; and it was perhaps an unconscious piece of flunkeyism that guided my steps to the particular shrine. I saw that the Rev. J. W. Reeve, of Portman Chapel, Baker Street, was gazetted a Queen's Chaplain. By the way, it struck me what a remarkably eclectic system the Royal theology must be if it was directed by the Royal Chaplains. But this is not to the purpose. Mr Reeve was a new-fledged regal director, and from his mouth I would hear a fashionable evangelical utterance. I may not see lavender kids upon the hands, but I was sure of the theology that would emanate from the pulpit. So, as Sam Slick says, 'I up and went.'

Portman Chapel, well known to travellers going south by Atlas omnibuses, is as unecclesiastical-looking an edifice as the veriest Puritan could desire. The interior

reminded me, for some reason or other, of a County Court; and the façade surmounting the communion table—I must not say ‘Altar’ now—at the west-end was exactly like a sepulchral monument at Kensal Green; but every precaution had been taken to veil its ugliness by the erection of a monstrous bireme of a pulpit and reading-desk right in front. Not knowing that the bireme was located due west, I entered at that extremity, thinking I should be taking the lowest seat in the synagogue; when, alas! I found myself among the very *élite*, and the pew-opener, who was a sturdy little woman, looked at me quite fiercely, so that I was fain to beat a retreat, and retire among the livery-servants at the back. There were some beautiful uniforms, and I had every opportunity of observing them, for the sturdy little woman kept me a long time standing—I suppose to punish my presumption. She was not in the least awed by my clerical attire—they never are at Episcopal Chapels—though I had been somewhat careful in my toilette that morning, so as not to look like an undertaker’s man or a waiter out for a holiday. Perhaps I rather overdid it, and the little official thought me ‘High.’ When she did give me a seat, it was the unkindest cut of all; for instead of putting me in among the gentlemen’s gentlemen or the pretty ladies’-maids, she handed me into a small deal box, containing three voluminous evangelical ladies, the outside one of whom scowled fiercely as the little pew-opener apologized for inserting me. Not only so, but she walked right outside the box into the aisle, carrying lots of wraps and two huge volumes with her, so as to allow me to pass. Of course, I was covered with confusion, and also by the evangelical lady when we sat down. She did so with averted face—perhaps she thought I was a Broad Churchman—and never offered me her hymn-book, though it was large enough for a whole pewful; but a nice little girl in the pew in front sympathized with my destitute condition, and handed me back hers.

The curate who was reading the service introductory to the sermon, was a delicate-looking gentleman, with

a voice very high up in his head, and a delivery that suggested plums in the mouth. This I find to be a frequent characteristic of evangelical clergymen, and I fancy it is some occult sign of orthodoxy. The school children, who were placed in a rickety-looking gallery fearfully near the roof, sang the *Venite* sweetly; but the *Te Deum* was taken to a tune like 'Rule Britannia.' The music, however, was above par on the whole. The first hymn, which had a semi-legal refrain, 'We have an Advocate above,' was set to the beautiful tune arranged 'for those at sea' in 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' But 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' had no place in Portman Chapel. We sang from the more orthodox Mercer. The second hymn was something about 'lowest depths of tribulation,' taken to Luther's tune. Then the little pew-opener drew down the sun-blinds and the warm curtains over the doors, and we settled to the real business of the meeting—the sermon.

There was an immense congregation, and the sturdy woman had to bring in camp-stools for serious grooms and awakened footmen. Before the sermon Mr Reeve came from the communion table to the reading-desk or basement of the bireme, and read a long notice as to confirmation from the Bishop of London; in which I was struck by the dexterity with which that prelate avoided any direct statement as to the doctrine of the Established Church on that rite. One party, as we know, elevate it into a sacrament; the others deny all significance of the imposition of hands. But this by the way. My business is with the sermon.

Mr Reeve is an elderly, comfortable-looking gentleman, and entered the rostrum in the old-standing costume of black gown, large bands, and double eye-glass, but without the lavender kids. I presume, therefore, they have quite 'gone out,' as the ladies say. He read, as his text, words from the First Lesson, Exodus iii. 7 and part of verse 8: 'And the Lord said, "I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters: for I know their sorrows, and I am come down to deliver

them.” I was much surprised to see he was not going to preach extempore, for he bore along with him a ponderous MS. I should have fancied extemporaneous oratory was a *sine quâ non* at Portman Chapel. I always find it difficult to analyze a very evangelical discourse, but I will do my best.

The preacher began with a picture of the burning bush on Horeb, which he characterized as not only wondrous, but ‘gracious.’ He then passed on to an application of the figure to the Church. It should be holy, as the place of God’s presence. Moses was bidden to take the shoes from off his feet, because the place was holy. The character of a house depended upon that of its occupant. Now the way in which this fact was communicated showed God’s power; but the fact itself showed His grace. He had come to save. It was not because they deserved salvation; it was enough that they needed it. What a view did this give us of the grace of God! It was the same with us that morning. God knew we needed grace. He didn’t come down because we were good, but because He was gracious. He would not leave the Israelites one hour too long in Egypt. Four hundred years was the appointed time. Egypt was to be their school, and Pharaoh theirs school-master. Then the people were brought out with a mighty arm. How this ought to quiet us under discipline. There was a purpose in all things. There was not one tear in the eye of which God did not see the necessity. Only let us rest all on God’s ‘character.’ Then of us, as of Israel in Egypt, it should be true that God would come and deliver us.

Though all were His people, yet some were specially so. In the text His people represented the Church, where the wheat and tares were growing together. The deliverance was common to all, good and bad; but all did not get to Canaan. So many bad men enjoy some privileges, but yet never get to know full privileges. So there *is* a Spiritual people, who rest all on grace, accepting salvation in Jesus Christ, patiently waiting in submission to God.

Let us, he said, dwell on that expression, ‘My people.’

They were separate from the world. It was even as Christ said, 'They are not of the world, as I am not of the world.' Yet still God's people were often an afflicted people. In the 5th chapter Pharaoh refused straw, but demanded the full tale of bricks. In the 6th chapter we found the despondency of Israel so great that they 'ceased to care.' So our heart often failed. But let us look to the history. God was still God, notwithstanding all the troubles of His people.

One would not speak intenderly, he continued. God knows your afflictions (though I must say the congregation looked as little 'afflicted' as any I ever saw; still he harped upon that string). All their afflictions were light compared with that caused by a sense of sin which man could not bear. This made the Gospel so precious. It was one thing to be cast down by sorrow, but quite another by the sense of sin. Time wore out the one sorrow, but nothing save the Gospel alleviated the other. It was only by the blood of Jesus Christ that a man, weighed down with the sense of sin, was ever made to smile again. If he was brought under the dominion of sin, he soon 'ceased to care.' Still, whatever was the cry—whether of the blood of Abel, or the sin of Sodom, from the oppressor or the oppressed—God heard and helped. This should be our comfort, 'I have seen,' &c. God, he said, heard to some purpose where often we did not. Hundreds lived without preaching the Gospel as they ought; hundreds, who were rolling in wealth, did nothing to alleviate misery. They might, perhaps, adopt the cheapest form of all charity, by tossing a little money to the poor. That was not what was meant, 'Blessed is the man that *considereth* the poor.' It was not enough to give 'great lumps' of money. Men might be the very 'pink' of morality, the very 'pink' of amiability; but as long as their thoughts revolved round self as a centre all this would be as nothing. The text was a comfort for those who were waiting on the Lord. He was not like the gods of the heathen, who had eyes and saw not, ears had they and heard not. He was all-seeing, prayer-hearing and prayer-answering.

God's people in the world were in worse than Egyptian bondage, and God sent His Son for their redemption, not to *make* us sons, but that we might receive the *adoption* of sons. All the privileges of the New Testament were shut up in Jesus Christ. The question was not what place we deserved, but what place Christ deserved, for Christ took the place of sinners.

'If spared until the evening' (and I must say there seemed every reason to hope it would be so), the preacher proposed to follow out the subject yet further. I did not go, though I trust he was spared. But—if I must be candid—though all this was, I am sure, the very 'pink' of orthodoxy, it was slightly uninteresting. One could bear it once in the way; but I marvelled as I looked at that large congregation—the voluminous lady and the serious servants—and thought 'those people come here every Sunday.'

There was a collection after the sermon, deferred from the previous Sunday, which the preacher naïvely observed had been wet, so that a good many of the congregation were absent. Then I passed out; and as I did so I was greatly exercised to observe that, despite his proximity to Portman Chapel, one Robinson, who was building a big shop opposite, had placarded it with an announcement, 'Robinson will open these premises,' &c., but in the &c. no symptoms of a 'D.V.'!

DR EVANS AT ST MARY-LE-STRAND.

THE great temptation against which one has to contend in these sketches of ecclesiastical men of mark is the adoption of something like a *Vox Populi, Vox Dei* principle, or the giving a man a place simply because people run after him. I forswore such a principle at

the outset, and studiously took comparatively unknown men in preference to celebrities; and yet it is difficult always to keep to one's resolution. If people would only run after the right men there would be no necessity to do so; but just as the most deserving cases for charity are those which avoid publicity, and which it is almost impossible to find out, so does it often happen that the best men, in ecclesiastical, even more than other walks of life, fail to realize their commercial value, and lie quietly beneath the surface of society, on which some blatant, bombastic nonentity gaily rides afloat.

I remember, when Dr Evans and I were each of us twenty years younger than we now are, writing an article on him in a then popular but long since defunct magazine, whereinto, after paying what I considered, and still consider, due tribute to his merits, I infused a great deal of genuine indignation on account of his being only an evening lecturer at St Andrew's, Wells Street, on an exceedingly homœopathic stipend, and—what was still worse—in a sphere much too confined for his energy and talents. Dr Evans was then, in my estimation, a sort of refined Mr Spurgeon. Each of those gentlemen was at the zenith of his fame; but Mr Spurgeon's star was so recently in the ascendant that the Church of England clergyman could scarcely be suspected of imitating him, as I fancy a good many Church of England clergymen have not scrupled to do since. He was the first clergyman I had then known who was able to draw a large congregation of men, old and young. Myself and my old schoolmaster used often to sit side by side in the same pew on a Sunday evening at St Andrew's to listen to the then somewhat juvenile preacher. Of the service it used to be said by sarcastic young *dévouées* that Mr Murray sang the priest's part, while Forster laughed at him on the organ. For many years this talented preacher drew vast congregations as a lecturer and a curate, deriving nothing, or next to nothing, but empty honour from his efforts. He was a High Churchman, a very High Churchman for those days, and much too independent and plain-spoken to

trim or hide his most extreme opinions. Consequently he had to wait out in the cold a good while; but, in course of time, the authorities were ashamed of themselves, and shelved him with a Lambeth D.D., and the incumbency of St Mary-le-Strand, the church opposite Somerset House. Now a City church—or one as near Temple Bar as St Mary's—requires a good deal of metamorphosing to fit it for Ritualistic purposes: and Strand wardens and congregations are the reverse of æsthetic. Taking all things into consideration, Dr Evans must have had a trying time of it to make his church as presentable as it is. If the truth must be spoken, it has taken kindly to its new character, and looks almost as though it had been built by Tractarians. It is oak-stalled, and richly, but not altogether ecclesiastically, adorned throughout; while the apsidal chancel is quite large enough to accommodate the surpliced choir Dr Evans has installed there. It is lighted by three handsome stained windows, and a rich corona hangs suspended from the ceiling. The altar is chastely ornamented, with two large tapers and two bouquets of three smaller ones each upon it, as well as a cross or crucifix, I could not see which, for it was Palm Sunday when I paid my visit to St Mary's, and the sacred symbol was veiled in purple. I cannot imagine what time service begins at this church; I should think it must be at a quarter to eleven; for I got there at five minutes to the hour, thinking I was remarkably punctual, but found they were in the middle of the *Venite*. 'Matins,' however, form only a sort of prelude to the real service, which is the celebration of the Holy Communion, for Dr Evans is an advanced Sacramentarian. He was arrayed in surplice, scarlet doctor's hood, and purple stole, when I entered, and looked rather gorgeous on the whole. There was the same bright, piercing eye that used to scan the vast congregations at St Andrew's; but the frame was considerably bent, aged, and significant of hard work. When he came to intone the prayers, his voice was musical still, but shaky, and almost more than twenty years older since I heard it

last in church. It was a bright, cheerful choral service, though there was no congregation to speak of; and it stopped short after the third Collect, jumping at once to the prayer of St Chrysostom; the big lion and unicorn over the chancel arch probably standing in place of the 'State Prayers.' When it was over, the choir went out at the west door in procession, preceded by a cross-bearer, and singing as they went. The clergy passed out at a door in the sacrarium, and the church bell tolled for the mid-day celebration. Shortly afterwards Dr Evans re-emerged, walked down the nave to the choir vestry, and presently returned with them as before, the curate dressed in rich Eucharistic vestments joining the procession as it entered the chancel. There was a sprinkling of people in the church now; but only a small congregation from first to last. During the absence of the clergy and choir, a youth in a puce cassock had lighted the two large *bougies* on the altar, and covered everything that could be covered with purple drapery. The curate acted as celebrant, Dr Evans and the purple-cassocked youth kneeling on either side of him in the Epistle and Gospel places. And here may it be permitted to make one critical remark in the kindest possible way? It is simply this, that full Eucharistic vestments look incongruous with large whiskers, and hair parted down the middle. Some sacrifice must be made when clerical gentlemen go in for Ritualism; and the line between the Church and the world must be drawn at whiskers. Dr Evans's curate wore large whiskers, which spoil the *mise en scène*. This gentleman intoned the somewhat complicated service passably well, but made a mistake or two sometimes in the pitch, whereat the choir smiled openly and irreverently. There was one cub of a boy, whose head I felt a most unæsthetic longing to 'punch;' for a broad grin suffused his cellar-door of a mouth whenever the curate made a mistake. It is one great disadvantage of the clergy facing East that they cannot see the delinquencies of these irrepressible boys. I am unorthodox enough to think boys out of place alto-

gether. Not only do boys lose their voices before they have any chance of appreciating what they are doing in the service, but woman is so much the other way—so naturally the worshipper. Why has no one tried a choir of surpliced girls? They would improve every year, up to a certain point, of course. At all events, they would not fail just when the trouble had been taken with them. All this, however, *par parenthèse*. I hope Dr Evans's choir will take the hint, and remember that there is something in a choral service infinitely more important than the music, and that is devotion.

After the Nicene Creed, the banns were published by the curate at the altar rail, and Dr Evans gave out notices from the pulpit, after which he began his sermon. Taking no text, he commenced by saying that self-examination, which was always a duty, was now more so than ever, when Lent was ebbing away, never to return to some of us. It was a duty not too frequently undertaken; but there was another as important and as infrequent, that was examination, or re-examination, not of self, but of principles. 'The one more or less involved the other; and it was imperative, lest what had been taken for principles should turn out to be only opinions, or, having been accepted as theories, should remain inoperative. The many were willing enough to talk rightly, and to leave it to the few to act rightly, and to the still fewer to suffer wrongly. They might think, from what he said, that he had been re-examining his principles; and they were not far wrong. He had been doing this with good reason. He then referred to the first years of the 'Catholic' revival, now thirty years old, and spoke of Dr Newman and those who, at the peril of their persons, undertook the work of Restoration. John Wesley, he said, looking back on his work after a like period of some thirty years, said that his religion wanted restoring. It would be well, too, that we should examine whether we were holding our principles as earnestly as at first.

After long and earnest consideration, which had been forced upon him, he had come to the conclusion that

the view taken of the Eucharist was that it was only meant to benefit or ward off ill from man; but that it was no offering to God, no act of homage. This was about as low and defective a view as could be taken by a royal priesthood of the household of faith; and that such a view could content Church people with a Catholic revival nearly half a century old in their midst, was simply marvellous. The remedy for non-communicating attendance had strangely enough come to be non-communicating non-attendance. [That was a sentence that put us in mind of the old antithetical St Andrew's sermons.] The people would be scandalized, he said, if priests omitted to celebrate on the chance of 'their highnesses'' attendance. 'Can you conceive such inconsistency?' he asked. 'If your communicating be all, why do you not give notice, as the rubric directs?'

These views, he went on to say, were far more defective than those of our Evangelical forefathers. How did they speak of the Eucharist? They called it 'The Ordinance.' They referred to the day of its administration as 'Ordinance Sunday;' and they always considered it a high day, though they were not High Church, and the discovery had not then been made that it was not respectable to be a Low Churchman. They spoke of it as commemorating their Saviour's dying love; and this took their thoughts off at once from themselves to Him. They felt they were obeying their Redeemer's dying commands, and this took the act out of the category of will-worship. It was a direct act of obedience to Christ; and that is never without a blessing. True, their Eucharist only came round once a month; but, when it did come, every communicant was present and communicated. 'I speak of things which I know, and I testify of that which I have seen,' repeated the preacher, very solemnly and emphatically. 'If they had felt it their duty to celebrate every Sunday, they would have done it.' While such was the case with outlying bodies of Christians, what, he asked, were we doing at this hour? This was the conduct of these men with only their New Testament in their hands.

‘Yes; but then they don’t believe what we do,’ some might be inclined to suggest; and this was what educated ignorance called argument. Were they not all the more praiseworthy for doing what they did simply because Christ willed and commanded it? Which was the worse, he who with higher views omitted, or he who with lower views never neglected, his duty? ‘Go and do thou likewise,’ he added, and gave the ascription abruptly, after having preached scarcely more than ten or twelve minutes. It was a striking sermon, with several scintillations of the old style about it, and deserved a better congregation than came to hear it; but it is too true, people don’t like plain-speaking or definite doctrine, even when it is of their own sort. I could not help picturing the throngs that could be stuffed into the pews of Portman Chapel that same Sunday morning!

There was no break or pause between the prayer for the church militant and the actual communion office; so that all the congregation, as far as I could see, remained for the celebration, though comparatively few persons communicated. There was a beautiful Eucharistic hymn sung during the administration. Indeed, the whole service was chaste and good, though of course of a very pronounced Ritualistic type. During the cleansing of the vessels and consumption of the elements the *Nunc Dimittis* was chanted, the choir leaving the church in procession to the concluding verses. ‘*Non est qualis erat*’ will possibly be the verdict of those who knew Dr Evans ‘in the brave days of old;’ but none can hear him without feeling conscious that he is in presence of a man of mark. He deserves a better *locale* and a more sympathetic auditory. In the Strand he is the round man in the square hole. Probably the only act of his which unæsthetic parishioners will appreciate is the widening of the thoroughfare in front of Somerset House; a circumstance which will, no doubt, perpetuate the memory of his incumbency in distant days, when perhaps one of the other Churches of England has got hold of St Mary’s-in-the-Strand, and an ‘occasional preacher’

vents ultra-Calvinism from the pulpit which re-echoed to Ritualistic utterances this present Palm Sunday.

As I left the church I read an announcement that a mission service is held by the curate every Thursday in Drury Lane, to which the poor were invited to come in their 'working clothes.' This recalled to my mind the title of a volume of sermons by Dr Evans which I read 'ages ago,' and liked. It was called 'Christianity in its Homely Aspects.'

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND 'PURE AND SIMPLE.'

AMONG the many and various Churches of England with which I have been brought into contact, I have been greatly exercised to find out which was the Church of England *par excellence*. Supposing Lord Macaulay's New Zealander should so far antedate his own existence as to live in the present day, and ask me to take him to a typical Church of the 'Establishment,' whither should I, and that interesting alien, bend our steps? My process of abstraction seemed to be so exhaustive as to render any subsequent generalization impossible. By the time I had abstracted my Ritualist, my Evangelical, my Broad Churchman, where would be the residuum from which to generalize? The question was solved somewhat unexpectedly for me on Easter Eve of the year of grace 1873 by an article in the *Daily Telegraph* on Easter Church Decorations. The ubiquitous gentleman who does the Churches for that journal, and whom the *Guardian* pictured as a 'fearful and wonderful person,' informed his multitudinous readers that the Rev. John Robbins, D.D., of St Peter's

Church, Kensington Park, was a representative of 'the Church of England pure and simple.' Eureka! I had found it! My problem was solved, like the Gordian knot, at a stroke. I would lose no time in bringing myself face to face, at this typical Church of St Peter's, with the purity and simplicity of the Church of England as by law established.

The *locale* of St Peter's, Kensington Park—which must on no account be called Notting Hill—is best described as emphatically and excruciatingly genteel. If the social hemisphere were divided into zones analogous to the vegetable belts of physical geography, I should call Kensington Park the zone of stucco and veneer. Life in Kensington Park is artificial to a degree; but it is pre-eminently genteel. In such a sphere, some sixteen years ago, did the unecclesiastical-looking fane of St Peter's grow up, an offshoot from the Gothic St John's hard by. Outside it might be anything, from a Metropolitan Railway Station upwards; but inside, at least on Easter Sunday, 1873, it was very gorgeous indeed. It is classical to the backbone, a sort of miniature Madeleine; but its comforts, conveniences, and, I am bound to add, its æsthetical beauties, tempt an utilitarian critic to ask, Why are our pure and simple Churches of England so persistently Gothic? It is riddled with galleries, which have the effect of cutting in two its new stained windows; but then there is the very best answer to the *cui bono* of these galleries, there is an immense congregation, who could not be accommodated without them.

It was choke-full when I got there—I regret to say so late that they were singing the Benedictus; but the pew-opener was polite to a fault, and insisted on getting me a front-seat, though I professed myself ready to be contented with a window-sill. It was, be it remembered, Easter Sunday, and the Athanasian Creed was *de rigueur*; but I am bound to say Dr Robbin's excellent surpliced choir, aided by the organist, managed to have that sung so as to make it resemble far more the battle-song against which Mr Burgon so strongly protested,

instead of the symbolum it never can be. I could not but smile as I heard the sweet voices of the little boys at St Peter's warbling forth the tremendous damnatory clauses, while my little girl, who was with me, looked up in helpless ignorance and asked me, 'Papa, what *are* they singing?' The old-fashioned Easter hymn 'Jesus Christ is risen to-day' was sung in splendid unison before the Litany, and that was intoned by the precentor, the Rev. T. Evans, with full accompaniment on the organ; an arrangement which obviated the necessity of that dreadful pulling-up of the pitch, which is sure to occur where the choir, as at St Peter's, is an amateur one, however excellent. I fancy the Litany is always a favourite period for meditation on the part of the worshippers. I have heard that the ladies devote that portion of the service to criticism of their neighbours' millinery. There are twenty minutes safe, without having to stand up or do anything where mistakes can be made. I devoted it to taking stock of this pure and simple Church; but then with me, *mesdames*, remember, it is a matter of necessity. The heavy Corinthian pillars were painted with a dead flatted red, and the capitals richly gilded, an arrangement which in itself at once made St Peter's unique, but which is very far from being objectionable. The chancel, once depressed, is now elevated on three steps, paved with encaustic tiles, and separated by a light rail from the body of the church; the railing being, on this occasion, chastely adorned with flowers for the great Spring Festival. The altar on a foot-pace was vested in white, and surmounted with a beautiful bed of white and red azaleas. Above these were an unobtrusive cross, and still higher, a painted window consisting of a copy of Raffaele's cartoon, 'Feed my sheep.' A rich communion service was on a credence table hard by. Everything was refined, and nothing Roman. There were no candlesticks, vases, or other paraphernalia; and yet all was rich in the extreme. I began to think the *Telegraph* was right, and I had got hold of the ideal Church of England, without any foreign or meretricious adjuncts. The

stained glass in the dismembered windows round the church, though by well-known Gothic artists, was equally realistic. There were no splay-footed saints or impossible backgrounds. They steered a middle course between the grotesque and the commonplace. I decidedly liked St Peter's. Mr Evans's intonation of the Litany was like the glass; so was the accompaniment. They were artistically correct, without a symptom of degenerating into a mere musical performance. I really began to think of consulting the polite pew-openers as to the prices of sittings at St Peter's, only my mind misgave me whether there were any to let; and I also remembered that I myself was a bird of passage, a very Arabian among churchgoers, pitching my tent to-day only to strike it next Sunday.

By another exceedingly judicious arrangement the sermon is placed immediately after the Morning Prayer and Litany, so that the Communion is made an entirely distinct service. A bell is rung to summon those who wish to be present, and those who do not are dismissed 'with God's benediction upon them;' not sent off as at most churches in a state of semi-disgrace after the prayer for the Church militant, while perhaps some young curate, with more zeal than discretion, hurls after them the Exhortation to Communion as a sort of '*procul ite profani*.' Dr Robbins—who will, perhaps, pardon my saying he looks remarkably juvenile for an S.T.P.—then mounted an exceedingly ugly pulpit, which I venture to hope is only temporary, and without note or preliminary prayer gave us an excellent sermon, of which I can only find place for a meagre abstract.

Taking his epigrammatic Easter text from St Luke xxiv. 39, 'It is I Myself,' Christians, he said, rested much, and justly so, on the fact that Jesus brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. Reason denied that immortality was a new idea, but Christian zeal in claiming that it was so undervalued the power of natural theology to attain to its discovery. As usual the truth lay between these two extremes. Immortality was no necessary part of a philosophical

scheme, and therefore philosophy passed it by, as natural science passed it by now, without denying it, though some systems treated the idea as a mere day-dream. To Christianity it was necessary. Either there was a future life or all its hopes came to nothing. If Christ was not risen then was our hope vain, and we of all creatures most miserable. Christianity was not against reason in this respect, because an instinctive yearning told us that we lived again. There was an aching void in man's heart, and Christ filled it. Before Christianity philosophy had a dim sort of belief, confined to a select few of the rich or learned; but Christ popularized it, and brought it down to the level of the poor and broken-hearted mourner. He made it definite and natural by assuring us that death changes nothing in the individuality of the person. This, Dr Robbins said, he would take as his Easter subject.

Humanity waited forty centuries in expectation before this truth was revealed. Neither genius nor faith could have invented the Gospel, or forecast the Saviour's career. Genius would have made it a series of triumphs; mere faith would have pictured Christ only as a greater Abraham or Moses, it could not have imagined Bethlehem, Tabor, Gethsemane, or Calvary. The events associated with these were such as could neither be anticipated nor repeated. And this was even more true of the mystic Forty Days that succeeded. If the New Testament had left off at the empty tomb, what should we have thought of the Resurrection? Whither should we have expected Christ first to go? To Jerusalem, to confront the Sanhedrim? to Pilate, to reproach him with his weak compliance? or to Calvary, with the chosen three, to overthrow the cross, and hurl back the challenge: 'If He be the Son of God, let Him save Himself?' He went to none of these. Invested with no worldly splendour, He went back to the scenes of the ordinary life He had lived before. He renewed the previous relations with those who had been his

companions, the tax-gatherers, the peasants, and the pious women; those who were the true Israelites, Nathaniel-like, 'without guile.' To these He gave His last directions, to insure the story being truly told. For this He stayed on earth, while angels and saints waited to lead Him to His throne at God's right hand. 'Having loved His own who were in the world, He loved them to the end,' and therefore he said to them, 'It is I Myself.' So, too, with His habits, He still stood on the silvery strand, and on the mountain side, speaking those gentle words which touch the hearts of little children to this day as no other story one can tell touches them. He had the same power of unveiling hearts; witness the cases of Peter and Thomas. He predicted the old age of St John, and the crucifixion of St Peter. All was the same. Death was evidently powerless to touch the spiritual individuality. On the road to Emmaus, He allowed them to press Him to stay, just like an ordinary man; and when by the wounds in His hands He was recognized as He brake the bread, He vanished out of their sight. It was just as it had ever been. He gave them enough evidence to produce conviction, not to compel it. So, too, was it with Thomas; and Peter also was recalled to his Apostleship by the power of love, in the very same place where he had first received his commission. So, again, in the case of Mary Magdalene: to her the Saviour, who had proclaimed that love is both the fruit and the condition of pardon, addressed the first words of the Resurrection, at the door of the sepulchre, whose supposed violation she mourned—'I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.' He, the holy ambassador of mercy and love, went to give account of His finished mission to a rebel world, in the courts of the Almighty God of gods and Lord of lords.

So, then, to come to consequences. Death, said the preacher, changed nothing in fundamental existence. The organs dropped away, useless as the pen when we ceased to use it. But we could now say, as Christ said

then, 'It is I myself.' Our identity subsisted beyond the grave. Our Master was Himself the proof or guarantee. But how was man to regain the lost image of his Maker, and not only to rise to an individual existence, but to an immortality triumphant and full of glory? Even by the path trodden by his risen Saviour, by the way of the cross:—

'O! glorious cross exalted high,
Sole emblem of our faith,
Speaking forth from Calvary
Of a loved Saviour's death!
Wondrous tale of love to tell,
Such as ne'er was heard before;
Give us grace to love it well
And silently adore.

'Ages past have heard that voice
In loving kindness sent,
Truthful souls it bids rejoice
And erring souls repent.
Ages yet to come shall hear
That voice on land and sea,
Lo! the cross cries everywhere
That Jesus died for thee!

'Yes, for thee, spoilt child of clay,
Thy long-lost soul to win:
Darkest night to turn to day
To guard thy steps from sin.
Through the cross thou mayest adore
The Christ who died for all:
May we ever heavenward soar
Till time be past recall.'

'By the way of the cross despised,' says an old writer, 'is the road of destruction; by the way of the cross obeyed lies the path to life eternal.' 'He has left us an example, that we should walk as he walked,' and only if we are made conformable to the likeness of His death, might we hope for the likeness of His resurrection.

What a magnificent destiny was this! Our eyes were dimmed with the dust of millions of sepulchres, yet 'could we be perfect as He was perfect.' When

our dear ones faded, we could feel sure of meeting them, recognizing them, and being saturated with their presence, as we had never been in this life. This was insured to us by sacramental grace. Indeed, they were around us everywhere, in all ages of the world's existence, though unperceived by the dull and heavy senses of mankind, and now they were specially left us in His own ordinances in His mystic body the Church, that so we might, as by external means, become already partakers of the Divine nature, and escape the corruption of the world. If this were not so, if the physical and moral nature were changed at death, it would not be we who should rise. All must appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; but how could we say ‘we’ if we were thus essentially different? How could we long for the day when we should throw ourselves at the Great Absolver's feet, and say, ‘It is I—with all my weaknesses, my temptations, my repentances too soon forgotten, my promises of amendment too soon belied?’ How could our works follow us? When our beloved ones died we could not say, ‘Though they shall not return to me, yet I shall go to them.’ But it is not so; man *shall* live again: and his first exclamation shall be, ‘It is I—myself!’

But should the life that succeeded, he asked, be a mere repetition of the present? Not so; the difference presented itself to the mind of St Paul as analogous to that between the corn seed and the wheat plant. It was the difference between the tiny acorn and the stately oak. The corruptible must then put on incorruption. Yet this would not affect identity. We might call it ‘progress’ rather than ‘change.’ Look at man now, ‘Every inch a King,’ and yet that man had been once a child, which a mere breath of wind might kill in its nurse's arms—that same wind which he now utilized to turn his mill sails, and speed his ships over the sea. Here the change was but one of progress, and so would it be after death. It would be like the change between

Moses in his little ark of bulrushes, and the stately patriarch with whom God spoke as man speaks with his friend.

We should, he said in conclusion, be hereafter beings with consciences, but without that double nature we now feel within us, 'to know the right, and yet the wrong pursue.' We shall be worshippers still, but in face of the Great White Throne; loving still, our love would be pure, our passions purified. There would be no heart-burnings in the world to come. 'Think you,' he asked, 'that those who loved us have died, that their affection has ceased? No; or the words of the text would be impossible. If creation be a continuous act, and not a mere transitory and mocking exhibition of the so-called sovereignty of God, I must be able to use those words as my Master used them. If love be the law of God, and progress by love God's object in creation, I must be able to say to them that love me, and they to me, "It is I." Such is the magnificent vista of to-day. The grave and heaven, death and immortality, linked together in Christ's revelation. Life is an exercise to fit us for immortality; our very sufferings have their appointed work; the cradle is but the passage, the world but a journey; the grave only the gate; the end is a home in our Father's courts; and as we pass each, either with or without Christ, so shall we say with triumphant joy or the bitterest remorse the words of the text, and hear from Him the awful sentence, "Depart, ye cursed," or, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."'

Criticism I have elected to forego; but I could not help thinking, as I saw that vast congregation file out from St Peter's, that, apart from all extremes, one might venture to say, in I hope a not very heterodox paraphrase, 'there's life in the old Church yet!'

CANON MILLER ON MORAVIANISM.

FROM the rigidity and exclusiveness which are by some persons wrongly supposed to be of the essence of orthodoxy, it is indeed refreshing to turn to any instance where a vital Christianity leads its professors to keep clear of a mistake at once so silly and so ungraceful. If the Church of Rome be commonly represented as a lady in scarlet attire and of questionable propriety, the Establishment too often resembles one of those gaunt wallflowers one sees decorating every ball-room, whose very glance is sufficient to scare mankind from them, yet who assume a *noli me tangere* attitude, as though each one thought herself a Helen, and all the 'genus homo' a Paris bent on her destruction. From this coy and maiden propriety the Ritualist and Evangelical cast indeed furtive sheep's eyes at their 'Roman' and 'Non-conformist brethren' respectively; but it is only coyness; and if the Papist or the Dissenter dare to approach too near, the dear old creature bristles up again, and flies in dismay, like an old and far from graceful fawn.

As I pace the London streets, I find myself regarding every dead wall and hoarding with interest, to see whether anything orthodox or unorthodox is going to happen within or without the pale of our virgin Establishment. Mr Willing is my tower of strength, and I run my eye down the list of impending sermons in the Saturday evening papers as a gourmand glances over his bill of fare. Doing so on a recent occasion, I saw that Canon Miller was to preach a sermon on Thursday evening at St Matthew's, Bayswater, on behalf of the Moravian missions. Now I had always taken an interest in the little congregation in Fetter Lane. I liked to drop in and hear their quaint old chorales, from time to

time. There is a warmth and geniality about them, from their minister down to their pew-opener, which is sadly rare, and on which I depend very much in my Bedouin condition of religious worship. I was glad to see Dr Miller coming to the front in their behalf, and made up my mind I would hear what he had to say about their missions, the story of which I had found as interesting as the Crusoe of my boyhood. Then again St Matthew's was the very centre and focus of orthodoxy, with a colonial archdeacon for its presiding genius. The little Moravian body in London seemed to start into unwonted promise, when an archdeacon and a canon held out brotherly hands to it from the Church of England as by law established.

Travellers unacquainted with the purlieus of St Petersburg Place, Bayswater, might easily mistake the Church of St Matthew, with its unecclesiastical-looking outlines and queer campanile, for a station of the neighbouring district railway; but on that Thursday evening, the bells which some eccentric old lady has lately bestowed on St Matthew's—to the discomfiture of the neighbourhood—were ringing out too palpably to permit the error. The ladies flocked thither in goodly numbers, but the male sex was sadly deficient. Altogether the congregation was a sparse one; and as I was shown into a seat unnecessarily in the rear by a grim Gorgon of a pew-opener, with a portentous cap like Mrs Gamp's, and shawl pinned fiercely round her throat, I felt she was indeed a representative of orthodoxy, and dreaded lest she might deem me a Moravian in disguise, against whose patronage by her incumbent she protested by bolting me into that back pew. The church inside struck me as resembling a chapel that had seen the error of its ways and become converted. A pulpit of dizzy height stood full in front as you entered to the total eclipse of the communion table, if there was one. I never saw it. Inside the rails Dr Miller was sitting in an old-fashioned black gown, guarded by a little phalanx of charity girls drawn up in open square in the chancel. These sang the hymns and canticles very sweetly. Archdeacon Hunter read

the prayers simply and unaffectedly; and altogether there was something very tranquillizing in the whole thing, after the exceptional services at which it is too often my fate to be present. I always like a week-day service. The ladies do not seem to have on their best bonnets, or the atmosphere to be redolent of light kid gloves and gentility. It is like going to a cathedral in the heart of the week. When I do drop in, I always look with a sort of awe on the regular congregation, and think 'How good these people ought to be!' There were indeed one or two symptoms of St Matthew's recent conversion. The chancel was diapered all round the Creed, Lord's Prayer, and Ten Commandments in the vulgar tongue, and the reading desk had slid away from its position under the precipitous pulpit, as if it had been at a dark *séance* and got 'moved,' leaving the rostrum high and bluff as the rock of Gibraltar.

When service was over, and we had sung the inevitable hymn 'From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand,' the lights were raised for the sermon, and a verger conveyed the Doctor up the ascent as though to guard him against mischief on his Alpine excursion. He might have recited 'Excelsior' *en route*, but did not, at least not audibly. As a rule, charity sermons are a delusion and a snare. The preacher reads the collect for Quinquagesima Sunday, and takes some stock text which he twists round more or less violently at 'thirdly;' you give your threepenny-piece if there are offertory bags, your shilling or half-crown if it is an open plate, and go your way, forgetting what manner of sermon it was; but Dr Miller's was terse, logical, and to the point. It was worth reporting; and I report it in miniature. It was preached fluently, without notes, and with just enough gesticulation to make what was said comprehensible. Taking his text from 2 Cor. xiii. 4, 'Though He was crucified through weakness, yet He liveth by the power of God,' the preacher said there was an immediate scope of these words which was local and personal, applying to those who impugned the apostleship of St Paul, whilst he vindicated his claim in this

particular epistle, comparing his own position with that of Christ, who often as it were held back the powers of the Godhead in His incarnate nature during His life and ministry on earth. The context, 'for we also are weak in Him, but we shall live with Him by the power of God toward you,' had been wrongly interpreted as applying to a future life, whereas they were merely written in allusion to local circumstances. 'We,' that is, 'I,' kept back my power, 'but I shall live with Him.' This, again, was explained by v. 2, 'If I come again I will not spare.' As much as to say, if those impugnors of my apostleship remain obstinate, I shall put forth my power. We know, he said, what this referred to; the exercise of Church discipline, whereby the offender was handed over to Satan, a sentence which would no doubt be ratified by God in the infliction of some bodily chastisement. Such was the immediate meaning, said the Canon, and it could not fail to strike me how complacently he accepted this tremendously sacerdotal explanation; but the Apostle rose from this to a great general truth, in following out which a gradual order was necessary. It was as important to believe in the true humanity as in the Deity of Christ. The true humanity of our Lord was as necessary a qualification for His being our Saviour as was His Godhead. Sin only excepted, as being no integral part of humanity, Christ was a real man. So we found in Him all the sinless weaknesses of humanity. A long journey, or a hot sun in that Eastern climate, had the same effect on Him as on any ordinary man. Except during the supernatural fast of forty days, His body was nourished with food like our own. So among the death agonies on the cross was included the deep thirst. All this culminated in the ability to die. Yet this was the leading idea; underlying this were glimpses of power. He was so weak as to be unable to save Himself against a few soldiers sent to take Him, and yet they all fell to the ground. He said He could pray to His Father, who would send Him twelve legions of angels. So in the dream of Pilate's wife, there was an evidence of supernatural power at work. At His

death there was the great symbolic incident of the rending of the temple-veil. All along there were glimpses of power in combination with weakness. Then we came to the Resurrection of Christ in power. Sometimes the Resurrection was ascribed to the Father, as being the work of God on the Son of Man. Sometimes it was ascribed to, or claimed by, the Son. Jesus assumed the power of self-resurrection, when He said, 'Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up.' Under either aspect, it was an exercise of the power of God. Passing from Easter to Ascension-tide, we came upon a new phase of work, upon new offices, and a new energy of Christ. He undertook the effusion and diffusion of the Holy Spirit. He was the Great High Priest within the veil. Hence He was the source of life and author of salvation. Our life was hid with Christ in God. This applied not only to present, but future life, and would be consummated, when at Christ's second coming our bodies should be raised, and our souls brought from Hades or Paradise. Life in Holy Scripture was a great word, and embraced both these stages. Paul never wrote a grander truth than that 'your life is hid with Christ in God.' We must understand that all life out of Christ was only death—intellectual, physical, social, or political. There was no life before God, save that which was lived by union with Christ.

Thus we might pass on to the immediate subject under consideration. We had got at a principle. We had evolved a law, apparently paradoxical, as many of God's laws were, of combined power and weakness in the Gospel. We saw the law at work in Christ's own ministry. Weak as He was, He cured disease by a touch, gave sight to the blind, made the deaf to hear and the dumb speak, cast out devils, raised the dead, and by the moral force of His utterances, made those who were sent to take Him say, 'Never man spake as this man.' It was so afterwards. It was an insignificant handful of men sent out to convert the world; and yet, as Paley said, they overthrew every idol and temple.

They paraded their own disgrace by preaching Jesus Christ and Him crucified. As a great preacher, still in God's mercy spared to us, said, this was, in plain, honest English, preaching a man who had been hung. Of course this was a stumblingblock to Jew and Greek. And so it was still—power in combination with weakness. 'What,' he asked, 'can we do by our preaching? We have no more power to convert your souls than we have to stand at a grave and tell a dead man to rise. We are simply agents, and here is the law again discernible—the weakness of man working, but at the back of it the power of God. We can only keep clear of the devil and disgrace by the same grace as stands in stead the weakest of those we address.' Passing on thence to the object of his special appeal, Canon Miller said if his hearers knew anything of the Moravians, they would be aware that this law of which he had been speaking never had a more marvellous illustration. Their origin took us back beyond the Reformation, and they had been almost extinguished by the cruelty of Rome; but in the eighteenth century they revived. They possessed in a special degree the two marks of an Apostolic church, missionaries and martyrs. There had been no such missionaries since the time of the Apostles as the Moravians. This was no transitory effervescence, but a staid missionary spirit. They were, in fact, a warning to us that if there was life in our Church it must take this shape of mission-work. As an instance of their self-denying zeal, he quoted the case of two Moravian missionaries, who were ready to sell themselves as slaves, so as to get at slaves. They were working amongst the very lowest class of Hottentots, and even amongst the lepers in the East. A Moravian brother and sister were in attendance at a hospital, devoted to this most loathsome of diseases. For a hundred and two years their ship, the 'Harmony,' had gone out year after year to the icy regions of the far North. It might not be deemed superstitious if he took this as a sign that God blessed their work. They had been in friendly communion with the Church of

England for many years. There was this special advantage in helping the Moravians that, when it could be done without sacrificing fundamental principles, it was good to help others. No large-hearted Christian would grudge assistance to those who had been so markedly helped by God, in their great work of evangelizing the world.

It was, I confess, a new sensation to hear a clergyman—more especially a dignitary of the Church of England—plead the cause of a body other than the Establishment. We are living in strange times, when all sorts of time-honoured institutions are becoming obsolete. Possibly, though it sounds Utopian to say so, our remote descendants may live to see grown into an anachronism the now too prevalent odium theologicum. At least, I seemed to get some far-off glimpses of such a millennium, when I listened, that quiet Thursday evening, to Canon Miller on the Moravians.

MR STOPFORD BROOKE ON BYRON'S 'CAIN.'

THE Liberal Churchman is always fain to protest when he is obliged to use the words orthodox and unorthodox. Make the terms as elastic as he may, the writer who employs them introduces of necessity a theological, if not a polemical, element into what may profess, and honestly essay, to be only a descriptive account of service or sermon. But surely it is possible to look at these matters in a social, and not at all in a theological way. It is so. I endeavour to make my Sunday excursions among the different places of worship in London, reversing the motto, 'Measures, not men,' and singling out for notice men of mark, no matter to what body they belong. Though having, of course, my own opinions,

and holding them, I dare say, as tenaciously as other people, I am for the nonce innocent of all distinction between orthodoxy and heterodoxy. My mind is a *tabula rasa* prepared to receive impressions, come they whencesoever they may. It was in such a spirit I scanned one Saturday evening the ecclesiastical bills of fare for the morrow. Should I go and hear Canon Lightfoot demolish the drama at St James's, Piccadilly, or Father Ignatius discourse on 'Nineteenth Century Devils' at St George's Hall? Should the Rev. Capel Molyneux entice me to a 'Liturgical Service,' or Mr Voysey allure me with his 'Sling and Stone'? The world of ecclesiastical London was all before me where to choose my place of rest. My only difficulty was an *embarras de richesses*, but I finally decided in favour of Mr Stopford Brooke, at York Chapel, St James's, who for several Sundays had been lecturing on Theology in Shelley, and on the preceding Lord's Day had commenced an equally untheological poet, as far as popular estimation goes—namely, Lord Byron. That particular Sunday was to be devoted to the study of Cain; and it struck me that to get theology out of either Byron or Cain was a somewhat hopeless task; but to get it out of the two together—out of Cain as represented by Byron—was about as original an idea as the extraction of poetry out of Coke upon Lyttleton, or Stephens's edition of *Blackstone*, would be.

Unsightly as to its exterior, York Chapel, St James's, looks within like a Quaker establishment, so uncompromisingly drab has it been painted over every square inch of its surface. It is ugly and old-fashioned, with cavernous pews, and queer oil-lamps slung up at rare intervals. An effort has been made to adapt it to modern taste by squeezing a few oaken stalls into the chancel, but they look out of place, and over the little depressed altar rises a funny *basso relievo* like a miniature Parthenon. There are capacious galleries all round, and the front of these, as well as the roof of the building, is covered all over with fidgety little drab festoons. But then one did not come to York Street for architectural beau-

ties. A goodly congregation filled the douche-baths of pews, and by and by a tiny procession of surpliced boys and men—only a half-dozen in all—came from the west end of the chapel to the oaken stalls, and in its rear followed Mr Brooke, who took his place in a stall too, and read a very short form of evening prayer, the choir responding musically, though somewhat too ambitiously for their slender numbers. During the whole of this service, which was evidently looked upon as only preliminary to the lecture, people kept dropping in, and by the time it was over the basement was full. There was a far larger proportion of men than one generally sees in a congregation, but an adequate contingent of ladies too, and I could not see that they looked in the least strong-minded females.

Having ascended the pulpit in surplice, hood, and stole, Mr Brooke read the staple collect, 'Prevent us, O Lord,' &c., and then proceeded to his subject. Byron, he said, was less interesting than Shelley, because he was more selfish and personal. Shelley's range was larger and more human. With him personal theology was a secondary matter. He argued, If the whole of humanity be right, I, as part of it, shall be right. If God Himself is just, He will be just to me. That was how Shelley would have spoken had he been a Christian. Shelley was always going out of himself for man; but in Byron the interest was overridden by his gigantic personality. He was interesting, as all vivid self-representation must be. It was, in fact, a curious question why we did not weary of finding Byron over and over again in his works. We should weary if he were not so intensely modern, so thoroughly of the present day. In describing himself he described so much more than himself. He was a type of his own modern world. Shelley represented men as he thought they ought to be, and the world as he believed it might be; and so, in proportion as people were practical or ideal, they would prefer Byron or Shelley respectively. Shelley had to speak or his heart to break; but he lost self in the expression of his deepest self—the very highest mark of genius. Byron seemed always

to retreat from the canvas to see how self looked when he had painted it.

The fatalistic theology of Calvinism in which Byron was brought up encouraged this self-contemplation. Dooming a great portion of the world to destruction, it produced either despair or indignation. Some natures it made take pride in their isolation, and say, 'Fate, I thank thee I am not as other men, believers.' This type of character had its representation in Cain. The man was filled with this dark, haughty, indignant pride. The theory of Shelley was that, when he passed away, his individuality would be lost; and, however infidel this doctrine might be, it was far less selfish than Calvinism. It could not lead to Pharisaism. It would have been impossible for Shelley to have written Cain. There was the widest difference between that and his 'Prometheus Unbound.' Again, there was in Byron a belief in original guilt, in an infection of nature which could not be got rid of unless God interfered. Shelley said all that was evil in him was of the nature of an usurper, and could be got rid of. He was in this respect infinitely nearer Christianity than Byron, even without believing in original sin.

Cain was a vivid concentration in one poem of the results of such a doctrine. Others might rest satisfied with the Augustinian theory; but Cain felt all the unsolved problems—What was evil? Why was there death? Why did God make us so cruelly? What sort of a God could He be? This gave us a most interesting insight into the character of Byron. If he did not feel these doubts, he evidently sympathized with those who did, for they recurred continually in his poems. And the temperament of Cain was, the lecturer said, common now as pebbles in the field. It was a direct result of Calvinism; and scarcely a week passed but he was brought face to face with such questionings. At their very root lay the fatalism of the Calvinistic system, and the doctrine of original sin. How could a man feel who believed, and yet detested, those doctrines? Of all things said by pious people to sceptics, the most foolish was

that scepticism was a crime; whereas it was only the logical inference from Low Church theology.

How often men said this—'God's power is His only law. I am condemned for Adam's sin, and I am bound to say it is just. Is power necessarily good? Why was I born? I did not ask to be. I will not bear it patiently. There is nothing for me to love.' What wonder was it that men rushed into Infidelity and Atheism? Their noblest feelings were outraged, and there were only two courses, either to find a nobler theology or to become like Cain. And yet Byron rightly represented Cain as good and lovable. Adam simply did not think of these things; but Cain did. And when this was said the dogmatic answer came that all these traits of character were not good—were only splendid sins. 'I call that detestable teaching,' said Mr Brooke, 'to look on the good and call it evil. It is the sin against the Holy Ghost.'

What wonder, he asked, if men rushed into immorality when the power of loving God was taken from them, and they felt compelled to *hate* God? The whole soul became devilish, because God was represented as a devil; and no channel being left for the highest love, the whole man turned to the intellectual sphere. If he cannot love he will know. There could be no rest until all was clear to the intellect. God was made hideous by a dreadful theology, and the love of God being gone, only thirst for knowledge remained; but intellect could not touch these questions. And yet this was the common position of educated men. It was nothing less than a mutilation of their humanity. The only remedy was a teaching of theology which would enable men to love God again. It seemed as though Byron wished to teach that knowledge without love gave only increased power of doing ill. Lucifer gibed against Cain's love for Adah and his child, and nothing could be finer than the fight of human affection against the tempter. But the mischief was done. Human love was overwhelmed; Cain lived years in hours. At last all reverence, faith, love, and hope were gone. In Abel he found once more the representative of

apathetic piety, and the deed was done. At last he knew what death was. 'Look on that deed,' he concluded, 'you who are teaching doctrines that take all the goodness out of God, and ask yourselves what you are doing.'

Strong words, perhaps; but words that set one thinking. Dainty carriages waited to convey the hearers home, and bearded men passed out of the queer little slummy chapel with signs of thought upon their brow other than those that often mark the hearers of sermons. For the life of me I could not help thinking as I passed up Piccadilly and saw the throngs coming out of St James's after Canon Lightfoot's diatribe against the drama, I wonder how many Cains there were in those congregations!

A SERMON TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.

THERE is a seeming disadvantage in the adoption of a title such as mine, for it appears to cut one off from the consideration of individuals or societies which fail to satisfy the arbitrary definition of orthodoxy, or the reverse, based on their conformity or nonconformity with the National Church. The seeming drawback, however, is more than compensated by a real advantage. In these days of railroad speed, it is something to have selected titles which shall at once attract readers to subjects likely to be congenial with their tastes, and warn them off from contrary topics. Without for one moment venturing to define orthodoxy or heterodoxy, or to pronounce in favour of one or the other, the titles have been all along used in the most vague and popular manner, as implying only connection on the one hand, or nonconformity on the other, with the Church of England as by law established. Now whilst to a large,

and perhaps increasing, body of readers the mere absence of such conformity constitutes a bond of sympathy, there is another and far from inconsiderable class who limit their interest in religious questions of the day within the bounds of the Church of England—who simply, without of necessity being bigoted or exclusive, feel their sympathies bound up indissolubly with the National Church, in the more restricted sense of the word, having neither time nor inclination to busy themselves with those numerous bodies and widely varying schools of religious thought which lie outside.

Some years ago, during the progress of the now historic ‘Twelve Days’ Mission,’ religious London was startled out of its complacency by the tidings that the mantle of Whitfield had fallen upon the shoulders of a young preacher in the Established Church—the Rev. George Body, then curate of St Peter’s Church, Wolverhampton. There was more than the mere fact to render such a phenomenon worthy of notice; for this rare gift of preaching was found in connection with a school of thought in the Church which had, rightly or wrongly, been supposed to depreciate in some degree the use of preaching, and to rest rather on the sacerdotal and sacramental functions of its ministers. The *locale* of Mr Body’s ministrations was the unlikely one of All Saints’, Margaret Street. Two gentlemen only—if even these—had essayed to ‘prelude the way’ in which Mr Body was going: Dr Evans, now rector of St Mary’s-in-the-Strand, and formerly evening lecturer at St Andrew’s, Wells Street; and Mr Stanton, of St Alban’s, Holborn. But Mr Body appeared to many to combine in a remarkable degree the qualifications of each of these gentlemen; the clear logical precision and pure eloquence which drew such large congregations to hear Dr—then Mr—Evans, at Wells Street, and the unmistakable zeal and impetuosity which marked, and still mark, Mr Stanton’s preaching at St Alban’s, Holborn. Such, in brief, are the public antecedents, during the last few years, of the somewhat noteworthy gentleman whose sermon I have selected

for my present paper. It should be added that, presumably in recognition of his powers as exhibited during the Mission, an ecclesiastical benefice was at once offered to Mr Body by Lord Faversham, and by him declined; but he has since accepted preferment at the hands, I believe, of the same patron.

The following announcement in a clerical paper appeared to me to mark a noteworthy epoch in current Church history, and, at the same time, to afford a good opportunity for a notice of Mr Body: 'All Saints', Margaret Street, Wednesday next.—Festival of St Luke.—A service for the Brotherhood of St Luke, the Physician and Evangelist, will be held at seven P.M., with a sermon by the Rev. George Body. The Brotherhood will hold a conference after the service on the means of promoting the moral and spiritual welfare of medical students. Students, practitioners, and others interested in the subject are requested to attend.' Accordingly, long before the appointed time I made my way to Margaret Street, and as early as a quarter-past six I found a considerable crowd assembled at the doors of the church. Of course, the ladies were in the majority, though I am free to confess that I do not believe all, if any, of those ladies were either medical practitioners or medical students. By the time the service commenced the sexes were pretty evenly balanced, and the congregation was large, though not crowded. There was a fair sprinkling of those who looked like medical men, and a few who might pass for medical students, but scarcely the type, *pur et simple*, who will probably gain their first information of the proceedings from these pages. The 'Brethren of St Luke'—if such they were—are a very exceptional order of medical students indeed—quite a new creation since the days of Mr Bob Sawyer and Mr Benjamin Allen. The service was an ordinary choral one, of no very ornate character. The clergy, six in number, including the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, Rev. Upton Richards, and the preacher, were habited in short surplices with red stoles, and walked in procession from the vestry, pre-

ceded by a cross-bearer. The processional hymn was 'Onward, Christian soldiers,' sung to a tune from one of Haydn's symphonies.

At the conclusion of Evensong Mr Body ascended the pulpit and preached, at considerable length, from the text, Colossians iv. 14, 'Luke, the beloved physician.' He first proceeded to sketch briefly the few particulars known of the life of him whom, by a singular *lapsus*, he once or twice during the discourse termed the Apostle and Evangelist. St Luke was born, he said, probably at Antioch, which was midway between the great medical schools of Alexandria and Cilicia, at one of which he no doubt received his education. Tradition made him belong to the Seventy Disciples, and even fixed on him as one of the two met by Christ on the road to Emmaus; but the opinion of Tertullian was probably nearer the truth, when it set down St Luke as the convert of St Paul at Antioch. His subsequent history was not known, neither could it be positively asserted that he died a martyr's death; but, wherever and however he died, he died 'enveloped in the odour of sanctity.' St Luke had special qualifications for that companionship with St Paul which we find running through the Acts of the Apostles. In the first place, he could share Paul's sympathy with Gentile converts; and secondly, he had, like St Paul himself, a liberal education. So was it that he was chosen to give St Paul's gospel to the world. In that gospel there were evident traces not only of the liberal, but even of the medical, character of his training. 'Whilst this man was practising a profession like yours,' said Mr Body, addressing specially the medical element in his congregation, 'a vision burst over his path, which, without removing him from his former calling, sent him forth to advance the cause of Jesus and the good of human souls. This is the picture Luke's life affords us—the physician's life lived, the physician's toil toiled, beneath the shadow of the throne of God.' Dwelling on the fact that St Luke did not abandon his profession after his conversion, the preacher asked why should he

give up that 'grand profession?' Where could he realize a better idea of creaturely—that is, of angelic—existence, toiling for man with the gaze fixed on God? After drawing a graphic picture of the nobleness of the physician's calling, he set down as the ideal of that calling the toil for man's good with 'the gaze riveted on the face of God.' There were, he said, many special reasons for endeavouring to realize this great ideal. Nothing could be more disastrous for society, for the Church, or for medical men themselves, than a divorce between their calling and faith in God. First as to society, he reminded his hearers how they had entrance into English homes from palace to cottage, and how their position made them confessors to whom burdened hearts were opened. If their influence was to be healthy, the moral character of the profession must be kept up. Let the suspicion of that mental sin of which we were beginning to recognize the possibility exist, and, though the door might still be open to the medical man for the sake of his skill, he would no longer be the friend or confessor, but only the servant of the public. This would be the case if science was divorced from religion. His hearers might be inclined to tell him that some of the leaders in so-called liberal thought had, to a certain extent, made this divorce; but these, he would remind them, were exceptional men, and you could not expect from the majority of medical men and students, any more than you could from the general body of the clergy, those powers of restraint which exist in a few prominent individuals. You must expect only a moderate degree of moral as of intellectual strength. There were special temptations incidental to the medical calling more than to any other. There was, then, only a moderate degree of strength to be expected, and there were 'intense temptations.' Individual morality, therefore, must be secured by supernatural motives. So, too, with regard to the Church. St Luke was the companion and helper of St Paul; and it was only a truism to remark what a blessing in a populous parish was a medical man who would *pity* the priest,

and labour with him. 'You,' he said, 'can drop the word of warning when danger is at hand; and immediately the barred door is opened to the priest—opened through your casual word.'

There were two ways especially in which members of their profession might help the priest. First: In a study which must force itself on the mind of the priest more and more every day—namely, the 'Pathology of the Spirit.' He was convinced that disease was in almost all cases a type of sin. There were palsies and dropsies and fevers of the spirit as well as of the body. 'The principles on which you would deal with the body would help me in dealing with the soul. There must be laws of spiritual as well as of natural pathology. You,' he added, 'can be our masters, whilst we are classifying the diseases of the spirit, if you will only meet us on the ground of faith in a common Master.' Secondly: There was another point in which the medical man could aid the priest—namely, in discriminating those diseases incidental to times of religious revival. Mr Body instanced the cases of the Flagellants in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and the Irish revival a few years ago; and said that, as our mission work proceeded, we should probably meet more of these phenomena. Here the medical man might help the priest, who was often puzzled to know where the spiritual manifestations ended and the physical began. But to do so the medical man must believe in the supernatural. Only from the medical man who was the child of faith could the priest accept guidance. Lastly, as to medical men and students themselves, and the dignity of their calling: tracing this from its earliest mention in Egypt, where the physician embalmed the body of Jacob, the preacher indulged in a quotation from Homer on the subject:—

*Αἰγυπτίῃ, τῇ πλεῖστα φέρει ζείδωρος ἄρουρα
φάρμακα, πολλὰ μὲν ἐσθλα μεμιγμένα, πολλὰ δὲ λυγρὰ
ἱητρὸς δὲ ἕκαστος ἐπιστάμενος περὶ πάντων
ἀνθρώπων· ἥ γὰρ Παιήονός εἰσι γενέθλης·*

Odyssey, iv. 229—232.

In the Incarnate this ideal of the physician was realized. It was for the medical profession to extend His ministry to these times and to this land. He went about healing sickness and disease. They were treading in His very steps. They were God's own 'natural priests.' Their gifts were like the 'orders' of the priest; their medicines — God-given medicines — like the holy bread and the chalice. The surgery was God's own temple, the table God's altar, the drugs were visible signs of God's own sacraments, they themselves God's own priests. If this grand ideal was to be realized, they must be clean, as those who bear the vessels of God.

Finally, it might be asked, how? There was only one way: the Son of Mary. A motive was wanted; a sacrifice had to be made, especially on the part of medical students. The preacher had been privileged to see something of their life. If they were going to live for God, some good, strong motive was necessary to enable them to resist temptation. Power and grace were needed. 'Go to the blessed Sacrament,' he said, 'and thou shalt have strength to realize thine ideal.' Nay, a deeper need was met. Some young man might say, 'How dare I come to Christ?' 'I almost wish,' said the preacher, in this most effective portion of his address, 'that I only had one-half of my congregation here'—alluding to the presence of the ladies—'so that I could speak of things I dare not speak of now. But I would stake my life there is some young man here now who, in the power of sin and uncleanness, feels it impossible to love God. "How *can* I love God," he asks, "when my flesh is defiled, when my thoughts are unclean, and poison my very rest at night? I can't live for my God. Unclean! unclean!" He can meet it. He can meet even that case. He can bring a clean thing out of an unclean. I know it. He does it day by day. Put yourselves under the discipline of penance. Confess. Come to the pure Son of Mary. So shall your soul be cleansed in the crimson tide that flows

from Jesus, and you shall be emancipated from the power of this horrid sin.

The sermon was concluded by an eloquent appeal to young men to join the Brotherhood of St Luke. A conference of the fraternity was held in the schoolroom after service, and the offerings in the church were appropriated to the All Saints' Convalescent Home at Eastbourne.

A SECOND ADVENT CONFERENCE AND PROPHETICAL MEETING.

FOR those situated at either pole of the ecclesiastical hemisphere, May is eminently a religious month. With the 'Catholic' it is the *Mois de Marie*, the month he consecrates to his ideal womanhood. With the Evangelical Protestant it is the *Mois de Meetings*, devoted to Exeter Hall and much speaking. It is a time when passers along the Strand see unctuous gentlemen intensely in earnest go in and out at those portals of Orthodoxy. Country parsons of Evangelical 'persuasion' time their visit to Babylon then, when it is leavened with the little leaven of Gospel ministry, sadly inadequate to leaven its whole lump, seething as it is with the opposite elements of Rationalism and Romanism, and all the other minor isms that ecclesiastical flesh is heir to. Then the Church and Conventicle meet together, the Platform and the Pulpit kiss each other. The *Record* is in large demand, and the *Rock* runs into special editions. The hearts of Evangelical London in general, and of Evangelical spinsters in particular, are in a flutter of excitement. And in that, which might seem to be specially termed the year 'of grace,' 1873, the excitement was special too. There was a *crème de la crème* of orthodoxy present in the metropolis, a sublimer height than the

Hall of Exeter; it was St George's Hall, Langham Place, where was found the very centre and focus of Evangelical truth. Synchronizing by no mere coincidence, but by studied arrangement with the period of the May meetings, a series of conferences was organized for considering those tremendous clauses of the Evangelical creed, the nearness of the Second Advent, and the fulfilment of Prophecy in current history. I write these words in no spirit of levity. They are tremendous clauses, and this school of religious thought holds them with a fearful tenacity. No one could be present, as I was, at the opening conference on Monday, May 5th, without feeling that these doctrines had become ingrained in the very being of the speakers, as one spoke of his forty, another of his three and twenty years' study of them. With their earnest grip of doctrines, though we cannot accept them, we still, from our standpoint, must sympathize if we are consistent. It is only where, from individual conviction, they pass into indiscriminate denunciation of all who differ from them that we feel equally bound to part company with them. To this opening conference I went, then; and I have a particular reason for stating under what circumstances I went. In obedience to publicly advertised announcements I communicated to the secretary my wish to be present, adding—and it is to this fact I draw particular attention—that my object in coming was to write an account of the proceedings for a London newspaper. From that gentleman—a clergyman of the Church of England—I received a courteous reply, informing me which would be the best evenings to suit my purpose, and enclosing a dozen tickets of admission—these tickets, be it also observed, being publicly offered for sale. This I took as a permission to write on the subject of the Conference, and engaged to do so. When I entered the hall I found a goodly assemblage already gathered, the act-drop being raised, and a pious parlour-scene set, with table, green cloth, conventional water-bottle, and Glastonbury chair for the president. I had always looked upon Glastonbury chairs as rather 'High.' As I went in, I was asked by a

polite attendant, if I would take a seat on the platform. I declined, and I think a glance at my M.B. waistcoat, showed him he had made a *faux pas*. But still, though he wore a splendid blue rosette, he showed me to a front place, and gave me a copy of the hymns that were going to be sung. I wonder whether he would have done so if I had been honestly labelled Broad Churchman. An elderly gentleman with a firmly-set mouth, and no voice to speak of, took the chair, and gave out a hymn which a stentorian clergyman on his right immediately vociferated, and all the audience or congregation (I never know which to call them) took up full-mouthed. As I looked up on the platform or back upon the assemblage I could not help contrasting the gathering with what I had seen at the shrine of Mr Voysey or Professor Clifford. There is—satire apart—noticeable in such a meeting—

‘A certain curling of the nether lip,
A certain raising of the nose’s tip,’

which are quite *sui generis*. A gentleman, whose name I did not learn, offered up prayer and asked for a blessing on the ‘gathering’ and the ‘brothren’ who were to speak. Then the chairman read a few verses from Matt. xxv., about ‘Foolish Virgins,’ which I thought might possibly have seemed personal to some present, only nobody could hear him. He then made a remarkable request to the effect that, if any newspaper reporters were present, they would refrain from noticing the proceedings. I immediately entered a silent protest against such a request, by taking my notes *coram publico* more than ever, not only because I felt myself bound so to do, but because I saw two shorthand reporters commissioned by the Conference, and located in a private box, reporting the whole proceedings verbatim. I did not see why they should enjoy a monopoly in a public meeting, so I continued to report proceedings, though I saw the eyes of the whole assembly fastened upon me as I did so.

Mr Dibdin, a divine in a most orthodox dress-coat, then

came to the front, and said that though there be minor differences amongst Evangelicals, there were really no differences at all. This was not the case, for instance, between himself and a High Churchman. 'I think him an idolater, and he thinks me an infidel,' said Mr Dibdin. So, too, with the Broad Churchman. He thinks the Bible a myth. Professor Jowett says, in 'Essays and Reviews,' that Christ made mistakes in quoting His own Scriptures. If the Broad Churchman was right, he must be wrong. His subject was that of a Personal Antichrist. Here there was room for great divergence of opinion. Was He a man, or was He the Papacy? Now no one, he charitably observed, in the world had a greater hatred of the Papacy than himself. He believed Cecil was right when he called Popery the masterpiece of Satan. It was not even a corrupt Christianity, but 'a vile and devil-invented substitute for Christianity.' He did not wish to be misunderstood (and I really don't think there was much danger; for he was plain-spoken to a fault). He denied the claim of the Pope to be a Christian at all; but yet he held that the Pope was not the Man of Sin. The most striking passage on this subject was 2 Thess. ii. 3. Here it was not a system or succession of men spoken of, but *one man*. St Peter's at Rome was not the 'Temple of God,' but a temple of devil-worship. There had been fanatics in that Synagogue of Satan, that Devil's Church, who held the Pope to be God; but his own claim was that he was the 'Servant of the Servants of God.' On a certain day in the year (left conveniently vague by the speaker) he washed the feet of a lot of beggars; but still Mr Dibdin did not hold that even the assumption of infallibility amounted to saying that he himself was God. 'It seems to me'—such was ever the final appeal of this speaker—'that this must apply to some man possessed by the devil, who will say, "Christ is not God, I am God."' He believed that soon—we know not how soon—such an one would set up himself as God, and find worshippers. He would not rely on false miracles, but would work real wonders, like Jannes and Jambres. He believed, moreover, that if

such a man started as God to-morrow, he would find even Evangelicals to follow him. 'I do not think,' he concluded, 'that the Pope is the Man of Sin, because he, at least, professes to be Christian; but,' he concluded in an eloquent peroration, 'whatever we may think of the Man of Sin, we are all agreed as to the Man of Sorrows, we look forward to His Personal Reign, and pray in His own words, "Thy kingdom come."'

After a brief prayer by a gentleman in blue spectacles, rejoicing in the ineuphonious name of Skrine, Dr Nolan took up as his proverb, 'The Second Advent, the central point of every promise, and the basis of every duty,' and very eloquently did he treat his great subject. He protested mildly and sensibly against the veto laid on reporters, possibly because he saw I was pursuing the even tenor of my way, and then went on to show how all mysteries culminated in the Second Advent; the mystery of God manifest in the flesh; and also the antagonistic mystery of sin. He differed from his 'dear brother' Dibdin in thinking that mystery had an inchoate fulfilment in the Papacy. The sun never photographed an object more plainly than the doctrine of infallibility and the syllabus described the state of things spoken of in 2 Thess. ii. Yet prophecy might be 'headed up,' as described by his 'dear brother.' Then there was the mystery of the Jew—mystery meaning a truth partially revealed—and it being (as Robert Hall said) the glory of God to conceal things. If we knew nothing of God, there could be no association with Him. If we knew all, we should say He was only like ourselves. A limited horizon was best. Then there were the mysteries of the Gentile, and of the Church, and finally the mystery of the Resurrection. It had been objected that there was nothing practical in these views, but every grace was quickened by a reception of the doctrine. Among the 'thickening signs of the times' there was no reason why Christ should not come to-day. Might it be ours when He said, 'Lo, I come quickly,' to reply, 'Even so; come, Lord Jesus.'

Another hymn was then sung, one of those strange

doctrinal effusions which sound like a theological treatise in long metre. It was taken to the tune usually assigned to Keble's exquisite 'Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,' and one could not help noticing the difference between the two compositions. The assembly sang it with one voice, like the old Puritans on the hill-sides, and in a slow measured cadence that was very impressive. Then followed a little amicable passage-at-arms as to who had got up the Conference. One gentleman said that Mr Skrine had taken all the liability on himself, and then Mr Skrine put in a modest disclaimer and said it was all Mr Baxter, and Dr Nolan said Mr Baxter was just the man to do such a good deed on the sly. The ladies sniggled at this, and the gentlemen applauded; and then Mr Haslam, the gentleman who had led the singing with the mouth of a Stentor, girded up his loins and began to speak. Some people did not believe in second conversions, he said, but he believed in third as well as second. We were converted once when we believed in the Christ of grace; again when we believed in Christ Himself; and yet again when we believed in Christ as our basis of hope. That was his subject—'Hope in the Second Advent.' He had once been spending a happy day in the country (it put one in mind of the Rosherville advertisements) with a 'dear brother;' and they had talked much about Jesus. The time came for them to part, and just as the train was coming up, his dear brother somewhat eccentrically asked him if he believed Christ was coming. He said, 'Yes;' and his dear brother asked 'What for?' 'What for? Why, to judge the quick and dead,' he replied. 'Oh no!' said the dear brother, and then got into the train and went off, leaving him in a state of wonder as to what he meant to say. Soon after he received by post from his dear brother a book which made him understand his Bible for the first time. He had been brought up in that 'old Popish tale,' that Christ was coming as Judge, but he had not yet looked on the Advent as the source of hope. He did not like to hear people talk of views or opinions about this. He could only think of it under the aspect of hope. Philanthro-

pists who tried to better the world forgot the curse, forgot the blight there was upon all creation. Here the gentleman waxed so intensely earnest, that he made even that well-seasoned auditory smile, but he pursued the uneven tenor of his way to far greater length than I can follow him. He had immense *copia verborum*, but singularly little to say. In fact, that was one great characteristic of the whole proceedings. Two or three more or less trite maxims summed up the whole doctrines brought forward, and each speaker had to fall back on quoting the last 'dear brother' who had spoken. Far from noticing or magnifying the minor differences between the speakers, which had been the chairman's reason for tabooing reporters, and which I suppose made him look so cross at me all the evening because I purposely took my notes by way of protest, I was struck by the remarkable consensus, a circumstance which sometimes threatened to reduce the meeting to a sort of Mutual Admiration Society. A slight skirmish, or a few words on the other side, would have been positively refreshing; but the utmost limits of divergence among 'the dear brethren' were whether the Pope was the Man of Sin, or whether there was something coming worse than a Pope—probably some ideal Broad Churchman, possibly a gigantic Dean Stanley or Professor Jowett. As Mr Haslam continued long speaking, I confess I felt inclined to the Eutychian heresy (as somebody has termed it), but his more than Pauline vehemence kept me awake. There were no signs of Christ's coming, except those which were analogous to the signs of sunrise in the world of nature. When the sun was just about to appear above the horizon, we saw the light, we heard the song of birds. So was it now. Never was there so 'full' a Gospel as at present; never did the 'birds of God'—whoever they may be—sing as they sang now. This very energetic gentleman went all over his subject again two or three times, and then, discovering that time was up, subsided, and brought the lengthened proceedings to a close. Three gatherings were announced for the morrow, and Prayer and Benediction

dismissed the assembly. It was only when I passed out that I could fairly assess its dimensions, and I perceived it had been, truly as the speakers described it, a noble meeting.

One might not sympathize with all the views expressed. One might not think those fifteen or sixteen rather amiable than intellectual-looking gentlemen on the platform represented a power likely to move the world; but both they and the auditory, hugging their well-thumbed Bibles, were so evidently in earnest, that one forgot all else in that supreme fact. In one point the Evangelicals have succeeded to a miracle. They have practically disestablished the Church. I had no idea who were 'clergymen,' and who merely 'ministers.' They all had the gift of a common speech. What matter though it sound foreign to us? What matter who it be—High Churchman, Low Churchman, or Broad Churchman—who shall revive the now obsolete comment, 'See how these Christians love one another?' We do not even call one another 'dear brother,' still less those outside our pale. Fancy the Archbishop of Canterbury talking of his 'dear brother' Manning, or Dean Stanley openly parading his affectionate fraternity with Mr James Martineau. It may be all coming; and possibly the first to give the impetus, and even to make it extend more millennially than they wish, shall be some such conclave as gathered for their Prophetic Conference in the pious parlour-scene on the stage of St George's Theatre.

EARLY MASS.

IT would be a curious subject of speculation to guess the different causes which operate to bring people out upon the flags of 'stony-hearted London' at six o'clock on a November morning. One class, indeed, there is—the Bedouin of that desert—whom, despite our Social Congresses, we always find there, and probably always shall find there. The morning sees him, or, worse still, sees *her*, where the night left each of them, on doorstep, under railway arch, or in some one of the many lairs where lurks the human animal whose misfortune it is to find itself 'houseless by night.' There is yet another species of the genus *homo* always represented, too, in that inclement locality, no matter whether we make our observation in November or August, and this species will always be so represented whilst Babylon the Great is what she is—the roysterer or debauchee sneaking home, red-eyed and hot-breathed. Then there are those whose occupations draw them from bed at untimely hours; the 'professional' early risers, such as the greengrocer, butcher, and fishmonger, going to or returning from the markets, rattling nimbly over the greasy, fog-damped stones in light spring-carts. There is the milkman, not now waking the echoes with his peripatetic caterwaul, but driving with dignity in a cart laden with cans which have just come in by an early train; himself clad in a property smock-frock and hat labelled with some such intensely rustic title as 'The Vale of Taunton Dairy Company (Limited).' There is, again, the British workman *par excellence*, no longer trudging off with his basket of tools to walk to his 'work,' but—such is the levelling effect of our iron roads—footing it quickly to the nearest station, to catch

the 'workman's train.' There are the early breakfast people, and others whose occupations are called into existence by these involuntary early risers; and then come those eccentric folks, the voluntary early risers, who are up and out on the flags, not because they are obliged, but of their own free will. There is the mercilessly muscular Christian who takes his dip in the Serpentine, or his before-breakfast plunge at the bath, all the year round, and who goes along flaunting his towel as if to apprise everybody of the fact. There is the 'young man from the country,' who, for the life of him, cannot get out of his bucolic habit of taking a mouthful of fresh air before breakfast, and who deludes himself that he is getting it amid the fog of a November morning in London. Between these two fixed poles, however, the people who have not been in bed at all, and the people who get up simply because they like it, there is a class, the special one now 'wanted'—the people who get up from duty rather than from inclination—though still not from necessity; the large and certainly growing population who attend early service, or 'first mass,' at the different London churches. A glance at the 'Guide to Divine Service,' published by Mr Masters, will show those who are curious in such matters that more than one hundred churches in London have daily service, many of these at the small hours of the morning; whilst in more than a dozen the Holy Communion is celebrated each morning. Many, if not most, of the latter, are advanced Ritualistic Churches, and the Holy Communion is so generally termed 'Mass' by those who attend them, that it has seemed to justify the heading of this article. Time was, of course, when that expression, 'early mass,' would have applied only to a small section of our fellow-citizens, those to whom the term 'Catholic' would have been assigned as signifying members of the Romish Communion; but, as all Anglicans now claim the title of Catholic, so they are beginning, at all events, to borrow the term 'mass' for their Communion Service. The 'Anglo' Catholics now go to 'mass' as religiously as, and in much larger

numbers than, their 'Romish brethren' went twenty years ago. If any person would check this assertion, he has only to attend 'early mass' at one of the more advanced churches of London, such as All Saints', Margaret Street, or St Alban's, Holborn.

I chose the former of these two churches as my *locale*, and the Festival of All Saints (November 1st) as the time for my observations. Setting out on the raw wintry morning, amid such sights and scenes as I have described, I found a few distressingly punctual people like myself awaiting the opening of the iron gates that lead into the imposing structure. Being at length admitted, we saw that the church was decorated for what is, of course, as much the Festival of the year to the Margaret Street folks, as the *Toussaint* is abroad. The Church of All Saints is never over-decorated: what is done is sure to be in good taste. A wreath of white camellias was fixed upon the altar-cross, and upon the altar itself were six vases filled with flowers. The candelabra on each side of the altar were also adorned with the richest floral decorations. A wreath of flowers ran along the low marble screen which separates the chancel from the body of the church; and this was all, save that the banners were ranged against the chancel walls, ready for the high celebration at eleven o'clock.

Soon after we had taken our places, a *religieuse* entered the chancel and removed the covering from the altar, making profound obeisance every time she had occasion to pass it. A fair congregation had assembled; and, exactly as the clock struck seven, a tall, red-bearded 'priest,' clad in white silk vestments, entered with two chorister boys. He commenced, in a low monotone, the ordinary Communion Service of the Church of England, from which there was no deviation whatever—no hymns or music of any kind. The only points noticeable in the demeanour of the congregation, beyond extreme reverence, were the kneeling at the clause in the Nicene Creed which refers to the Incarnation, the crossing of themselves at that portion which asserts belief in the 'life of the world to come,' and

prostration during the act of consecrating the elements. One matronly lady in the front seat was absolutely prone on the ground at this, which is, of course, the climax of the solemnity. The position of the celebrant was in front of the altar, with his back to the people, and the elevation of the elements was as undisguised as though no Mackonochie case had ever been decided. Just after the Prayer for the Church Militant, a second priest entered from the vestry, took his place in the stalls, and assisted in the administration, leaving immediately at its conclusion, and before the Post-Communion. There may be some occult meaning in this; but to the uninstructed it looks slightly irreverent to see the priest defer presenting himself until the last moment, and at the first opportunity take off his stole and leave the church. I am 'ill at numbers,' as Shakespeare says; but there must have been, I should think, some two hundred people at this early Communion or 'early mass,' and—I still speak vaguely—about in the proportion of one man to five or six women. There were forty-one Sisters of Mercy, and a great many of the girls from their schools, and so forth. Nearly all this congregation communicated; and, to judge from some of the girls with the Sisters, there must be considerable laxity as to the age for confirmation, for some were mere children. The men communicated first, then the women, then the *religieuses*, and lastly the children. As the forty-one Sisters filed up the centre aisle towards the altar, kneeling whenever there was a pause, the grouping of the sombre habits, in the dimly-lighted church and amidst the stillness of early morning, was most effective. There was a blind man led to the altar, and another sorely paralyzed, who had to be supported; as had also one of the Sisters, whose thin white face peered out from her black veil as she was led back tottering to her seat. There seemed few poor, except domestic servants; but then it must be remembered that the All Saints' congregation is a special and mostly a wealthy one, so that the absence of the poor by no means proves that the

sacramental system, as it is there carried out, does not tell upon the lower classes. I myself have never seen many poor even at St Alban's; but the fact has probably resulted from deficient opportunities of observation.

The ceremony lasted until nearly eight o'clock, and then the bell began to ring out for the second celebration, which would still be followed by a third at eleven. At the same time the bell of St Andrew's, Wells Street, was tolling for early celebration there. What would our grandfathers and grandmothers, in good old soporific times, have said to all this? Truly there is vitality, at all events, in this movement. People do not face November fogs at dawn without meaning something by it. We form a very superficial idea of the genius of Ritualism if we judge it only by seeing young ladies and gentlemen go to choral service at easy hours with pretty gilt crosses on their Prayer Books. There were few young gentlemen or young ladies at this early mass, and I saw no pretty gilt crosses at all. The congregation was largely composed of steady middle-aged men and matrons. Whatever else it might be, the service was intensely real. Much as the Ritualist dislikes the word 'Protestant,' he does protest, and that with justice, against the idea that ceremonial is everything, or even the principal thing, in his worship. Its essence is the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Eucharist. Accept that, and an ornate ritual follows as a thing of course. Here, however, there was no ornate ritual or sensuous adjunct of any kind; but one could not help feeling that there were life and earnestness; while the simplicity of the Anglican Communion Service contrasts well with the cumbrous complications of the Roman Mass. It is a pity to transfer the name. It does well enough for Father Ignatius, in a religious novel, to call the Communion Service the 'Mass according to Dr Cranmer;' but even in its highest form of development the Communion Service differs *toto cœlo* from the Roman Mass. There was possibly much in this service with which

an ordinary plain-sailing 'Church of England man' would fail to sympathize; but there was no excitement, nothing he would dare to call 'mummery,' only profound reverence for what the worshippers consider the central mystery of religion. Those who would honestly study the real essence of Ritualism will do well to avoid 'high masses' with full bands and processions, and make their observations as I did on All Saints' Day, quietly and calmly, at a morning celebration or 'early mass.'

THE 'TWELVE DAYS' MISSION.'

BEING a Broad-Church clergyman, at that time in easy harness, I was honestly anxious to discover whether the sudden 'special attack on sin and Satan' on the part of the Church of England, organized some years ago, was simply spasmodic or a sign of real vitality. I had no preconceived ideas on the subject, though I may say frankly I did not like the idea of the Confessional grafted on the originally colourless scheme so innocently sanctioned by the Bishop of London. Still, if a good end be gained, it is the extreme of folly to quarrel about the means. The question to be settled was whether this '*Guerre de Douze Jours*' will do Satan any harm. If it did not do him harm it would do him good in its recoil. I propose to chronicle diary-wise my experiences of as many of these mission-services as a somewhat busy life enabled me to attend.

MONDAY EVENING.

I went to the eight o'clock service at St Mary Magdalene's, Paddington, taking with me (imprud-

ently, as it appeared,) a lady. Determined to be in time we got to the church nearly half-an-hour before service. We sat down, after the heathen custom prevalent in Ritualistic churches, exactly as desired—myself on one side, my companion on the other, somewhat in front, that is, near the pulpit. I was much struck with the number of poor persons, not only women but men, who came in. Perhaps they looked a little too much polished up for the occasion, like the shiny apples so disagreeably suggestive of pocket-handkerchiefs at an old woman's stall. Their evident acquaintance with the pious middle-aged ladies in poke bonnets seemed also significant. However, there they were, where under ordinary circumstances they would not be—in church. That was something, at all events. After waiting about a quarter of an hour, a tall individual in a cassock, who did not seem at all at home in that inconvenient garment, stalked down the aisle and picked out all the well-dressed ladies, requesting them to retire to the back of the church, so as to allow the poor and ill-clad to be within easy range of the pulpit. My companion being thus obliged to retire, I retired too, to a corresponding position on the men's side, sitting humbly in a delicious draught at the west end, since it seemed that I had no need to be preached at, and the poor people had. I was mistaken, however. Before I had been seated five minutes, another individual requested me to remove to the position I had just left. I suppose he thought I did require to be preached at. I demurred, as I did not like to leave a lady at the extreme opposite end of a crowded church. A third active if not intelligent officer, however, insisted upon my proximity to the pulpit. So, as my position seemed to cause the good people so much trouble, and we were evidently not expected there, we left without waiting for service, after having sat about half-an-hour. Thus my first effort at witnessing a mission-service was infructuous, and Satan scored one, I suppose. This, of course, was a mere hitch in the working of machinery new to the

Church of England, which the tact and courtesy of the incumbent of St Mary Magdalene's would soon remedy by drilling the gentlemen in the cassocks. In point of fact nothing can be more un-Catholic or offensive to the poor than thus picking out the well-dressed; as much as to say, 'You do not want saving from sin or Satan, only those poor folks.' The very essence of Catholic worship, or of a mission-service, surely is that rich and poor shall meet without distinction. The Roman Catholics realize this. The Anglo-Catholics will learn it when they get a little more *au fait* at their new work.

A second remark which it occurs to me to make is that the 'bowing to the altar' is not yet satisfactory at this church. If it be done at all, it should be properly done. At present it looks as though the genuflectors were ashamed of themselves. It put me exactly in mind of the awkwardness of my countrymen in lifting their hats to the lady at the *comptoir* in a French restaurant. Contrast this awkwardness with the inimitable grace of the thorough-bred Parisian diner, and you know the difference between the genuflexion at St Mary Magdalene's and St Mary of the Angels. The fact is I know from a poor parishioner, who appealed in the most honest ignorance for the *rationale* of the proceeding, the poor people fancy they are bowing to the magnificent brazen eagle which serves as a lectern. This I know is literally and simply true. The question was put to a member of my household by a poor woman, 'Why do they bow to the brass eagle?' In point of fact, until the reservation of the sacrament is allowed, there is nothing else to bow to. The genuflexion of the Romanist means something—that of the Anglo-Catholic can mean nothing as yet, for devoutly as he may believe in the Real Presence in the consecrated elements, there are simply no consecrated elements there, and I venture to presume the most advanced Ritualist does not hold a special presence in the chancel more than in the body of the church. These, however, as we have said, are merest details, about which it would be unwise and

wicked to quarrel, if the great end is attained of diminishing sin, and so diminishing sorrow and suffering.

WEDNESDAY.

Attended the five o'clock service at All Saints', Margaret Street. There seemed no doubt that this mission was doing good in the way of calling out the preaching power of the Church of England. The old objection (true enough in its degree) of clinging to the MS. sermon will probably not attach to us much longer. All praise to those who help to make us natural. The method will probably be by running violently into the opposite extreme for a little while. A sharp bend in a contrary direction will straighten the crooked stick. I got to All Saints' ('sicut meus est mos') half-an-hour before service, and found myself in the thick of a sermon. It was a sermon, and no mistake. A young man, whose name I could not ascertain (but whom I afterwards found to be Mr Body), was habited simply in a cassock, and occupied a chair in the middle of the chancel—that is, there was a chair there for him, but he ran about, fell on his knees, &c.—in fact, was everywhere but in the chair, and poured forth a torrent of fervid words with the voice of a Stentor. He was thoroughly in earnest, thoroughly practical, and certainly very striking. There was nothing to offend the most sensitive; yet still there was no doubt that his sermon came under the popular denomination of 'rant.' Widely different was the discourse of the Rev. R. M. Benson, 'Superior of the Society of St John the Evangelist,' which followed the beautiful five o'clock service. Scholarly and monastic in style, it formed a thorough contrast to our energetic friend of half-an-hour previous. The preacher was remarkably fluent. His subject, 'The Love of God,' was admirably set forth, and his delivery decidedly imposing; quiet yet earnest, and at times warming into eloquence. But, O Rev. Father 'Superior,' is it true to say that love was unknown to earth from the fall of Man until the time

when, as you so eloquently said, apostrophizing the matchless group over the altar, 'yon blessed mother stood by her Son's cross'? Was all else 'lawless passion'? Even you were forced to name parental love as a possible exception. Altogether the impression left on me—Broad Church as some of my friends term me—was eminently favourable. All Saints' was, it appears, the centre from which this mission radiated. I could not help thinking as I listened to the hymn 'O Paradise,' so exquisitely rendered, and afterwards to the refined discourse of the reverend 'superior,' why cannot we 'agree to differ'? Why is it that some good people of the Evangelical sort sniff Popery in the most innocent ceremonial? Why, again, would these scholarly men, who have done so much for our worship and Christian work, utterly and scornfully repudiate the merely æsthetic approval which alone such as I could give to their ceremonies? I wonder whether this mission will teach the High Churchman toleration for the Broad, and the Low sympathy with the High! What other reunion of Christendom can we ever hope to compass? I had intended going to an eight o'clock mission service, but got lost in the fog; I mean literally the November London fog—nothing to do with the mission.

THURSDAY.

Mission Service, 8 P.M., at All Saints', Margaret Street. I have learnt much from this service. 1st. The energetic preacher I heard the day before yesterday was the Rev. George Body, vaguely described as 'of Wolverhampton.' He deserves his name. There is considerable body in his discourses. 2nd. That was not a sermon, but the fag-end of a Bible-class at which I was present. The mission service consisted only of a few prayers, read in the pulpit. Its essence was the sermon. The subject chosen by Mr Body was 'Blind Bartimæus.' It was ably and eloquently treated, but with all the excessive action, and (there is no other word for it) 'mouthing' noticeable on a previous occasion.

This sermon, and the study of Isaiah, which succeeded it in the Bible-class, left no room for doubting the preacher's earnestness. He thoroughly believes what he preaches, and is sure that the making others believe it will benefit them. He has, and urges, a noble scorn of all 'proprieties,' all mere book devotion. But there is the making so much more of the Death that was died than the Life that was lived in Holy Land, which seems to me, and such as me, to give a tone of unreality to the teaching. If any one could make that form of preaching practical, I believe it would be such men as this. The question remains, Is it practical? Can it be made so?

FRIDAY.

I find there was an article in the *Times* this morning on Mr Body's preaching. I was glad I had not seen it. The *Echo* reproduced the substance of it in a paragraph headed 'The English Hyacinthe.' They compared Mr Body to Wesley and Whitfield, but failed to notice the 'confessional' element in his teaching, which certainly narrows its usefulness. He announced that he would 'receive confession from men on Saturday evening next from six to eight,' in the sacristy of All Saints'.

SATURDAY.

Attended the 5 p.m. service at St Paul's, Wilton Place, Knightsbridge, where the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, of Frome, was preaching a course of sermons. It was amusing to notice how the former generation of so-called 'Puseyites,' represented by such men as Messrs Liddell and Bennett, was completely distanced by the modern Ritualists. They cannot get out of their old habits of rigidity and formalism, which these young Titans have thrown to the winds. The sermon was exceedingly dry, and not preached, but read from a MS. In fact, both time and place lifted it out of the category of 'Mission' sermons. It was a Belgravian discourse *pur et simple*, and even made distinct reference to the sins of the

London 'season.' The only symptom of the Mission was a collection introduced into the service, and a certain jaunty, not to say rollicking, air about the hymn tunes, which is always assumed to be a characteristic of a Revival. 'O Paradise' was thus sung to a jumpy measure in six-eight time, about as alien from the spirit of the words as could well be imagined.

Eight P.M.—'On revient toujours,' &c. To All Saints', Margaret Street, again. I found at least fifty people waiting outside the gate at seven o'clock for a service which was to commence at eight. Mr Body preached on the Magdalene at the house of Simon, though he was so nearly voiceless as to be obliged to forego his Bible-class. His subject naturally led him to speak much of the 'social evil,' *par excellence*, and he was just enough to address his sharpest remarks to the men's side of the congregation. He told a somewhat sensational story of a poor creature from the streets who the evening before had been attracted to St Alban's simply by seeing the large cross at the head of the Mission bill outside, and went in to ascertain its meaning. The 'priest' saw her and spoke to her; the result being that she left her course of life, and 'that night, instead of sleeping in a haunt of sin, slept in a house of penitence.' He truly said, if no other result than this came of the Mission—supposing this to be permanent—that Mission had not been in vain. After the sermon the men were again invited to stop to confession. 'Do stop now. Won't you stop?' But alas! they didn't stop. It was rather too much for our English reserve just yet to expect one or two individuals to come out in the face of that congregation, and undergo the unaccustomed ordeal of confession. I do not think the preacher expected it; for he was so very urgent in his invitation. He said he had no difficulty with the women, but he wanted the stronger sex. I fear it will require a great deal of Mission work before any of the stronger sex, really deserving the name, will be up to confession point.

MONDAY.

Attended the Mission service at St Alban's, Holborn, where for the first time I found the form of service followed out as it stands in the little penny books with the big crosses outside. It was very doleful. The Penitential Psalms were chanted slowly to the most unmitigated Gregorians, and the prayers monotoned very low down in the gamut. One cannot help wondering whether a little cheerful music written in round notes on five lines would not suit these simple folk as well as the dreadful square-headed notes on four lines. Why must we go back to imperfect musical notation when we want to sing about religion? The hymns, however, were more lively, and 'There is a fountain,' followed by its refrain of 'I do believe, I will believe,' &c., put one in mind of the meeting-house. In fact, the whole affair is a wonderful congeries of the Roman and Ranter elements grafted on the stock of 'the Church of England as by law established.' By all means let us be eclectic. We cannot afford to neglect any means for 'evangelizing the masses,' as the phrase goes. The sermon of the Rev. 'Father' O'Neil was on the Sacrament of Penance! Think of that and weep, ye orthodox, who teach your little children to answer the question, 'How many Sacraments?' 'Two only.' The 'Rev. Father' preached on 'the Sacrament of Penance.' He was a little stiff and unnatural, labouring under a conscious effort to popularize an unpopular and unpalatable subject. It failed utterly, because it was unnatural; and the congregation, not large at the beginning, dribbled away perceptibly on the women's side. It was surmised that the second week of the Mission would prove more attractive than the first; but one fails to see much sign of it here. There were a dozen or two of outsiders, evidently, like myself, come to see what it was all about, who had to be plied with little mission-books by an attentive priest in a long cassock, who walked about all service and sermon time for the purpose. I kept look-

ing back, around, and about me, in real curiosity, but I could not see the faintest trace of enthusiasm, or anything suggestive of a revival service. In fact, to my mind the characteristic of the service was listlessness; of the sermon, effort—and effort unsuccessful in attaining its end. In plain words, the whole affair at St Alban's on Monday night hung fire.

Still, however, the question recurs—Is not the flexibility thus induced upon our previously rigid *cultus* a good symptom? We may not believe in the preaching of penance, in the regimen of confession, or the efficacy of 'celebrations' at uncomfortable hours of the morning. To us it may seem that the honest but fervent inculcation of moral and religious duties, with hearty free services—English without a tinge of Romanism—would be means at once more simple and efficacious. But still those means exist as yet only in theory. The 'Church of Progress' is but in embryo, and at present scarcely adapted to individual needs. These people, on the contrary, have put their theory into practice. They have begun to work whilst we are talking. Honour to whom honour is due. The work is worth noticing curiously, if only to see whether its tendency be, as its friends think, to diminish sin, or—as its adversaries allege—to play into the hands of the Pope. The question will obtrude itself—If you use thus all the machinery of Rome, why do you not go to head-quarters for it? Why not embrace a system of which all these are the normal developments, instead of trying to force them on the Church of England, where they are so evidently foreign, and so likely to break up the institution upon which it is sought to graft them? They will never suit the 'Establishment.' Will not the choice lie ultimately between a Free Church—that is, according to 'Catholic' ideas, a schismatical Church—and that One Church from which those who use almost all its dogmas and discipline seem to stand so unnecessarily apart—towards which plain folks like myself seem to see these well-meaning people so unconsciously (if unconsciously) drifting?

So, then, the much-talked-of Twelve Days' Mission

was at an end, and became matter of history. As it does so, we cannot but pause for a moment, and, with the experiences fresh upon us, inquire—will it prove to have been only a violent spasm, or a real epoch in Church history? Happy—on the *suave mari magno* principle—those whose lot it is to stand, like myself, on the bank, watching the current of events, without danger of being carried away by it. Seeing at the end of the Mission-book a form of service for the 'Renewal of Baptismal Vows,' I sallied forth on Wednesday evening, prepared to renew mine; though I had never formally renounced them, and fancied they were renewed once for all at confirmation. I must look up my theology. However, the difficulty did not occur, for the service was ignored. My last Mission evening was spent—shall I own the soft impeachment?—still at the shrine of Mr Body at All Saints', Margaret Street. Perhaps no stronger proof of the fascination exercised by mere fluency of speech and earnestness of purpose could be adduced than this man's power to bring me thither evening after evening at the sacrifice of so much valuable time, and amid influences not altogether congenial. If I, who could sit there coldly criticizing even his most telling 'bits,' felt this fascination, what of the sensitive females, and men more impressionable than myself, whom I saw there with the tears they tried to conceal actually bursting through the hands with which they covered their faces! I certainly never saw such a sight outside or inside the walls of a church as I have seen at All Saints'. One hour and a quarter before sermon-time there was a crowd in Margaret Street. At ten minutes past seven, when the outer gates were opened, the rush resembled a Jenny Lind night in olden time at the Opera. The church was filled in a few minutes; for many persons—members of the regular congregations we will presume—were admitted through the clergy-house. Then ensued a time of conversation; not light flippant talk—I witnessed no one single instance of that—but, both before the service and also between the sermon and Bible-class, there was deep,

earnest conversation of men on religious topics. The sermon, to my thinking, was Mr Body's *chef d'œuvre*. Its subject was Perseverance; its text the suggestive one, 'Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.' It was a discourse not to be forgotten; more quietly delivered, and truer to its logical divisions, than any that had preceded it. Its subject was characteristically summarized by the preacher as 'Christian Pluck.' The Bible-study that succeeded was an eloquent picture of the condition of the Departed in Paradise, and an appeal by that softest of all sanctions to perseverance. When the mother was pointed to the arms of her dead baby-boy beckoning her forward, or the young man urged by the love of a lost mother, one can well understand the sensation (I wrote that word unadvisedly, and not with its new meaning) produced. Looking round analytically, I could not but confess I had seen as much feeling evoked by a powerful drama. I have seen gray-headed men weeping at Mrs Mellon's impersonation of the mother at the foot of the guillotine where her son is to be executed, in Mr Watts Phillips' 'Dead Heart.' Will this prove more lasting? I believe each does good; but one, we know, is ephemeral. I am only echoing the preacher's own anxious and often-expressed doubt. Will this 'sensation' prove more permanent?

The experiment of this Mission has been cleverly elaborated and successfully worked out as far as immediate result goes. I saw strict Roman Catholics and ultra-Evangelicals, in whose nostrils All Saints' has been hitherto unsavoury, gathered in last night's congregation. Will the cohesive power last?

Whatever else be the upshot of all this, it proved we had at least one Boanerges amongst us, the Rev. Mr Body, 'of Wolverhampton.' I felt a little like Iscariot, I must confess, when, passing out by the side door, I found Mr Body, arrayed in priest's cloak, standing there to shake hands with members of the congregation as they passed. I thought I might get by unobserved;

but no, he insisted on a shake, and said, in a cheery tone, 'Good-bye; your face is very familiar to me at this Mission, though I don't know your name. Are you working in London?' I did not tell him my name; I only told him half my work; and omitted to mention that I was doing the Mission for a Daily Paper. I wonder whether, had you known my mission, you would have felt as I did, that I was grasping the hand of an honest man, at all events.

MASS AT MIDNIGHT AND MID-DAY.

TO those who attentively study worship as the expression of religious thought, it will be even more interesting to trace the realization of those ideas under ordinary than under exceptional aspects; just as the physician, instead of devoting himself entirely or principally to the pathology of the morbid subject, studies hygiene and the ordinary working of the healthy system. So it is that, having recently chronicled in these pages my experiences of the Twelve Days' Mission, I append on account of two Christmas-day 'Masses' at which I was privileged to 'assist.' The former subject represented even Ritualistic religious life at fever heat; the latter presents us with the normal and equable course of religious worship in a body which, whether we choose to realize the fact or not, is a large and continually-increasing element in the Church of England. Such undesigned evidence is more convincing than that which is somewhat obtrusively volunteered at Revival Services, or elicited in a one-sided, and therefore unsatisfactory manner in religious prosecutions. It is worth while to see what these people have to say for themselves in those expressions of their religious

thought which, whatever else we may think of them, we cannot doubt to be perfectly genuine and conscientious.

On Christmas-eve, then, at an hour when most reasonable people were thinking of retiring to bed, I turned my face eastwards for the purpose of attending midnight 'Mass' at St Alban's, Holborn. I was told that service began at eleven o'clock, so made a point of being in church a quarter before. Although I found on arriving there that Mass did not begin until half-past eleven, there was a considerable congregation of both sexes assembled even then; and my punctuality enabled me to witness one or two interesting matters. For instance, I saw all the floral arrangements and draping of the altar, which occupied a full half hour, and were perfect of their kind; only I fancy the white frontal never gives quite an adequate idea of the richness and costliness of the material. The white hangings on either side of the altar, as well as the draperies for the stands containing the Epistle and Gospel, being of white thick material with deep red edges, were very suggestive of blankets. Then again, although the candles at St Alban's are now matter of history, and the whole sacrarium was one blaze of light, I do not think I could have formed an idea of the number of those candles had I not seen the actual lighting up. It took three gentlemen in puce cassocks a quarter of an hour by the clock to light the candles only, the gas being undertaken by another. The post of tallow-chandler to St Alban's must be a lucrative one. Then again, from being so early, I had an opportunity of seeing the Confessional at work. There are three or four in the church, consisting simply of a screen curtained off from the congregation, and suggestive of little privacy. I was also amazed at the short time the penitents took to confess. It appeared to me, if I had only had to confess the sins of one single day, it would have taken me much longer; but then we ordinary people do not understand these things yet. On the stroke of 11.30 the procession entered with four large banners. It consisted of forty

persons in all, the majority being 'nice little singing boys' 'in surplices white,' some with red cassocks, others black. Singing men followed; then three 'priests,' including Mr Mackonochie, who were not going to take part in the celebration, and were therefore vested only in uncomfortably short surplices with what looked to my uninitiated eyes like rumpled Oxford hoods twisted round their necks; after these followed the celebrant, with epistoler and gospeller in gorgeous golden vestments that certainly would have stood upright without any priests inside them. So they passed to the sacrarium, which I ought to mention had been previously well fumigated with incense by one of the men in puce. No incense was used during the celebration. The processional hymn was Gregorian and dreary, suggesting a cheerful funeral; but when the processional cross and banners reached the chancel, and priests and choir were 'posed' amid those brilliant lights and gorgeous flowers, the scene—as a spectacle—was perfect. The Communion Service of the Church of England was then proceeded with, and little variety introduced, except in so far that everything was as ornate as possible, and every opportunity of musical adjunct was seized. Novello's 'Adeste Fideles' was well rendered by the choir, and 'Hark, the herald angels sing,' by choir and congregation before and after Communion—or rather one ought to say before and after the place where the people usually communicate; for, strange to say, out of that vast congregation not a single person partook of the Sacrament at that Christmas-day celebration! It was evidently understood that we were present at a Sacrifice, not at a Communion. There, surely, lies the revolution of all our old-fashioned ideas on the matter. We are not there to do something ourselves, and to get help therefrom to do our duty better and make our lives more what they should be; *nous avons changé tout cela*. Something is done for us by the Priest, and *ex opere operato*, we are to be the better for it. Surely there is no lack of charity in saying that this theory overlies every detail of the 'Mass' where, out of so many assist-

ing, not one communicates. Accept this theory, and the most elaborate ceremonial is, of course, intelligible. To me, who cannot accept it, and to those who think with me, perfect as we confess the performance on æsthetic principles, it is overlaid with ceremonies that, until we develope considerably, must for us be meaningless. The genuflexions, changes of pose, &c., were intricate to a degree. One dreaded to think of the amount of 'drill' they must involve. Then, again, the Lord's Prayer in the Post Communion is sung to a florid air, as was the Gospel to a monotonous Gregorian melody. Positively, I did not know what was going on until they got nearly to the end of it. Fancy the Lord's Prayer sung! Mr Mackonochie himself preached a ten minutes' sermon; but evidently made no point of it, or else the text, 'Full of Grace and Truth,' might have inspired him with words worth listening to at that particular hour, when the greatest event in all the world's history was being commemorated. But, I repeat, we had not come 'to hear sermons.' We were there to attend a gorgeous sacrifice—the sacrifice of the Mass. And gorgeous it was. I could not, however, but confess to myself, as the interest culminated with the great bell of the church ringing out into the midnight at the climax of consecration, that such a ceremony no more embodied my own religious life than *Traviata* does the ordinary life of thousands who are thrilled by it at the opera.

Coming home through the populous streets—populous at 1 A.M.—I could not but think as I met sot after sot, male and female, anticipating Christmas in their own swinish manner—surely it is well to have them rather anticipate it as I saw them by hundreds at St Alban's, sitting clothed and in their right minds! The method seems to us a bit roundabout and un-English; but surely the end is good, if it only saved one such man or woman from self. Such a contrast makes one very 'broad' indeed.

Twelve hours later I found myself attending mid-day Mass at St Mary Magdalene's, Paddington. I might

have chosen a 'higher' celebration had not my religious dissipation of the previous night told upon my morning dreams. At St Mary's Ritualism was in embryo only. The vestments were seen there in all their native ugliness, for they were made of white linen, which, to use a milliner's term, does not 'hang' well; and, moreover, lacking the accessory of colour, they spoil the *tout ensemble*. The altar was artistically arranged with flowers, drapery, and candles, and a modest procession, with two banners, commenced the High Celebration. The service itself wandered more widely from the Prayer-book than at St Alban's, and I counted no less than eight interpolations in the shape of Introit, Gradual, Offertory, 'Communion,' Nunc Dimittis, Sacramental Hymns, &c. The effect of this continual introduction of texts of Scripture, often irrelevant, and repeated with wearisome iteration, is fidgeting in the extreme, and quite mars the severe beauty of our English Communion Service, by assimilating it to the Romish Mass. This is, of course, intended. Again, the number of communicants was comparatively small. Speaking roughly, I should say that, out of a very large congregation, not more than twenty-five men and a little over fifty women presented themselves. Of the rest, a large number were evidently less impregnated with the sacrificial theory than attracted by curiosity and the musical service, which is decidedly above par. You could judge this by noticing the number who sat during celebration instead of kneeling in the unmistakable posture assumed by Ritualistic *habitués*.

However, here is the fact, illustrated almost at antipodes in the two churches I selected. The sacrificial theory of the Eucharist—that is, the Romish doctrine of the Mass—is flourishing, in various grades, in the Established Church. Those who have adopted and introduced it have done so energetically and in evident good faith. It is an anxious question for the unbiassed moralist to determine whether or not the result will be enervating to the moral sense, leading men to rely on something external to themselves, a merely mechanical

transaction on their behalf by a priest, instead of trusting to that purity of life and faith which the Church of England requires in the worthy communicant, as constituting the very means by which he communicates in any real or practical sense. This appears the great danger of the theory. That it will drive devotees to Rome there seems little cause to fear, in fact it ought to act as a safety-valve for their enthusiasm. They have here at home all they could possibly desire in Rome, save the Pope's authority and the vaunted Catholic unity; and surely the Œcumenical Council has already opened their eyes on these subjects. Possibly, therefore, the moral effect on individuals is all that need concern us; and with regard to that we may perhaps safely use Gamaliel's argument: 'Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men it will come to nought; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.'

DOING DECORATIONS.

THERE are two well-defined and widely differing types of young-ladyhood, who gravitate respectively towards the world and the Church. The former think officers 'ducks;' the latter speak of the curate as 'dear' Mr So-and-so—dear 'Father' So-and-so, if they are sufficiently 'advanced.' The one are great at mess-balls, floral fêtes, and walking in the Zoo—are, for the most part, handsome, dashing girls, perfectly alive to the fact, and dressing accordingly. The latter are best described by the epithet 'pretty,' not always young, and invariably reckon frumpishness as a cardinal virtue. The military young lady is an honest, open, undisguised flirt.

The ecclesiastical sister does her flirtation circuitously by means of district visiting, Sunday schools, and—which is to our present purpose—church decorations. As Eastertide and Christmas come round the mind of the ecclesiastical young lady is exercised on the subject of ‘monograms,’ ‘legends,’ and other curious paraphernalia of piety. Her goodness breaks out in evergreens and floral emblems; and on one and all of these important subjects her ‘guide, philosopher, and friend’ is naturally the curate. She journeys with him to Covent Garden Market and buys camellias, at ruinous rates, sufficient to dine a poor family for every flower; but it is nice for the curate, and looks pretty in church, and so the young devotee ‘goes in,’ as she terms it in mild ecclesiastical slang, for the camellias, determining to ‘save it in something else.’

Now it has been my habit for several years to ‘do’ the Christmas decorations of the metropolitan churches, and chronicle the same for the delectation of a too unæsthetic British public. I have described, that is, the ecclesiastical transformation scene as it burst upon my astonished gaze on Christmas morning. This year I had determined to portray what may be—I hope not irreverently—termed the dress rehearsal, or putting up the decorations on Christmas Eve; but, in the course of my peregrinations, I saw the ladies, old and young, at work. I went—if I may preserve my histrionic metaphor—*behind* the scenes; and what I saw is so characteristic of a peculiar but growing type of English life, that I will even substitute a full, true, and particular account thereof for what I had previously determined to write. Let not my fair devotees be alarmed, or the frequent blush mantle the cheek of the reverend Lothario. Not by the faintest clue will I give an index to the locality of my several descriptions; though, at the same time, I guarantee that every portrait shall be faithfully drawn from a living model.

Here is, first of all, a church we will call St George and the Dragon, Camden Town, principally for the reason that it lies as nearly as possible in another ecclesi-

astical hemisphere. St George's is High and Dry, the incumbent being considered 'Broad'—in doctrine, not dimensions—by the young ladies, and the curate growing the beard of a muscular Christian. St George's goes in for decorations all over the sacred edifice; and the unenlightened lay people will perhaps be surprised to hear that their profusion is rather a sign of unorthodoxy than the reverse. As the doctrinal thermometer rises the decorations gradually retire into the chancel, or the 'sanctuary' as it is termed—a slender wreath of green stuff up the gas standards being deemed sufficient for the laity, while the curate in the stalls sits quite uncomfortably upon holly, and the preacher in the pulpit looks like a jack-in-the-green on May Day. Nothing of the kind at St George and the Dragon's. From the east window right down to the western porch every square inch is bedizened. For weeks before, fair fingers have been cutting out the most uncomfortable-looking hieroglyphs, orthodox in proportion to their illegibility, and the 'mess,' which has hitherto driven housemaids to distraction, culminates in the school-room, where the dear creatures stint themselves of their natural refreshment, and stain their fingers with twisting wreaths, happy if they can only get a soft-voiced clerical gentleman to 'hold the other end' for them. They picnic off soup brewed in the soup-kitchen hard by, and brought in hot and hot by the curate, and afterwards regale themselves, seated on heaps of green stuff, with impromptu tea, going home dead tired at night, only to commence their weary round the next morning. St George's goes in greatly for cotton-wool letters and powdered alum on the ivy leaves, meant to look like frost and snow, but making the church rather resemble a large Twelfth cake. Here is one young lady who has made her pretty hands rough as a washerwoman's by dabbling in the alum water; and the worst of it all is, her ivy leaves look rather as if they had grown on a house that had been recently whitewashed, and the bearded curate might have been wrapped up in cotton-wool for the rheumatism,

he is so fluffy all down his long black coat from the letters he has been superintending.

St Margaret the Martyr is an advanced Ritualistic church, where the 'Sisters' wear 'habits,' consisting of skimpy petticoats, poke bonnets, and surreptitious beads. They only decorate the chancel at St Margaret's; and the architect has been so lavish of adornments in the way of painting and sculpture at the beautiful east end, that he has left little space for further ornamentation. You would fancy from the semi-conventual condition of St Margaret's, and the demure looks of the Sisters as they draggle their linsey-woolsey skirts through the street mud, that decorating would with them be a very dismal process indeed. Not a bit of it. At untimely hours on Christmas Eve the fair sisters bear their green and fragrant burdens from their own 'Home' to the monastic shades of the 'Clergy House,' where, after compline, a very toothy little supper, by no means of the parched-pea order, is served up in refectory, and much is the mirth that goes on between the cassocked 'Fathers' and the Sisters. Right through the small hours do they work with a will, putting holly berries in all sorts of impossible places, and even climbing to the top of a tall ladder to blazon the chancel arch with the sweet old Christmas legend. The Fathers—delicate creatures!—drop off one by one to bed in their cells, as they have to be up at three for the 'first office;' Sister Seraphine presides at the teaboard for early breakfast, and all assemble at matins as though nothing had happened; the church ablaze with decorations, and the souls of the faithful refreshed with the nocturnal work of these cloistered Fathers and Sisters. Rumour does say that when Father Arthur turned into his cell he found an apple-pie bed made for him, and the sleeves of his monastic nightgown sewed up, and that sly little Sister Alice looked very red when he talked about it in refectory next morning; but rumour always did draw the long bow, and Father Arthur is, I believe, far too sweet a preacher, and has much too nice eyes, for Sister Alice to play such a cruel trick upon him.

St. Simon Stylites is an Evangelical church, which the profane and the Puseyite vilify by calling a preaching-shop. By some occult law of ecclesiastical nature, Evangelical curates nearly always have red shoulder-of-mutton whiskers; and the Perpetual Curate of St Simon's is no exception to the rule. He is single, adored by the ladies old and young, and a distant relation of a colonial bishop. There is no schoolroom at St Simon's. The Perpetual Curate does not believe in the schoolmaster, and deems all worldly knowledge 'carnal;' so they have to 'decorate' in the church itself. The raw material is brought up to the very porch in a greengrocer's cart, and woven into wreaths and interlaced triangles on the actual spot where it is to be used. Many of the decorators of St Simon's are veterans in the cause—grim females of a weird and determined aspect, who would scare any one except a very Evangelical parson indeed. But our Perpetual Curate is equal to the occasion, and makes them work like converted niggers, on the weakest tea, and without, I believe, entertaining the most distant matrimonial ideas as to any one of their number. There is a certain Maria Jane—a combination of names not uncommon among elderly spinsters—who has been attached to St Simon's from early girlhood, when she was employed, as a gaunt hoyden of six feet, all arms and legs, to do the twiddly wreaths on the top of the gas-burners. She is now a grizzled spinster, promoted to the glorification of the pulpit, and sits on the top step all Christmas Eve labouring her poor old scraggy bird's claws of fingers off, while the Perpetual Curate rekindles long dormant flames of jealousy in her bosom by flirting with pretty Miss Jones at the suggestive altar rail below.

The Episcopal Chapel of SS. Boanerges, or the Sons of Thunder, is Broad and ugly, and its staff of clergy are muscular Christians of the most pronounced type, bearded, and prone to pipes and the 'Fortnightly.' Up to the present year the Sons of Thunder have deemed their unbeauteous edifice 'when unadorned adorned the most;' but an æsthetic element has found its way even in among

the dingy high-backed pews and three-decker which stand like ecclesiastical anachronisms at SS. Boanerges. Fair fingers of matrons and maidens have this year worked into a simple scroll, above the communion table, the old happy Christmas legend of 'Peace on earth, goodwill to men,' which the voices of little children will sing so appropriately on Christmas morn in the gloomy old chapel. It is well, surely, that some little softening influence should find its way even into our churches and chapels on that one day at least in the year, lest our theology grow as cold and hard as the every-day life outside the church porch. The time has gone by for railing at every little adornment which goes to make the church the poor man's home, sniffing incipient Popery in every new gaslight, or Ritualism in each simple decoration. Even the judicious Hooker protested against God being 'served slovenly.' We may smile at our enthusiastic ladies, young and old, at Christmas, but they are unconsciously exercising a softening influence upon society; overdoing it a little perhaps sometimes—as who does not?—but still labouring appropriately and more in their place than on the platform or in the senate.

A word in conclusion to the curates. They looked at me as fiercely as curates can look when I invaded the sacred territory of schoolroom, refectory, and church to see the ladies 'doing decorations.' Each and all glared, as much as to say, 'What can that fellow want here?' They thought, perhaps, I was an archdeacon in disguise come down to check their pretty devices. They see now what I wanted, and will, I hope, in future years, take care to keep me posted up as to the last new things in Christmas decorations.

MIDNIGHT MASS.

CHRISTMAS EVE may be appropriately described in modern ecclesiastical language as 'The Great Day of the Preparation.' It is the time when those branches especially of the National Church which build upon objective teaching set themselves in order to welcome the dawn of the Incarnation, of the greatest event but one which is connected with the history of humanity. From this fact as a centre have radiated all those social influences which make Christmas essentially the Family Festival of the year, and which have to a large extent merged its religious in its merely festal character. For weeks before Christmas the ladies, old and young, who are attached to the different churches, have been—metaphorically, at least—working their fingers off at monograms, texts, and legends for the decoration of the sacred edifices; and Christmas Eve is the time for putting them up. A peep into the different London churches on that evening—and I peeped into a good many—was a sight not easily to be forgotten. Here was a lady standing on a ladder, decorating the chancel arch; here another twisting wreaths round a gas standard, or blazoning a stall-head with immortelles. In all I found the clergy and their fair friends full of preparations for the morrow. The more advanced Ritualistic churches confined their adornments to the chancel, and some few eschewed floral decorations altogether; but in most—in all but one, in fact—I found them up and doing, and ready, moreover, to give all information as to the plans for the morrow. The single exception was All Saints', Margaret Street—once the coryphæus in choral services and bedizenments of all kinds. I found the church in gloom, with the single exception of one gas-jet at the east

end, and at the door I was met by an ascetic-looking verger, who might have been Gabriel Grub prior to conversion. He said the clergy of All Saints' objected to publicity, and declined—so he phrased it—'affording any facilities' to those who would chronicle their doings. I am bound in justice to say that All Saints' stood in a minority of one in this respect.

The great event of Christmas Eve is Midnight Mass, as it is termed in the more advanced churches—or midnight communion, in those of a less pronounced type. It may be remembered that the present Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster has discountenanced midnight masses as tending to irregularities, and some few churches of the Establishment have done the same; but in others the custom still exists, and, by way of going to the very head-quarters of Ritualism, I selected St Alban's, Holborn, as the basis of my operations for that evening. Going, according to my custom, to reconnoitre in the afternoon, I found a few persons in the church engaged in private devotion, and two priests receiving confession. I presented myself at one of the confessionals, and learned the evening's programme. There were to be no floral decorations, the reason given by the Father with whom I conversed being the very practical one that they 'smelt.' Only the lights in the sanctuary would be augmented, no inapt symbol of the great event to be commemorated—the first shining of the Light of the World!

At half-past eleven o'clock the sonorous bell of St Alban's rang out above the more than secular sounds of Brooke Street, Gray's Inn Lane, and a large congregation filled the spacious church for the First or Midnight Celebration. The chancel only was decorated, with the single exception of the font, which had a few flowers on it. The east end, however, blazed with lights, and was rich with white silk hangings. Choice flowers were on the altar, and about a hundred tapers surrounded the central crucifix, while some fifty in each of two large candelabra flanked the Sacred Table at the north and south. Banners of rich device were also placed at fre-

quent intervals, and a large picture of the Virgin and Child on the south chancel wall had pots of flowers in front. There was no procession, strictly so called; but a small choir entered from the vestry, consisting of ten or twelve boys and men, the preacher, a cross-bearer, the celebrant, epistoler and gospeller, with acolytes. The vestments of the officiating priests were rich in the extreme, while that of the preacher was quite plain. An Introit was sung from the 2nd Psalm, and the Commandments recited in monotone, a bright Kyrie succeeding each. The Collect for the Festival and the Gospel were given in full inflection—that is, they were sung instead of being read, the congregation prostrating themselves at every clause therein, as also in the Nicene Creed, where the mystery of the Incarnation was enunciated. The sermon was preached by a Father who was habited in simple surplice, hood, and stole, and took his text from St John i. 11, 12: ‘He came unto His own, and His own received Him not.’ Commencing with a graphic sketch of the details of the Nativity, he dwelt on the quietness and poverty which marked the advent of the Messiah; and yet the same characteristics are often reproduced now; the same carelessness is in the world, and Christ, as it were, thrust into a corner. He reveals Himself even now to a narrower circle than of old. He comes to His Church—the world rejects Him. Even in the hearts of many of the elect the witness is true, ‘He comes to His own, and His own receive Him not.’ In the retired cell of a collected heart, free from earthly distractions, God now finds a home. When the heart becomes an oratory, then Christ dwells in it. This is the great lesson to learn, that Jesus dwells in the heart of the lowly. A chain of miracles is expressly adapted to the special needs of each—Judæan shepherds and Chaldean astronomers. So now does He manifest Himself in ways exactly adapted to the character of all. The desire to know Him secures the knowledge.

The sermon, which was extempore, was brief and telling in its character, and was followed by the hymn

'Adeste Fideles,' sung as solo, duet, trio, and quartette for the principal voices; each verse being followed by a full chorus, in which all of the vast congregation appeared to join. The Communion Office was then proceeded with. The consecration of the elements was performed in so low a tone as to be almost silent, and the great bell of the church rang out long and loud to tell outsiders that the climax of the sacramental worship had come. The congregation prostrated themselves reverently; and the long silence which ensued was perhaps the most telling effect of the whole ceremony. At length the organ played a few soft notes, and a sacramental hymn was sung by a single soprano voice, followed by chorus. The Communion strictly so called followed, a small fraction only of the large congregation receiving the elements, and each being interrogated by a layman, standing at the chancel rail, before being permitted to present himself or herself. There could have been scarcely twenty communicants out of so large a congregation. It was a midnight mass or celebration rather than a Communion.

But, however it might differ from the theory or practice of the majority in the National Church, there could be no doubt but that it was as a spectacle impressive—one had almost said perfect; and certainly a more satisfactory way of welcoming Christmas morn than that which met one's eyes and ears on emerging into Brooke Street and Holborn, where the roysterers were, at the small hour of the morning, already anticipating Christmas mirth—alas, the term!—in their own unholy way. There were many poor in the congregation. Had there been only one rescued from the squalor and vice surrounding the House of God it would have been a result worth all the effort of the Midnight Mass.

WATCH-NIGHT.

THERE is a noticeable tendency at the present day to revert to the old method of parable-teaching for the conveyance of moral and religious truths—of catching, that is, at any circumstance or event of common life likely to arrest men's attention, and making it pave the way to something beyond itself. This used to be called, disparagingly, 'improving the occasion,' and was rather looked down upon than otherwise in the Established Church. But a happy change has supervened in this respect, more due, perhaps, to influences outside than within the pale of the Church. Just as Rowland Hill grudging giving all the good tunes to secular compositions (he used a stronger and coarser expression, by the way), so has it been seen unwise to abandon as the mark of a party that method of instruction which had the direct sanction of the highest authority of all. He preached amid the hills of Galilee, with birds and flowers for His text. The seedsman scattering his grain on the fields by the lake-side gave a turn to the discourse; and so, too, it is no longer thought undignified to let passing events inspire the address from the pulpit, or even afford occasion for special services. One need do no more than instance the frequency of Harvest Festivals in support of such assertion. So, too, with reference to New Year's Day, and its Vigil, here called Watch-Night—a name, again, which a few years ago would have seemed to restrict our remarks to Nonconformity, but is far from doing so now. In the Church of England nothing was more common than to be reminded from the pulpit that the commencement of the civil year was unimportant in the Church's regards; that the first of January was her Feast of the Circumcision; and that Advent Sunday was

the Church's New Year's Day, when we turned back in our Prayer-books to the old Epistles and Gospels, and in our Bibles to the old Lessons once more. But, as we well know, the New Year has a deep and solemn significance for us all. The mere reading or writing this new date is full of meaning. The most thoughtless become for the moment thoughtful when he hears the 'wild bells ring out in the wild sky—ring out the old, ring in the new!' Strange, perhaps, that the mere passage from December 31st to January 1st should have this significance—a significance which, 120 years ago, did not exist; but it *has* such significance, and the Church of England lately, in common with other religious bodies, has recognized the fact, and celebrated Watch-Night, or the Vigil of New Year's Day, with solemn services and suitable addresses, a few of the more noteworthy of which are subjoined. A distinguished Nonconformist minister, in dwelling upon the influence which these epochs and their observance have upon men's minds, assured me that many members of his congregation would choose Watch-Night for renewing vows, say, of abstinence from intoxicating drink during the year. The ceremonies connected with its observance are of a simple, but interesting, kind. Few sermons, comparatively, are preached in the chapels, but homely addresses take their turn with earnest prayer. These go on until about five minutes to midnight, when silent prayer is engaged in. The clock strikes midnight, and, after a brief pause, *vivâ-voce* prayer is again resumed. Customs vary with varying churches and denominations. In the Established Church there is generally a sermon. The 'high' churches have, of course, celebration of the Holy Communion, and some content themselves with a solemn Te Deum, after evening prayer. Such a method of observance, however differing in detail, cannot fail to strike one as an appropriate way of commencing a New Year; and the fact of the Vigil occurring this year on a Sunday afforded, of course, increased opportunities of solemnity, and secured larger congregations at the various churches and chapels. Let us visit a few such churches and chapels, taking

them *nullo ordine sed confusè*. It is impossible, when all the interest culminates on one particular hour, to be very discursive in our observations; but we can glance at a few different places of worship.

Here is, first of all, a church of the Establishment decorated just as it was last Sunday for Christmas. It is interesting to notice how the preacher is blending the old ecclesiastical ideas of Advent with the newer—at least newer in that particular locality—notion of Watch-Night. ‘Standing now,’ he says, ‘as we do, on the very frontier-line that separates two years, it is thus I counsel you in the spirit of David’s couplet, to “remember the past,” to “muse upon” God’s works in it. Do this with reference to the immediate past—the year we have pictured as lying like a dead man before us, whom we are about to bury in the crowded cemetery of Time. Before you do so—before you look your last upon its outward semblance, do what none can do for you, look honestly, in genuine self-examination, at its lights and shadows, and pray to God to enable you to eschew the evil and to follow the good. Do it especially with regard to the life you have lived here in church. This is incomparably your highest life, the life that will lengthen out into eternity, when the little “summer” of earthly life is “over and gone,” passed away, as one year is passing into another. Go back to the Advent of last year; and, comparing it with that just past, see if you have truer views of your duty here as preparing you for that life of which Advent teaches. See if one more year’s study of the perfect life of Jesus has had its due effect in perfecting *your* life. Did your views of Christian duty in the year that is gone come out clearer and stronger from the light you had gained in the great objective teaching—the Church’s yearly object-lesson—of our blessed Lord’s Incarnate Life and History?’ This sermon concluded with a wish that the night’s watching might be instrumental to the hearers carrying out in the future the great command, ‘Be vigilant.’ It is now the hour when church-folk are turning out of church

and going home—some to stay at home, others to await the ‘late service.’ Let us ‘look in,’ it is all we can do, at this little chapel in a back street. It belongs to a sect called the ‘Particular Baptists,’ and about a dozen people who have been at evening service are sitting there to wait for the Watch-Night devotions—some hours off yet. The minister’s desk is empty; but a homely man standing below it, at what would be the parish clerk’s desk in a church, is reading verses of a hymn, which the congregation sing after him. People come and go, almost as in a Roman Catholic church; and curious passers-by peep in, and wonder what it is all about, come out, and go on their way as ignorant as before. Here is ‘Providence Hall,’ in another obscure locality, the proprietor and minister of which place of worship pursues the old traditional trade of the ‘carpenter,’ his shop standing at the very door of his chapel. The congregation gathered at seven o’clock, and mean to remain until midnight, ‘to pray the Old Year out;’ and a board at the entrance invites all to ‘come and be welcome.’

Eleven o’clock. A ‘High’ Church in the suburbs, bright and cheerful, preparing for late Evensong, with Midnight Mass to follow; and a vast congregation assembling. Not so in town; there is a nest of ‘High’ Churches around the Portland Road Station, where the congregations are assembled—in the street, but the churches are diligently shut. They have not yet got to recognize ‘Watch-Night;’ and the would-be congregations return home disappointed. Not so at the High Church *par excellence* of London (we are not specifying names or localities). There the building at half-past eleven is dark and sombre, and a popular ‘Father,’ habited only in a cassock, mounts the pulpit to preach. But we pass on, for we have determined to see the Old Year out elsewhere. This is the little chapel of the Moravians in Fetter Lane. Abroad, and in the larger settlements of England, Watch-Night is a ‘night to be much remembered’ among these simple folk. The Moravians, as we know, are great at hymns;

and this is the one they select to sing the Old Year out and the New Year in. It is sung to a magnificent old chorale, which has been impressed by Mendelssohn into one of his best known works:—

‘ Now let us praise the Lord,
 With body, soul, and spirit,
 Who doth such wondrous things
 Beyond our sense and merit.
 Who from our mother’s womb,
 And earliest infancy,
 Hath done great things for us—
 Praise him eternally !’

Entering the chapel at ten minutes to twelve, I found a minister reading a kind of homily to a largish congregation. He proceeded until the clock in the chapel ticked the hour, and immediately, with an almost electric effect, the whole congregation fell on their knees and sang the above verse. A short prayer followed, and then the second verse was sung, the congregation having risen to their feet:—

‘ O, Gracious God, bestow
 On us, while here remaining,
 An ever-cheerful mind;
 Thy peace be ever reigning.
 Preserve us in the faith
 And Christian holiness—
 That, when we go from hence,
 We may behold Thy face.’

The usual order of proceedings is that a Love Feast is celebrated, the ‘*Memorabilia*’ of the past year are read, and then the congregation engage in singing hymns and prayer until close upon midnight. Directly this sounds a blast of trumpets, trombones, and other brass instruments ushers triumphantly in the new-born year. This applies to the Moravian settlements abroad, and also to the more important, such as Fulneck, &c., in England. London, I was informed, was ‘*only* a town-settlement.’ After the hymn a brief benediction followed; and the minister, in the name of the pastor,

dismissed the congregation, wishing them 'A Happy New Year.'

Thus was it that, in one at least of its Protean phases of life, the great city passed from one year to another. The principal fact which seemed to strike one was the presence of life—a moving of the dry bones on all sides. Another was the gradual removal of old landmarks in the shape of narrow and exclusive lines of thought and practice. We have seen this to be the case in the adoption of the idea of 'Watch-Night' into the Church of England. Another noteworthy instance was mentioned by the Nonconformist minister quoted above, who boasted that the Society of Friends, who stand aloof from human ordinances of all kinds, had permitted him this year, in the very centre of their local influence, to preach Baptism and the Lord's Supper at one of their chapels. Without being chimerical or enthusiastic, or at all taking these things to mean more than they do mean, one may be pardoned, at least on Watch-Night, for regarding them as, to some extent at least, symptoms and evidences of 'A good time coming!'

NEW YEAR'S EVE AT ST ALBAN'S.

AMONG the promptings of what may be called, in the truest sense of the term, Natural Religion, none surely is more instructive than that which leads men to observe with peculiar solemnity the entrance upon a new year of life. It is, if nothing else, the making a step in the dark. It is the entrance upon a new epoch in existence, of which the manifold 'changes and chances' prevent our forecasting the issue. True, the demarcation line is but an arbitrary one; yet

there are few, even of the most thoughtless, who can set foot across the line which separates one year from another without feeling in some degree the significance of the act. The 'wild bells' rung out 'in the wild sky' warn even the midnight reveller of the lapse of time; and the new date which we have to write is in itself a silent monitor that we are one stage nearer the end of our journey. It would seem, then, that at least a brief pause and a passing season of thoughtfulness should be to responsible beings a purely spontaneous act, and certainly one of those opportunities which no form of religion could afford to miss. And yet, for a long time, that which may perhaps, without offence, be termed ecclesiasticism, sternly refused to recognize this occasion. The line was rigidly drawn between the civil New Year and the Church's New Year. We were told that Advent was the beginning of our sacred year, and that then was the time for those serious thoughts and those good resolutions which proverbially accompany them. Or if not Advent, Christmas Eve was the fitting era for Christians to work with most profound self-searching. Even now that one body of Christians which represents the most advanced sacerdotalism, the Roman branch of the Church Catholic, refuses to endorse this prompting of natural religion. Though New Year's Eve is also the vigil of the Circumcision, yet that vigil is kept with no special observances. The Catholic, as he delights exclusively to call himself, is not encouraged publicly, at all events, to hallow the entrance on a new year of existence with devotional observances. The Anglican branch of the National Church, however, which at one time showed this Romish exclusiveness, has shaken from itself the trammels of imitation, and taken its own independent stand upon instincts which it sees must not be ignored. An old disciple of the now well-nigh obsolete Puseyism or Tractarianism would have shuddered at the idea of a Watch-Night service, as symptomatic of the conventicle. Even now, whilst adopting the idea, the Ritualist protests against it as un-Catholic; but wisely adapts him-

self to circumstances since he cannot adapt circumstances to himself. With that larger Church of England, especially with the Wesleyan branch, which, numerically at least, represents the National Church, Watch-Night has ever been the especial festival of the religious year. Though no Saints' Days stud the simple calendar of that body, though even the solemn seasons of Christmas, Good Friday, and Easter are ignored—still the vigil of the New Year is a Festival of Obligation: and the adoption of this idea by the most advanced school of Ritualistic thought may possibly turn out a development that shall pave the way towards an end which all tacitly or avowedly seek to compass—the reunion of a now divided Christendom.

In projecting any survey of religious London on the last night of the year, one naturally visited that which is regarded as the acme of ecclesiasticism—St Alban's, Holborn. If any of the London clergy held themselves aloof from observances which could possibly be called 'un-Catholic,' it might fairly be expected to be the band of priests ranged under the banner of that uncompromising champion of Ritualism, 'Father Mac'—as his adherents elect to call the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie. But the priests of St Alban's are wise in their generation, and know that their Church, above all others, situated in one of the poorest neighbourhoods, cannot, without extreme unwisdom, let slip so golden an opportunity of appealing to the sympathies of the people. Consequently, St Alban's is thrown open for a midnight service on the last day of the year. 'No bell is rung,' said the Rev. Father Stanton, the chief promoter of this and many other methods of getting at the poor of Baldwin's Gardens, 'and yet the people come.' Come they did, at all events, that night. They did really, at the ultra-Ritualistic church of St Alban's, recollect, what they only do by a pleasant euphemism to meetings by limelight at Charing Cross or Sunday demonstrations in Hyde Park—the working men, and still more the working women and children, came literally 'in crowds,' notwithstanding the pouring rain. Nay, more; Father

Stanton succeeded in what it had been supposed only Roman Catholics and Dissenters could get them to do—namely, come ‘in their working clothes.’ And what did this zealous young priest do with them when he got them there? Did he receive them with a correct and ‘æsthetic service,’ which certainly would have driven them all out again, and prevented their ever coming any more? By no means. There was not a symptom of Ritualism to be seen. The beautiful chancel was not used. The hymns were special ones culled from the Wesleyan manuals. There was no choir. Father Stanton was the sole ‘minister,’ and he wore no vestments; not even the possibly obnoxious surplice. It was the most simple, unornate, but, on that very account, the most Catholic and appropriate service that could have been devised for the occasion.

Precisely at half-past eleven, Father Stanton mounted the pulpit and requested the congregation to follow him in the first hymn, after he had sung it to them, which he did in a not very musical solo; but the chorus was very effective. It was as follows:—

‘ Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll,
Where in all the bright for ever
Sorrow ne’er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet? Shall we meet?
Shall we meet? Shall we meet?
Shall we meet beyond the river
Where the surges cease to roll?’

After the hymn, Mr Stanton read Psalm xxvii. 15, and delivered a brief extempore address on the duty of recognizing the goodness of God while ‘in the land of the living.’ The problem started by the preacher was, How is it, if God be good, that anybody has a chance of going to hell? In solving this problem by the answer of free will, I make bold to say this Ritualistic preacher out-preached any Wesleyan in the great metropolis. Matter, manner, and energy were of the very essence of the conventicle; and the congregation, which was essentially a poor one, literally hung upon

his lips as he contrasted God's goodness with man's misrepresentations of Him. Lest men should only fear God, he turned their attention to the story of the Incarnation—God at Christmastide, cradled at Bethlehem, crucified on Calvary. In a Dissenting chapel I am very much afraid Father Stanton's sermon would have been called 'rant.' At St Alban's, Holborn, it was a very energetic and effective sermon indeed. 'Do not say you must be damned, dear friends,' he concluded; 'do not harbour the black sin of despair. It is a lie. Say, "O God, Thou art my God." If a fellow only hates his sins because he thinks they will pitchfork him into hell, that is not repentance. Love God as perfect goodness; then you will see all with a new light. Then you will be truly penitent, as frosts melt and flowers spring up when the sun shines.'

A long silent prayer ensued as the church chimes rang in the new year, followed by an extempore prayer by the minister; after which the common hymn, 'Guide us, O Thou great Jehovah,' was sung to the tune of 'Rousseau's Dream.' At the last verse, 'Come, Lord Jesus, take Thy waiting people home,' Mr Stanton desired us all to 'sing out loud;' and I can answer for it that every man, woman, and child followed his injunction. He then continued his address. So did the congregation at St Alban's inaugurate the new year of grace. 'Go either to church or chapel.' Such was the practical advice with which the address concluded. 'I know many reasons why you may not like church. But, at all events, put yourselves on the side of God. Be on the side of the good, good God.'

A SILENT SERVICE.

FOR some time past the attention of passers along Oxford Street—especially of those all-wise philosophers who study society *de haut en bas* from the knife-board of an omnibus—had been arrested by a placard at the corner of Queen Street, near the Marble Arch, announcing the site of St Saviour's Church for the Deaf and Dumb, the foundation-stone of which was to be solemnly laid by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. No doubt the question of *Cui bono?* occurred even to other than very determined utilitarians; they asked themselves, very probably, what instruction could possibly accrue from a public service to those who could neither speak for themselves nor hear others speak to them. It may be also that this placard caused others besides myself to look for the first time in something more than a cursory way into the condition of those whom Dr Johnson truly described as suffering from 'the most desperate of human calamities'—the deaf-mutes. Beyond a general feeling of commiseration, it had not perhaps occurred to them to realize in what a complete prison-house the deprivation of speech and hearing shuts up the unfortunate sufferer; how utterly it exiles him from the society of his fellow-creatures; or, on the other hand, how advanced a period of his education is implied in the need or mere possibility of a church. It has been truly said, that the uneducated deaf and dumb are practically atheists; and through what a weary course have they to go, from the first conception of the noun, or 'name of anything,' its expression in gesture and on the fingers, up through the intricate mazes of that language which our little ones imbibe so easily by hearing, and imitate so cleverly with their facile tongues,

until at last they come to realize the idea of God, as abstract, perfect goodness! It has been well observed by an experienced teacher of deaf-mutes, that the most difficult idea to convey to them is that of simple existence, signified by the verb 'to be'—the very title, we may recollect, by which God revealed Himself to the ancient Hebrew. Thanks, however, to the loving labours of those who have devoted life to this most forlorn portion of the human family, not only has this idea been grasped, but *Ecce signum!*—through the liberal charity of others, it has been put in the power of these poor brothers and sisters of ours to serve God with a 'reasonable service.'

Should any be still inclined to doubt the practical utility of such a temple as this, or even be simply in search of a new 'sensation,' I would counsel them to attend, as I did, a Tuesday Evening Service for the 'Silent People,' in the Church of St Lawrence, Jewry, at eight o'clock. Arriving there early, I was surprised to find the fifteen or twenty deaf-mutes who had got before me engaged in a general 'conversation.' Though they were scattered at pretty wide intervals over a large church, the 'gossip' was general and animated, by means of gesture, sign, and even attempted articulation. One gentleman was evidently quite facetious, and amused the others with a running fire of pleasantries. A young mother had her baby with her, the only living thing that was able to articulate; and, I am bound to say, it used its power as a British baby should under the circumstances. Eventually, some fifty or sixty deaf-mutes assembled; and at eight o'clock the service was commenced by the Rev. Samuel Smith, A.K.C., chaplain and secretary of the Association. It was a new and strange sight—the immense digital dexterity, the evidently copious vocabulary of 'signs,' and the expressive facial changes on the part of the chaplain; and in the congregation the almost painful attention with which every member of that quiet community followed the service. There was none of the listlessness that attaches to ordinary preaching and congregations, seeing that this speaker had to express every word and letter

by means of gesture and sign, whilst the hearers were forced to keep on the *qui vive* to follow him. Most of the faces were intelligent-looking enough, though there was on one or two that dull expression which we can well understand to result from congenital deafness. In fact, it would seem that, without the education provided through the instrumentality of this 'sign-and-finger language,' the hopeless sufferers must inevitably drift into idiocy.

Up to this time the labours of the Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb have been to hold as many as twelve services per week in different parts of London; to visit the deaf and dumb at their own homes; to assist those of good character in obtaining employment; and even to relieve them, when necessitous, by gifts or loans of money. And last, but not least, the object is to encourage the early training of deaf and dumb children preparatory to their admission into educational institutions. The principal Sunday service has hitherto been held at the Polytechnic Institution; but the great want of the Association has been a 'local habitation,' as well as a name—a nucleus for its good works such as that now provided, or shortly to be provided, in the building of which the Prince of Wales laid the foundation stone lately. This is to consist, not only of a church capable of accommodating 250 worshippers, but also of a large lecture hall 38 feet square, so that secular as well as religious instruction may be carried on within its walls.

Thus, then, this church of the Silent People forthwith takes its place among the institutions of London. Though so much has been done, and a large moiety of the estimated cost is already provided, much yet remains to do, both to complete the building and also to enable the Association to extend its operations. To state that fact will be enough to stimulate those who let not their left hand know the good their right is doing—who need no exciting addresses any more than they sound a trumpet before their good deeds—whose charity, like

that which will be celebrated at St Saviour's, is literally Silent Service !

INNOCENTS' DAY.

WE scarcely realize to what an extent children are, at Christmastide, masters of the situation. Setting aside educational matters as inappropriate to that holiday season, there is perhaps no single branch of social progress in which we have developed so much or so satisfactorily as in all that relates to the youngsters. Take the department of juvenile literature, for instance. When we look at the gaudy gift-books crowding the shop windows—not only handsome outside but wholesome within—and then think of our wretched horn-books, our doleful legends of Tommy and Harry, and the lion and the mouse, with the few really eligible exceptions in the way of 'Robinson Crusoe,' or 'Sandford and Merton,' or the 'Arabian Nights,' we seem almost to have realized one of the fairy tales in the last-mentioned work. The bitter pill is indeed cleverly gilded, and we are beguiled to learn in spite of ourselves ; that is, we who have the good fortune to be boys and girls just now. So, too, in the matter of these Christmas pantomimes of which we always hear so much. Do our little masters and misses at all conceive the work that has been doing for them throughout three months, during which, no doubt, they fancied they at school were the only working folks, and those lazy fellows did nothing but take a play or pantomime down from the shelf at Christmas and put it straight on the stage ? Do they dream of what authors and artists and mechanists and ballet-masters have been devising and executing for their amusement ? It is literally true that it is for *their*

amusement, and that they are our masters. To whom else are those elaborate critiques addressed, but to those who, even more literally than the gods in the gallery themselves, are arbiters of the fate of each Christmas piece? Paterfamilias runs his eye down the newspaper page—why? To see which pantomime is likely to please the children most. Hear a *blasé* juvenile commending or condemning a pantomime—calling it ‘awful jolly,’ or ‘no end stupid;’ and the fate of that pantomime is sealed in the little *côterie* where that juvenile acts as oracle. And this truth of the gradual growth of juvenile supremacy extends to Sunday matters too. How many of us were carried back to our own childhood when poor little David Copperfield narrated his experiences in his pew at church! Who ever thought of making Sunday books other than didactic and dreadful then? Well, John Bunyan—yes, in his delicious story about Christian; but then the very exceptional character of the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ and the fact of its being the only story-book tolerated on a Sunday, made us half suspect it was an allegory, though we had no idea what that was. We looked at it suspiciously, as we did at the spoonful of raspberry jam which was too nice not to have an awful powder hidden somewhere underneath. With many of us, no doubt, the Bishop of Winchester’s ‘Agatha,’ and other Sunday stories, marks an epoch when religious literature became tolerable; and for how long did that volume stand almost as alone and monumental as the glorious allegory of Bunyan itself? ‘The Distant Hills,’ and ‘The Old Man’s Home,’ and ‘The Shadow of the Cross,’ were the portal, as it were, by which we passed into the happy present. Sunday services for children, too—whoever thought of those when we were young? How hopelessly over our heads the sermon used to fire! That was why we thought the clergyman such a dreadful character, second only to the doctor. He physicked us mentally as the doctor did bodily; and the worst of it was, his doses came round with distressing regularity. Now, Sunday services for the young, and sermons for children, are institutions. The compilers of ‘Hymns

Ancient and Modern ' have found it necessary to have a special section of ' Hymns for the Young,' but probably until the present time none ever thought how appropriate it would be to pray and praise as children and have sermons for children, on that day which is so thoroughly their own—Innocents' Day—the day when King Herod, to compass the death of that Child whose birthday we keep at Christmas, slew the little children at Bethlehem.

Dean Stanley, who has done so much towards utilizing the great Abbey Church at Westminster, originated the truly happy idea of calling the London boys and girls together in that historic place on Innocents' Day. Despite a sloppy, rainy day, the Dean's invitation was readily responded to by old as well as young. The grown-up people mustered too strongly for it to be called a juvenile congregation; but still those for whom the service was specially designed were present in good force. Anticipating the spirit of those changes which are coming on our once rigid and inflexible ritual, Dean Stanley introduced special psalms and lessons—the former being Psalms viii., xv., and cxxvii.; the latter, 1 Samuel iii. and Luke ii. 40—52, all most appropriate to the occasion. The anthem was from Ecclesiastes xii. 1—13, by Professor Sir Wm. Sterndale Bennett, consisting of a duet for treble voices and full chorus, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,' &c. The service was intoned by Canon Troutbeck, and the lessons read by the Dean. Before the sermon, the hymn, 'Jesu, meek and gentle!' was sung; after which the Dean ascended the pulpit, and preached a short but impressive sermon from St Luke ii. 40, 'The child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon Him.'

By the time the sermon commenced evening had begun to fall, and the dim light of the few candles fell upon the upturned faces of little ones crowding the lectern and altar-steps in a most satisfactorily unorthodox manner; whilst the two large tapers on the altar, and the two by the side thereof, were just enough to

shed a 'dim religious light' round the noble old sacrarium.

'Innocents' Day,' said the Dean, 'besides being an appropriate day on which to call boys and girls together, was historically famous in the annals of Westminster Abbey; for it was on that day, eight hundred years ago, it was finished by King Edward the Confessor, himself an innocent, guileless man—in many respects like a child. It was with special reference to them as children that the various portions of Holy Scripture had been chosen for the service—the 8th Psalm, which showed how children might find out God in nature; the 15th, teaching them to be humble, pure, and honourable; the 127th, telling parents what gifts their children were to them. The anthem put before them "the whole duty of man;" the hymn showed how the very youngest might come to Christ. The First Lesson presented to them the child Samuel, waiting for God's voice; and the Second gave them the great example of Christ as a little child.' In adopting this last as his text, Dean Stanley pointed out that Christ grew in character and goodness as well as in stature. Christ was taught 'by father meek and mother mild.' So must they advance. The world is moving, and we must move with it. God is continually calling us to higher spheres of duty. 'You and I,' said the preacher, 'must advance.' There were three noteworthy stages of Christ's education, each adding to His childish powers. 1. He 'grew and waxed strong in spirit.' 'Boys,' said the Dean, 'honour the strong limb, the sturdy arm, and they do well; for these are God's gifts. They like the body that can endure blows, or win the race, or conquer in the game.' All wished for this; but there was something else to be wished for—a stout heart to resist temptation, to scorn a lie, never to be betrayed into wrong-doing. They would be stronger and stronger every year—not stronger in body perhaps: that we cannot say—it depends on God—but we can say in character, mind, and spirit. The stout heart comes by trying to get it. 2. Next came wisdom. .

Christ imbibed wisdom from those around Him, and at the same time drank in that Heavenly wisdom which comes from the fountain and source of wisdom. So, too, you who are at school gain wisdom from books—from looking about you. You need not be old before your time ; but recollect these golden days never come back. There was nothing King Alfred regretted so much as the fact that his wandering life had prevented his having regular instruction in his youth. Try to gain wisdom by being teachable, humble, modest, and often cross-questioning yourselves, and God will give it to you. It was thus Christ, as a boy of twelve, gained it—by ‘hearing and asking questions.’ 3. Lastly, there came ‘grace.’ ‘The grace of God was upon Him ;’ or, as it is said, farther down in the chapter, ‘He increased . . . in favour with God and man.’ Christ did what His parents told Him. He was kind and courteous, and all were glad to see Him. ‘So,’ added the preacher, ‘do you look up to God as your Father, and on your companions and school-fellows as brothers. Especially do you, who are a little older, look on your younger companions as being put under your protection. Any unkindness done to a little companion, or brother or sister, is remembered by them years after you have forgotten it ; whilst kindness from a stronger to a weaker boy is equally treasured up. Years part you, perhaps ; but when you are quite old, some one presses your hand kindly, because you befriended him when you were boys together at school. When you say your prayers,’ the Dean concluded, ‘remember you are speaking to a kind Friend. Grace cannot come to a hard heart ; but on the childish heart it falls like rain upon the grass. So the grace of childhood grows to the grace of manhood, and the grace of manhood to the grace of age, and all to the Grace of God. As this beautiful building is made up of small stones, each helping to build up the whole, so all the world is made up of the graces, not only of full-grown men and women, but also of children. Remember, children, this day. If you are tempted to be idle or rude, to do wrong, or to leave off saying your prayers,

think of your Saviour's good example put before you to-day in Westminster Abbey.'

As the last words of the Benediction fell on their ears, and the organ pealed forth the Hallelujah chorus, that mighty congregation—mighty in numbers though made up mostly of tiny atoms—passed out through the dim aisles and silent cloisters, more than one of the grown-up portion, it may be, impressed with the *genius loci*, as well as by the simple words just listened to, and thinking, mayhap, what mistakes in after-life might have been avoided had such been the fashion, in their golden age, of keeping Innocents' Day.

THE BATTLE OF CONVOCATION.

THERE was fought out, in the theatre at Oxford, what is destined, perhaps, to be the most important conflict in which the Broad Church party has yet engaged, on the occasion of Dean Stanley's appointment as Select Preacher. Hitherto they have tried their strength against the Evangelical and Ritualistic bodies in detail; but, on the occasion of which I write, these two formidable opponents were massed against them. For some days past angry words had been bandied between the contending forces, and the preparations showed that the contest was to be more than a verbal one. From an early hour the station at Paddington gave one the idea of a sort of academical Derby day. By ten o'clock the platform was crowded with unmistakable M.A.s, with here and there a dignitary of the Church or higher graduate. The Establishment was represented in its every phase of thought. Here was a smooth-shaven Ritualist in cassock corded round the waist, priest's cloak, and clerical

wideawake; here an Evangelical clergyman, in voluminous white necktie; and here, again, a Broad Churchman, who, with a more or less correct clerical attire, combined the hirsute appendage of a Barbarossa, and other symptoms of the muscular Christian. Lawyers had impressed their brief bags into service for carrying their cap, gown, and hood; while young M.A.s, whom one knew about town, swaggered into smoking carriages, with the audibly announced intention of 'giving Stanley a lift.' Friend and foe faced each other in the narrow confines of a railway carriage, scarcely daring to utter a word either to the other, lest they should betray their tactics to the enemy. I can conscientiously say that the half-dozen men who filled my compartment never spoke to one another beyond the ordinary civility of passing the morning papers; and it was only by the titles of their journals I could guess the proclivities of my fellow-travellers. So we sped along the swollen Thames, and over the long backs of the Berkshire Downs, to the fair University city. At Reading we took in a large contingent of bucolic parsons, each of whom, as he sought to find a place in an already crowded train, hustled anxiously up and down as though he thought the whole Church Militant was in danger if his single vote should fail to be recorded.

Oxford was fairly startled from the serenity which usually marks the fag-end of Michaelmas term by this sudden irruption of the outer world. Recognitions took place at every street corner; the hotels were put upon their mettle; the porters' lodges of colleges were besieged; and Boffin's Refreshment Rooms ran over with hungry curates from the country. As an evidence of the interest the question of Dean Stanley's appointment excited beyond the walls of the University, I may mention that even the guards and porters at the railway hallooed to each other to know what 'was the state of the betting;' but even they did not seem quite to have calculated on the matter being so warmly taken up in London and by the country at large. At half-past one o'clock the bell of St Mary's gave notice to

the combatants to prepare for the fray, and immediately the floor of the theatre was sprinkled with a few representative men of all the schools. The non-residents appeared in gowns of various degrees of rustiness, with chimney-pot hats, and now and then a wideawake. These early comers conversed in small groups, hugging instinctively those sides of the building on which were written respectively 'placet' or 'non-placet,' giving thereby an inkling of how they meant to vote. The gathering increased every moment, and soon the Doctors in their scarlet and black began to dot the seats around the Vice-Chancellor's chair. Prince Leopold, by right of his royalty, entered the sacred enclosure with Dr Acland, and afterwards took his seat among the Doctors. Before two o'clock every inch of the floor was full, the occupants standing in anticipation of the coming encounter. Still they gravitated towards their respective voting doors; and on the 'placet' side one descried the scholarly face of Professor Jowitt, the sharply-cut features of the Rev. Mark Pattison, and the well-known physiognomy of Professor Max Müller; while on the opposite side Mr Burgon was marshalling his forces, and Dean Goulburn, from the Doctors' benches, looked out over the seething mass of M.A.s below him. At two o'clock, or a little after, the Vice-Chancellor arrived, and forthwith commenced proceedings in Latin, which must have been exceedingly edifying to the ladies, who, in some numbers, occupied the Strangers' Gallery, backed by a narrowish fringe of undergraduates. The object of the Convocation was stated as being the appointment of Select Preachers, and the names were then submitted to the doctors and masters for approval. 'Placetne igitur vobis huic nomini assentire?' being the form in which the question was proposed. The name first on the list was that of the Rev. Harvey Goodwin; and a faint buzz in the Assembly was interpreted by the Vice-Chancellor, habituated to such sounds, as an expression of approval. Thereupon he passed on to name number two, which, with some agitation, but with clear, resonant voice,

nevertheless, he read out as 'Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.' Immediately there ensued a scene of the wildest confusion. On the Placet side cheers and waving of trencher caps; on the Non-placet side feeble hisses; and from all sides, undergraduate as well as graduate, mingled shouts of 'Placet' and 'Non,' with cheer and hiss *à discrétion*; until the ringing voice of Dean Liddell breathed peace over the troubled waters by pronouncing the magic words, 'Fiat scrutinium!' Thereupon the two proctors proceeded first of all to take the votes of the doctors on their benches, and when this was done they took their station at the doors labelled 'Placet' and 'Non-placet,' the Vice-Chancellor directing the voters thus: 'Vos quibus placet hoc propositum per fores ad dextram discedatis; vos quibus non placet per fores ad sinistram.' During the process of polling, which was brief considering the numbers, one had an opportunity of criticizing the constituents of that truly exceptional gathering. It was certainly not true to say, as some did say, that only the younger Masters voted for Dean Stanley. There was quite a fair proportion of white and bald heads on the 'Placet' side. The country contingent was not so numerous as one had expected, and I do not believe that all of these went out at the left-hand door. Evidently, however, parties were pretty evenly balanced; and when the Non-placets had all recorded their decision, there were about twenty-five left on Dean Stanley's side, which probably would have nearly represented the actual majority, but at the last moment some stragglers, who had only arrived in Oxford by the 2.25 train, hurried in, and so swelled the numbers. One late-comer arrived without his academicals, and some zealous supporter of the Dean had to denude himself and pass his cap and gown outside to enable this gentleman to vote. By and by it was over. The proctors presented their lists to the Vice-Chancellor, who, amid breathless silence, pronounced the words, 'Majori parti placet!' Then there was indeed a cheer, which rang through the building from basement to upper gallery, and was taken

up outside in a way that reminded one of the trial of the Bishops. The hisses, if there were any, were fairly drowned. Oxford had given its approval to Dean Stanley. The Prince, who had continued during the whole of the proceedings in conversation with Doctor Hawkins, the venerable Provost of Oriel, now left the theatre, as did the Vice-Chancellors, Doctors, and Masters, and in a short time it was as empty as though no Battle of the Creeds had been lost and won there. The names of the other three Select Preachers were quite inaudible, but evidently approved. On leaving the theatre I ascertained that the majority in favour of Dean Stanley's appointment was 62; the numbers voting being—Placet, 349; Non-placet, 287. Over 600 members, therefore—something like a full House of Commons—recorded their votes on this memorable occasion.

On the up platform, for the 4.10 train, gathered once more the high and the low, returning to their cures in town and country, crestfallen, sadder, and, we will hope, wiser men than when they set out in the morning, bent on stamping out independent thought and scholarship, as if alien ingredients in the National Church of England in the nineteenth century. I had the felicity of announcing the majority to the inquisitive guards and porters, whose interest told plainly that this question has a relevancy far beyond the walls of the University. One and all were 'glad to hear Stanley was in.'

As we sped along through the flooded fields and amid the shimmering moonlight, one eminently Conservative old gentleman—for whom the times, like the up-express, were doubtless going a good deal too fast—expressed to me his decided opinion that non-resident members had no right to interfere in these matters. It ought to be purely a question for the University. Having delivered himself thus, he calmly fell asleep, in blissful unconsciousness of his own illogical position, seeing he had journeyed down from the metropolis that

morning and back again in the evening, on the fruitless errand of opposing Dean Stanley.

AN EAST-END MIDNIGHT MEETING.

THAT man essays a difficult task who would write of London's ugliest vice without calling up a blush to the cheek of virtue and innocence—who would let decent English maids and matrons read the story of their 'erring sisters' shame' without pandering to a depraved curiosity or a vulgar appetite for horrors. Let none who seek such prurient details be at the pains to run their eye down these pages; nor, at the same time, let those who dread to hear of the special sin of great cities veil them from the sight even of the purest and most blessedly ignorant in the household. Let each be well assured that, while a plain, unvarnished statement of things heard and seen is given, much must of necessity be suppressed. The whole of the stern, sad truth cannot be told, but from what *is* told, let those who read guess what might be revealed were no such wholesome restraint enforced. Neither, again, is it of West-end vice—painted, enamelled, almost refined—that we would now speak. No *Lais* or *Aspasia* is the model at present. No *Formosa* lures us to scenes of gilded vice. It is vice with the paint off, or so clumsily patched as to heighten its deformity, that we are to see. Here is the programme: 'Midnight Meeting Movement. — Admit to St Matthew's Schoolroom, Princes Square, St George's Street, E., at eleven o'clock;' whilst a written addendum states that 'this meeting is among the sailors' girls of Ratcliff Highway, a distinct class of the fallen.' Fallen, and in Ratcliff Highway!

That announcement, coupled with the assurance that every unpleasing detail shall be delicately veiled, will surely be enough to scare all but genuine good Samaritans from the too true story.

On leaving the silent city behind to go eastward at night, I have a feeling as though I had passed beyond the haunts of civilization into some desert. Nor is the idea quite hyperbolic; for that district lying along the Thames east of London Bridge is a country in itself, and towards midnight it has many of the unattractive aspects of a wilderness. Along Thames Street, so busy by day-time, you hear the echo of your own footsteps. Pass the postern gate of the Tower, and you are in the sailors' *quartier*; on into Ratcliff Highway—euphemistically termed St George's Street—where, amid frequent public-houses and dancing-rooms, low vice keeps perpetual saturnalia. Leaving for a moment this noisy thoroughfare, I find myself in one of those queer, quiet nooks so numerous in London, Princes Square, with the little Swedish church in the centre, looking picturesque in the moonlight. Among other buildings is St Matthew's Schoolroom. I enter, and find the clergyman and a couple of the society's officials. The company have not yet arrived, though ample preparations are being made for a large number in the shape of a comfortable tea. It is proposed that we should pass the time before the hour of assembling in visiting the public-houses of Ratcliff Highway; and, in charge of a gentleman who has the *entrée*, I sally forth. If you look narrowly into each low gin-shop, you will find that it has a long room at the back, with tables running round, the centre being left open for dancing, and the end occupied by a small stage. In the first we enter a man is singing a comic song to a small audience; or rather the audience and he are singing it together, and the young ladies of the company, in a sort of ballet attire, with a tendency to scarlet boots, are mingling freely with the audience. A word with the smart barmaid as to whether she has read the last book he left, and my guide marshals me into the dancing-room, the manager of which, attired

as a clown, is lounging in the doorway. The wonderful thing is the excellent footing on which my friend, who is a City Missionary, stands with the publicans, diametrically opposed as their callings seem. He shakes hands with all the girls, calls them 'lassies,' and scatters his invitations broadcast among them. They are largely accepted too. There is an utter difference, he tells me, between these sailors' girls and the soldiers' girls of contiguous quarters. They hold no communication with one another. These girls have a distinctive attire. They go bareheaded, greatly leaning to ornaments in their hair; they wear low dresses and a shawl cast about them to look like an opera cloak. On many a breast I saw—strange to say—a large cross! As we passed one dismal lane leading out of the main thoroughfare, my guide asked me to come down. 'This is Gravel Lane,' he said; 'at the bottom is the Dock bridge, where so many of these poor girls throw themselves over. It has been found necessary in consequence to keep a policeman there from seven in the evening all night. I call it the "Bridge of Sighs,"' he added. We went down; and, sure enough, there was the policeman at his gloomy vigil. It was a quiet nook, with the bows of two big ships looming over the moonlit water. 'They find it very convenient,' said the Missionary, with a touch of grim humour, 'to come down here and drop into the water.' But it was time to get back to the schoolroom. When we did so, we found somewhere about eighty girls assembled, sitting on the school forms, and taking tea with evident gusto. There was some little noise of course—where did ever fourscore females of any class gather *without* noise over the cup that cheers?—but still all was orderly and decorous, so far. From the brazen-face harriidan who had been 'out' for long years (such is the technical term), to the girl of fifteen, whose 'outing' numbered only weeks—there they were, human wrecks, body and soul, stranded on the cruel shoals of society, and only beginning to be recognized as material for the social reformer to work upon. Some half-dozen gentlemen connected with the

Midnight Meeting Society, and two or three Bible-women, were waiting on these strange guests; and the clergyman, a youngish man, with quite white hair and a silvery voice, was going up and down the ranks, making cheery remarks, and ministering to appetites that were by no means delicate. I ingratiated myself by taking round that highly popular condiment, the plumcake; and whilst I did so, not one indecent or even discourteous word was spoken, no indelicate act or look met my eye amongst those fourscore of the very offscouring of Ratcliff Highway. 'It is astonishing what relics of humanity one finds here,' said the clergyman.

With instinctive horror naturally experienced for what is new or strange, I felt myself shrinking from these poor girls in the dancing-room, whilst my merry Missionary shook each one by the hand and greeted her with his 'Well, lassie!' But when brought face to face with them, I was utterly ashamed of such a feeling, and wondered why people should shake them off roughly or give them hard speeches, instead of imitating the good Missionary's efforts to say a word that shall save them. One of the first girls to whom I spoke had just made the 'great experiment' of a leap from the Bridge of Sighs. She had been rescued from the water and taken to prison, where she was kept for seven days; and when I saw her she had only that morning come out of gaol. She had evidently been drinking during the day; and there was a fierce light in her eyes, as she kept saying, in answer to protests against her attempted suicide, and advice that she should try to right herself, 'No, no; I am fallen too low—too low. I shall try London Bridge to-night.' 'Do you think she will?' I asked of one of the officials. 'Likely enough,' was the business-like reply. In a quarter of an hour I came round to her again, and she was roaring with laughter and 'taking a sight' at a friend on a neighbouring bench. When tea was over a hymn was sung, and considerable giggling was caused by its being pitched so high that the key had to be changed. That was the great interruption—in fact, the only interruption—of the evening, the irrepressible proneness of the girls

to giggle; but I fancy I have observed this proneness elsewhere than in the purlieus of Ratcliff Highway. For instance, to show how a casual word will lead these impetuous people astray—the clergyman read a portion of Scripture to them, and related the parable of the Ten Virgins. The title was received with a regular guffaw. His address, which was perhaps a little too scholarly, described the marriage ceremonies of the East, and the ‘ornament of grace’ worn by the bride, at which the girls giggled again, and quite lost the point of that allegory. They sang lustily, and many of them had melodious voices. A few could sing the hymns without book—relic of a decent childhood, not yet lost! One old stager, who prided herself on her vocal powers, managed to get an arm-chair all to herself, and sang really an excellent alto with the air of an Alboni. Another gentleman followed the clergyman, and took the invitation ticket above quoted as his text, repeating, over and over again, the question, ‘Have you got tickets for Heaven?’ and receiving pointed, but *sotto voce* replies. Strangely enough, the noisiest and most troublesome section were not the sailors’ girls, but some work-girls—sack-sewers—who kept to themselves, and did their best to disturb proceedings, leaving noisily so soon as they had disposed of a very heavy tea, and had a brief ‘lark’ during the preliminary proceedings. There were several more hymns, and a brief address was given by the secretary of the society, who urged the girls to leave the bad life at once behind. They could, if they chose, go away from that room, and be taken in cabs to homes where they would be qualified to lead decent lives for the future, and eventually, out of a total of eighty-eight, four girls did so remain, and a good many others promised to come to the office in the morning. One fresh-looking country lass wanted to be sent home to attend her mother’s funeral. Her father, who had been a farmer, was in independent circumstances; but the daughter was an outcast, though only six weeks ‘out’ in Ratcliff Highway, and as comely and well-spoken a girl as one could wish to see. Decidedly the noisiest and most giggling

of the whole fourscore was, to my surprise, one of the four who remained ; but I was informed that those who thus remained are often disappointing cases. Either they act on impulse, which cools down before the morning ; or they will sometimes go to the Home because it is late, and they may be locked out of their lodgings ; or even they will go simply for the ' lark ' of having a ride in a cab. The ordeal of having to walk up from Ratcliff to the office in Red Lion Square in the morning is, as one can well understand, a much better test of sincerity. Two other interesting ' cases ' may be mentioned, each confirming the good clergyman's remark that relics of humanity exist even here. One girl lingered long and anxiously about the door ; and the cause, I was told, was that she had a little child, two years old, whom she wished to have cared for. Clinging to the old, vile life herself, she still sought, like Dives in the parable, that the one to whom Nature had bound her with such strong ties might not come to that place of torment. The second case was that of a middle-aged woman, on whose face, it perhaps sounds hard to say, Nature seemed to have graven the stigma of her calling. I had noticed her as one of the few who shed tears when allusion was made to the fact that some of the girls probably had mothers who had cared for them and prayed over them, and might even now be watching them from the world beyond. ' That woman,' said my guide of the evening, ' is a veritable missionary for me. She has been " out " eleven years ; and though she wont leave her bad life, she protects me from being insulted, and gets the younger girls to listen to me.' As the girls passed out of the room, a card was presented to each with the following words : ' Dear Friend—If you will call at the office of the Midnight Meeting Movement, 5, Red Lion Square, Holborn, W. C., any day, from Monday to Friday, between ten and four, and Saturday, between ten and twelve, advice will be given you, and, if possible, assistance for the future.'

Such were some of the presentable particulars of the Midnight Meeting. They may serve a good purpose if

they convince the most forlorn wanderer on the wild London streets that there is still such a word as 'home' for her; that she need not say, in Hood's graphic words—

‘Oh, it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.’

Christian charity is not so rare as it was. There are among us those large-hearted ones who can pity the sinner, whilst they loathe her sin. If one such Sister of Mercy—in the truest sense of the words—can learn from what we have now said a new mission and mode of doing good, another sphere of serving Him who did not disdain to work among the publicans and harlots, this brief record of the Midnight Meeting will not have been written in vain.

A BISHOP'S BURIAL.

SCARCELY could a more incongruous gathering be imagined than that of which I made one in the summer of 1873. For myself I went in the cold-blooded way of 'business;' but, in this respect, I was almost alone in my glory—if glory indeed it were. We were going to bury the Bishop of Winchester, whose death had recently startled us out of our serenity, and made us ask, whose turn would come next?

Steaming along as we did by special train, through the balmy July morning towards the breezy Sussex downs, it might have been asked us, as of Wordsworth's 'tender child,' what could we know of death? Everything around seemed so exuberant in life that no thought of death obtruded itself. We might have been a large party, mainly clerical, running down to Brighton for a

summer day's holiday under episcopal supervision. We were, however, Bishop Wilberforce's great funeral party. We were going to lay in the earth the mortal remains of one who—we could not help thinking of it—was that day week as full of life, fuller of animal spirits, than we at that moment.

. The departure of the train from Victoria Station was marked by the heterogeneous appearance which always characterizes a gathering of the English clergy—for the occupants were mainly clerical. Now one saw a bishop, now a bronzed clergyman from the country—here a well-known London incumbent, and there a young curate. Some few assumed a square cap and cassock, but most were clad only in the 'sober livery' of mourning. The train seemed quite full, and, punctually at the hour appointed, sped out of the station with its strange occupants. There was, as may well be imagined, but one topic of discourse on the journey. All spoke solemnly, but happily and kindly withal, of him to whom they had come to pay the last poor offices of respect that summer morning. At Petworth Station it appeared as if every vehicle in the neighbourhood had been impressed into the service for carrying us over the two miles that intervened between that place and our destination. The drive was a beautiful one; and, as we defiled from the road into the umbrageous glades of Lavington Park, where a long stretch opened across the meadows, our cavalcade showed in its true dimensions, and was a veritable funeral procession indeed. Anon we reached the house of mourning, and, passing the veiled windows, entered through the hall into the apartment where the body was lying. The coffin was covered with a rich velvet pall, on which lay the crosier of the departed bishop, and the insignia of his order, but all surmounted by exquisite floral wreaths and several crosses of flowers, one of great size; whilst on the top of all was a large black and white crucifix, another standard one being also placed near the head of the coffin. Silently we passed around the narrow bed where he was sleeping so calmly in the sunshine, and out again on to the crisp sward of the lawn, up the

slopes of which we mounted to the tiny church hard by, whose tinkling bell warned us of the approaching ceremony. By noon the little building had been filled, so far as its humble space could afford accommodation for those who did not form the actual funeral party. Humble villagers sat side by side with clergy, all bearing on their faces signs of the deepest emotion, and looking wistfully at the bier within the rood screen on which the bishop's coffin was to rest. The altar was draped with violet, and had upon it three candles and two vases of white flowers, the pillars of the chancel screen being wreathed with lilies. The holy table was vested for communion, and the elements stood ready on a credence hard by.

Soon, then, we heard the words, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' resounding from the neighbouring lawn, to tell us that the mortal remains of the Bishop had set out on their last journey; and the long, white-robed procession, having passed round the green sward, entered at the portal of the little church. The choir of St Mary Magdalene's, with the Rev. Richard Temple West, headed the *cortège*; then came one bearing the pastoral staff of the Bishop reversed; next the coffin, still covered with its floral adornments, and borne by eight men in white frocks. Close by came the members of the Bishop's family and other mourners, and then the long line of clergy and dignitaries, who completely filled the body of the church as they passed to their seats, when the burial service commenced. The funeral psalm was chanted to a Gregorian tune with harmonium accompaniment; and then was read Paul's wonderful treatise on the Resurrection, from 1 Cor. xv.—whose marvellous analogies had been that morning illustrated for us in the golden fields ripening for the harvest, and the summer woods only beginning to be dashed with autumnal tints.

At the conclusion of the lesson, Hymn 191 (Ancient and Modern) was sung—

' Christ will gather in His own
To the place where He is gone,

Where their heart and treasure lie,
Where our life is hid on high.

‘Day by day the Voice saith “Come,
Enter thine eternal home;”
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul its summons there.’

Then followed the Ante-Communion Service, the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for St James’s Day being used.

As the Offertory Hymn, the beautiful composition, ‘Who are these like stars appearing?’ was sung, followed by that great gathering—

‘Who are these like stars appearing,
These, before God’s throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing;
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command;
Now in God’s most holy place
Blest they stand before His Face.—Amen.’

not a heart there but thrilled at the appropriateness of many of the expressions, as also at the long and expressive pause in the Church Militant Prayer, where God’s holy name was blessed for all who had departed this life in His faith and fear. Then came the celebration of the Communion, reminding one of the way in which the Primitive Church celebrated the anniversaries of their martyrs’ departure, not as their death-days, but as their birthdays, by offering the Eucharist, or sacrifice of thanksgiving and praise. There was no element of sadness, though every element of solemnity, in the service. It was a service worthy to be held over a Christian Bishop for whom we dared not ‘sorrow even as others which have no hope.’

When the Communion Service was ended, the 130th

Psalm, or 'De Profundis,' was chanted while the body was being moved to the churchyard. Thither, to a most sequestered spot, proceeded that vast assemblage, the choristers surrounding the grave, and the rest forming a deep circle around. The coffin was now uncovered, and was seen to be a handsome oak one, with a simple inscription, over which again were laid the crosses and wreaths, while fresh garlands were thrown in by ladies. As the service progressed, the hymn, 'Brief life is here our portion,' was sung; and then came the solemn finale as, at the words, 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' was heard that dull sound of the clods on the coffin-lid, so often taken to be the death-blow to hope. But in Bishop Wilberforce's case there seemed, as I have said, to be none of this hopeless element. In that most beautiful and peaceful churchyard that bright summer morning, with children sweetly singing round his grave, and scented flowers heaped upon his coffin, we left our good Bishop sleeping, and felt that the close of that life was a fitting sequel of what had gone before, the bright eventide of a life that had been bright and happy as well as useful throughout—dashed, indeed, with a few shadows at sundown and wetted with the dew of 'some natural tears,' but still the appropriate closing in of life's little day, the commencement, as all present felt, of one brighter still that should never know eventide, shadow, or tears; for the former things had passed away, and there would be no night there whither he had gone before us. The last hymn, with which was concluded this truly happy ceremony, was very fitting. It ran thus—

' O Shepherd of the sheep,
High Priest of things to come,
Who didst in grace Thy servant keep,
And take him sweetly home;

' Chief of Thy faithful band,
He held himself the least;
Though Thy dread keys were in his hand,
O everlasting Priest.

‘So, trusting in Thy might,
He won a fair renown ;
So, waxing valiant in the fight,
He trod the lion down.

‘Then rendered up to Thee
The charge Thy love had given,
And passed away Thy Face to see
Revealed in highest heaven.’

Before the company separated, it was proposed that some memorial of the late Bishop should be got up. The Bishop of Chichester presided at an extemporized meeting on the lawn of Lavington House, when it was stated that a monument would be raised on the spot where the accident happened, and a committee, including all the bishops of Great Britain and Ireland, was appointed to meet on the following Thursday, at the S. P. G. Rooms, at three o’clock, for the purpose of deciding on the memorial. Lord Granville and Mr Gladstone were also to be added to this committee. Some reference was made to the division of the diocese, and the foundation of a new diocese of Southwark as a fitting form for such memorial to take. Clapham was named as the seat of the diocese, but the proposal was not favourably received.

Among the many affecting incidents connected with the Bishop’s funeral none is more worthy of mention than the presence of an American clergyman from the diocese of Connecticut. He landed on Saturday last, and the only introduction he brought in England was to Bishop Wilberforce. Too late to present his credentials to the living prelate, he stood among the mourners around his grave. There was also in the procession a coloured clergyman, named Gordon, of the purest African type. Altogether there could have been scarcely fewer than two or three hundred clergy present ; and the assemblage was a striking instance of the effect that can be produced by the simple ritual of the Church of England properly carried out. In fact, the beauty of the ceremonial consisted in its simplicity. There was every variety of opinion as to the proper

vestments in which to attend a funeral. The large majority of the clergy were in surplice, hood, and stole; some few wore collegiate caps; one only—Dr Monsell, of Guildford—a biretta; many wore wide-awakes more or less ecclesiastical, some tall hats, a very few black gowns; but all were evidently possessed of one heart and one soul, and animated by a single desire to show respect to the memory of the deceased prelate. The special train returned from Petworth at five o'clock, dispersing that large funeral party over London about seven, and our principal topic of discussion as we went back—so strangely does life ever trench on death, and action supervene on anything like sentiment—was who will be the Bishop's successor; and to whom will the inevitable translation hold out a prize in the Church in the shape of the 'vacant mitre'?

A CHILDREN'S SERVICE.

I CAN remember the time when a Church of England service was made positively repulsive to a child. My only wonder is, when I cast back my thoughts over the annals of my own childhood, that the experiences of that portion of my existence did not permanently disgust me with all the influences of so-called 'religion.' A wretched schoolboy with twenty minutes' walk between me and school, I was doomed to sit each morning of the weary year, and hear the Bible read through *seriatim*, a chapter each prayer time, as though there was some talismanic virtue in those arbitrary divisions, and—worse than that—all Browne's lengthy 'Reflections' afterwards. How devoutly I used to wish Browne had died when he was a poor little scrub like myself, instead of living to punish me with his weak dilution of Bible-and-

water. The household where I lived never emerged very early, and when it happened to be a long chapter in Chronicles, with lots of hard names over which the reader broke his shins, or the 119th Psalm, I passively resigned myself to the twofold misery of going without my breakfast and getting an 'imposs' for being late; while, when the reading was over, and Thornton's Family Prayers were drawled through, I learnt my Horace repetition on my chair, or varied the proceedings by pulling the cook's cap off, and making her gurggle with suppressed laughter. The servants—especially one particular cook I can recall from the numbers of new faces we saw during the year—hated Browne as much as I did, and never used to call me to Family Prayers, but phrased her summons thus, 'Now, then, come to Reflections.'

But it was on Sunday my agony culminated. We had 'Reflections' in the morning; then service at an Evangelical church; that is, we 'sat under' Mr So-and-so. The sitting was, in fact, the main portion of our attendance; for Mr So-and-so preached for an hour and a quarter, and habitually raved himself blue-black in the face. It was expected of him, and he did his duty conscientiously, and died early. In the afternoon we had Catechism—Sacraments and all—which was simply 'not understood' of me. I wonder we did not have the Thirty-nine Articles and the Athanasian Creed. Evening Service was a minor misery, it was shorter, and a weak curate was sometimes allowed to preach, though my people said there was nothing *feeding* in 'poor' Mr Such-and-such's 'discourses.' I was glad to get to bed, even with the prospect of the morning's 'Reflections.'

How different the service which it is the object of this paper to describe! I will not name the particular church where it took place, because I have my doubts whether it was quite ship-shape, orthodox, legal, according to Act of Parliament and all that kind of thing; but it was very nice, and I would not for the world get the good people who organized it into trouble. Let us call the church St Asterisk's, and the officiating clergyman

Mr Blank. It was an afternoon service, which is generally a soporiferous affair. The service is long, and we know it will all have to be gone over again under happier auspices in the evening. The choristers are sleepy and sing flat, and the organist deputizes; while fifty form a large congregation, including the sponsors for the subsequent baptisms. To-day, however, there was a large congregation, composed of small, not to say infinitesimal units. The front blocks of the centre aisle on both sides, some six or eight pews deep, were filled with school-children; the seat-holders having relinquished their vested interests *pro tem.* in favour of the juveniles. Poor little bantlings in faded bits of showy finery were in the chief seats of the synagogue, and the people in the gold rings and goodly apparel had voluntarily gone behind, or located themselves in the free seats. There were lots of children here too, more heavily costumed. They were, I grieve to say, talking undisguisedly, and altogether promised to be as fidgety a congregation as ever gathered within the walls of a church; but, as soon as the bell stopped, the organist, a lady volunteer, struck up some bright little symphony, and then enter the Rev. Mr Blank, to lively music. He did not frown at the talking children, though his own surpliced choristers were as demure as mutes. There were no men; they stood aloof from the afternoon service as inartistic and *infra dig.* After a very short silent prayer Mr Blank gave out Hymn No. 361, Ancient and Modern, and there was no more talking. All the little ones sang it full-voiced, for it was one they knew in school. It commences thus—

‘Once in royal David’s city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild.
Jesus Christ her little child.’

If in the days of my childhood I had heard a choir suddenly start that cheerful tune, I should have thought

they had all turned 'wicked,' or that I was asleep and dreaming it was a week-day. But it was very touching, actually *screamed* out as it was by most of the school-children. The choristers either smiled, or looked scandalized, and some of the bigger ones remained mute, feeling their reputation at stake. When it was done, the clergyman sang the Litany, which had been omitted in the morning, the children making the responses very sweetly and correctly, and then there was another hymn, which Mr Blank had found, I fear, in some very unorthodox collection, and had a few copies struck off by the church-printer, himself teaching the air to the school-children and choristers. It was called 'Only beginning the journey,' and it struck me so much that I must print it. I devoutly hope I am infringing nobody's copyright. If I am, I apologize beforehand.

'Only beginning the journey,
 Many a mile to go ;
 Little feet how they patter,
 Wandering to and fro.
 Trying again so bravely,
 Laughing in baby glee ;
 Hiding its face in mother's lap,
 Proud as a baby can be.
 Only beginning, &c.

'Talking the oddest of language
 Ever before was heard,
 But mother—you'd hardly think so—
 Understands every word.
 Tottering now and falling,
 Eyes are going to cry,
 Kisses and plenty of love-words,
 Willing again to try.
 Only beginning, &c.

'Father of all, O guide them,
 The pattering little feet,
 While they are treading the uphill road,
 Braving the dust and heat.
 Aid them when they grow weary,
 Keep them in pathways blest ;
 And, when the journey is ended,
 Saviour, O give them rest.
 Only beginning, &c.'

When it was over I found myself rubbing my eyes—I suppose because it was so unlike an ordinary hymn—‘From lowest depths of woe,’ ‘There is a fountain filled with blood,’ or anything of that kind—and I wanted to see if I was wide awake. I have a notion a good many mothers with their children and one or two big bearded fathers were rubbing *their* eyes too. Mr Blank, singing out lustily himself, seemed to float in a sort of mist up into the pulpit, and, before I could quite realize that he was not in an aquarium, he had commenced the touching collect for ‘Innocents’ Day. This, again, is worth transcribing—

‘O Almighty God, who out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast ordained strength, and madest infants to glorify Thee by their deaths: mortify and kill all vices in us, and so strengthen us by Thy grace that by the innocency of our lives, and constancy of our faith even unto death, we may glorify thy Holy Name: through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*’

Now here, again, I had expected, ‘Prevent us, O Lord!’—how that word ‘prevent’ used to perplex me as a child!—or, ‘Blessed Lord, who hast caused all Holy Scriptures to be written for our learning,’ &c. The idea of making the different parts of the service dovetail one into the other, or bear any sort of reference either to other, had never occurred to us then. The parson had ‘Prevent us’ and ‘Blessed Lord’ pasted into his sermon-case, so why should he ‘fash’ himself to hunt up new Collects?

Hereupon ensued what I suppose must in courtesy be termed a sermon. I had dreaded a ‘catechizing,’ that awful process of extracting from unwilling juveniles information which has been carefully drilled into them during the previous week. But no; we had this ‘address.’ To me it sounded more as though Mr Blank was reading the Death of Little Nell or Paul Dombey than preaching a sermon. But the children certainly listened to him. The parents were the most attentive, though.

‘Children,’ he said—without giving out the ghost of

a text—‘I want to ask you to listen while I read a part of one of the most beautiful chapters in the Bible; the words of the Ecclesiastes or Wise Preacher—the last chapter of the Book that bears his name, and which, along with the Proverbs of Solomon, comes immediately after David’s exquisite Psalms, just as our sermon follows our hymns. The chapter opens thus—

‘Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, “I have no pleasure in them;” while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain.’

What a description that is of childhood; of the time of life through which you are passing, and which we, your parents and teachers and clergymen, have left so far behind, yet have not forgotten. As we look back to the old happy days of home—our earliest homes—and childhood and youth, we feel, I dare say, more than you do, how truly the words of this golden-mouthed preacher describe them, as the time when the evil days had not come, nor the years when we should say—as some of us have learned to say—‘I have no pleasure in them.’ Though of course we had, and you have, little passing sorrows, yet they were only like the shadows that flit across the fields on a day of April or autumntide, and which appear sent there to make the sunshine more enjoyable. It seems now, at all events when we look back, as though it had been always Sunday then (I groaned as I thought what *my* Sundays had been, and how infinitely I preferred the Monday mornings), as though the days were always sunny and the nights moonlit or starry; and when the little showers of tears cleared away it was a long, long time before the clouds came down again. You see I am only putting into slightly different words what Ecclesiastes says about childhood; and I repeat it because I want to fix those words in your memories, and make you understand something at least of what a good thing God gives you in your childhood. You will not understand all about it until you get to look back upon it as we do. The writings of

most poets are full of these recollections of home and childhood, and the contrast between early and later days in life. Some very plaintive ones, which I dare say many of you recollect, come into my mind as I speak to you. They were written by one who, amidst much pain and trial and sorrow, still made his life and the lives of those around him bright and cheerful and happy—

‘I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a whit too soon,
Or brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.’

And he concludes by some words which sound sadder than they really are—

‘Now ’tis little joy,
To feel I’m farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.’

Tempora mutantur! I thought. Fancy quoting Tom Hood in a sermon!

Now those of you—continued Mr Blank—who are old enough to look a little forward in life, and think what a fine thing it will be to be men and women, will perhaps be surprised and discouraged to hear me talking thus, as though it were really a bad thing to grow up, as though it were literally true, as those of old time used to say, that the persons God loved best died young. I am not saying that, and this chapter, with its solemn ‘Vanity of vanities, all is vanity,’ does not say so either. I would not, and the Bible would not, ask you to forego one bold plan, or cheat yourselves of one smile in life, provided it be a good and holy one. Religion was never meant to bring clouds on your young lives, but to be a sunshine all life through.

Again, I could not help thinking, parenthetically, of the chapters in Chronicles and Browne’s Reflections.

It is not a little way the Ecclesiastes is looking for—

ward, but a long way—from one extreme of life to the other, from golden childhood to gray silvery old age. And then how beautiful and perfect the contrast is! It is the contrast between morning and evening, between spring and winter. Shadowed evening and snowy winter seem sad in comparison of brilliant morning and blooming summer; and so they are, very sad and solemn. Their joys are joys of quite a different sort. This is the Preacher's picture of old age. He has a purpose in putting it close beside his picture of childhood, in running the one actually into the other.

‘In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows shall be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low. Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail, because—and here follows his picture of death—man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.’

I wish I had time to tell you how well this perfect picture describes the failure of the different powers and faculties in old age, and the going back of the old to second childhood. But one great point the Preacher wants to bring before you is how soon the one state passes into the other, childhood to age, life to death. It seems such a short time ago since I was sitting a little child like one of you, and listening to a preacher, not thinking I should ever come to preach myself!

And another lesson—the great lesson of all, in fact—is, that this failure of the powers, this passing from life to death, does not only take place in advanced age: sometimes it really is a very little while, as it always seems a very little while, before the rest of Ecclesiastes' picture is realized—

‘Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel be broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was,

and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, all is vanity.'

Go to any of the crowded cemeteries around this great city, where the sleepers in Jesus lie waiting for the Resurrection, and you will see what I mean. You will see how many graves of little children there are amongst those of aged persons and people in what we call the prime of life. I don't consider this a sad subject, or I should not mention it here. I call it the happiest subject we could talk about, if it only impresses on your minds the moral of the great Preacher's sermon—'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'

I have known what it is to follow one of my own children, who a little while before was healthy and well, to that same quiet sleeping-place. I have seen his little pale face looking up at me out of his coffin, and, sad as I was to lose him, I assure you I don't think sadly of him now. I take his brothers and sisters every now and then to hang flowers on the little cross above his grave; but I do feel with regard to him what a dead writer wrote of a little lost child: If one weak wish of ours could call that child back again, which of us would dare to utter it?

There—Mr Blank as nearly as possible quoted Dickens in church! We must, I felt, be on the eve of some great change tantamount to the Deluge, or the Battle of Armageddon, or something of the kind.

Remember your Creator, he concluded. Think on God, and try to live like your Saviour now; and then, whenever you die, in childhood or old age, the day need not be a dark one for you. I am not trying to put old heads on young shoulders. I am only telling you to do what you promise to do every time you say your Catechism. Be good, obedient, teachable children, as Jesus was, so that whether you die young or live to be ever so old, it may be written of you as it was of the child Christ at Nazareth, 'He increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favour with God and man.'

And so Mr Blank's little congregation resolved itself into atoms. They did not file out two and two, as I had expected to see them. There was a miniature Babel for a few minutes, and then all was quiet; while I sat still there, and saw Mr Blank pass to the font, and take some smaller fragments of humanity still in his arms, saying over each when gifted with the Christian name—

‘We receive this child into the congregation of Christ's flock, and do sign it with the sign of the Cross, in token that hereafter it shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto its life's end. Amen.’

And so—as Bunyan says—I passed on my way. I felt that Mr Blank, parson though he was, had given me an idea or two, that had never been inspired by Browne's *Reflections* or the chapters in *Chronicles*.

SERIES II.

THE ABOLITION OF UNORTHODOXY.

ON the 17th of June, 1875, there took place, at the City Temple, a meeting which, if it accomplished its ends, and those ends were pushed to their purely legitimate issues, would have the effect of breaking down the middle wall of partition between the Church of England and Nonconformity, and so gradually abolishing the very term Unorthodoxy in reference to the National Church. The meeting was called in consequence of adverse decisions being given by Mr Fitzjames Stephens and Mr Benjamin Shaw as to the right of the Hon. and Rev. R. Fremantle to preach in the City Temple, as he had been advertised to do in the early part of the year, but was prevented by the Bishop of London. Each of these legal gentlemen arrived at the same conclusion, though by different courses of argument, as will be seen in the course of the discussion which ensued. Viewed especially in conjunction with the suspension of Mr Mackonochie, which took effect on the preceding Sunday, and elicited a remarkably plain-spoken sermon from Father Stanton at St Alban's, it is scarcely too much to say that this experiment as to the elasticity of the Church of England system was a very crucial one indeed, especially since it occurred on the very eve of the time when the Public Worship Bill came into operation. It is difficult, of course, when writing during such a period of transition,

to calculate the probable issues on the fortunes of the Church of England; but, taking our stand towards the latter end of the month of June, 1875, and glancing round the religious horizon, there are not wanting signs of the times to assure us that the epoch is a very critical one indeed. We stand upon the eve of that grand panacea the Public Worship Bill coming into action. Will that suffice to bind us all in the rigid bonds of an artificial uniformity; or will the free spirit of the National Church break out in manifold varieties of action? Such were the thoughts that were coursing through the minds of the more thoughtful amongst us when the meeting was convened in the City Temple. Among those present were the Dean of Westminster, Mr Samuel Morley, M.P. (who presided), Sir Thomas Chambers, M.P., Sir Charles Reed, Chairman of the London School Board, Sir Henry Havelock, Mr Thomas Hughes, Q.C., the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Fremantle, the Rev. Samuel Minton, the Rev. Dr Stoughton, the Rev. Dr Parker (minister of the City Temple), the Rev. Newman Hall, the Rev. Thomas Aveling, and the Rev. Alexander Hannay, Secretary of the Congregational Union. Mr Aveling being asked to open the proceedings with prayer, displayed admirable tact by using only the Lord's Prayer, which was certain to offend no one. Then the chairman, in a singularly temperate speech, said that this subject needed the calm consideration of all earnest men. It was important that the state of the law should be known; it was not the common law which forbade this interchange of pulpits, but the ecclesiastical law, which dated back before the time of the Reformation. Nothing, he urged, would so strengthen the hands of the Episcopal Church as the abolition of the present restriction; but still even a bad law must be obeyed as long as it was the law. The question was whether this really did represent the law; and Mr Morley offered to hold any clergyman harmless who would try the experiment. If Mr Fremantle, for instance, would try it, he would guarantee him against pecuniary loss. He

did not ask him to decide on such a course then ; but he wished it to be understood that he was ready with his contribution.

Writing as we do from the Orthodox or Church of England point of view (for the term is only employed in its most technical and artificial sense), our interest naturally hinges upon the utterances of the clergy of the Establishment. The Hon. and Rev. R. Fremantle then said that, all his life long, he had felt growing within him the desire for Christian unity. At the Oxford Union his first speech had been made in favour of admitting Dissenters to the Universities, and nineteen years afterwards he saw that point carried. He himself was a loyal Church of England man—if not, his words would have no significance—it was his Church by birth and profession, and he was most anxious to obey those in authority ; but still he could see its defects. He was not a revolutionist, but he was an enthusiastic Church reformer, and he thought the one great defect that needed a remedy in the Church of England was her exclusiveness. The opinions, it was true, were adverse, he said ; but he added, in a crisp, pleasant voice which characterized his whole speech, there were crumbs of comfort in them. It was a consolation to know that though we were not free in this respect in England, yet we were in Scotland, Ireland, and America. The canons could not carry across the Channel. The fact of the Archbishop of York and the late Bishop of Winchester having officiated in Presbyterian Churches on the other side the border, threw a great shield over him and his coadjutors in their present proceedings. It was not on dogmatic grounds that this exclusiveness was maintained ; not because Dissenters were schismatics, but because an ancient law of discipline only had been allowed to come down from the Middle Ages *per incuriam*, and now we were beginning to feel the pinch. Mr Fitzjames Stephens thought such services were against the Act of Uniformity, and therefore, argued Mr Fremantle, ‘Not only must I not come to the City Temple, but all services

such as those of Messrs Moody and Sankey must be illegal for clergymen to attend. Theatre-services must be illegal ; and even prayer-meetings and family prayer itself would come under the category of conventicle services.' According to the opinion of Mr Shaw, all authority flowed from the Bishop's licence, and this made Nonconformists mere schismatics. Now all this was simply an anachronism. In the Middle Ages Nonconformists were dangerous ; but could we regard them as dangerous, or even as separatists, now ? Were we not thankful for the work done by such men as the pastor of the City Temple ? Clergymen who clung to the territorial system might ignore Dissenters ; but fraternity was the root of all Christian practice, and exclusiveness was the source of all evils. The greatest questions coming on for decision were now religious ones, and this lack of union fomented superstition on one side and rationalism on the other.

The City Temple, though it was the busy noontide hour of a working day, was thronged with a mingled crowd of church and chapel people ; and loud cheers greeted this liberal Churchman as he resumed his seat. They were renewed, too, when the Rev. Samuel Minton, another Church of England clergyman, formerly incumbent of Eaton Chapel, took Mr Fremantle's place. He was at one, he said, with Mr Fremantle, but they were not in exactly the same circumstances. He had himself often interchanged pulpits with Nonconformists. Happily for himself, he had been no party to taking counsel's opinion. There had been no legal decision on his own practice, and he believed there never would be. They now knew the worst, and he felt sure that the doctrines enunciated in the opinions that had been obtained could never be upheld by the Courts in this free country. They seemed to have ransacked everything ; but no legal acumen was wanted to show that their opinion would never be tolerated. Was it likely that 20,000 clergymen would consent to be tied hand and foot, and never to open their mouths except by permission of the bishop, and in certain prescribed ways ? ' Are we pre-

pared,' he asked, 'to be bound down by this iron Act of Uniformity?' and very audibly the assemblage answered, 'No;' for Mr Minton was an impetuous speaker, and meant to have his questions answered when he asked them. Should we fraternize with Presbyterians in the Scottish suburb of Berwick-on-Tweed, and believe it illegal to fraternize with them in the English suburb? How long would the Church of England hold together on such terms? As it was said in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' so might it be said here, 'You can screw the safety-valve down if you like and sit upon it, and see where it will land you, and how long it will be before you are all caught up to meet one another in the air.' How long would it take to burst the ecclesiastical boiler under such circumstances? If the water were lukewarm, as it used to be, then things might go on for ever; but now it was at boiling point, and—he needn't finish the sentence. There was one of two courses, either we must accept this phantom of hierarchical power from the Middle Ages, or we must appeal to the nation to decide by Parliament what is the position of the National clergy. We should have to pass an Act to Remove Clerical Disabilities, just as we had in the case of Roman Catholics, Jews, and Dissenters. It was time to think of ourselves. Let us unite in free, open communion the common Protestantism of this country, and it would be the mightiest power in the world. He preferred the Gospel to the law in these matters, and held with Dr Cuyler, that the best way of doing a thing was to *do it*. In the words of Norman McLeod, he would say—

'Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no leader in the fight;
But in every word and action,
Trust in God, and do the right!'

Mr Minton was the very man for the Templars; and, indeed, there was a vigour in his speech which would have backed up even a worse cause. He was followed by Dr Parker, who looked at the matter from a Nonconformist's point of view. Into this it would be out of

place under present circumstances to follow him, when we are rather gauging the opinions of Churchmen themselves. The Doctor, however, in a telling speech, suggested that if fifty clergymen would make the experiment suggested by Mr Morley, and preach simultaneously in fifty Nonconformist pulpits, the battle would be won. He did not think Disestablishment was the only solution of the difficulty. ‘Gentlemen of the Church of England,’ he concluded, ‘we do not undervalue your Church as a religious institution. Do not let a Church so glorious die of mediævalism.’

The Dean of Westminster moved the only resolution that was proposed:—

‘That this meeting is of opinion that the restrictions placed upon the clergy of the Church of England, according to the opinions of counsel now given on the subject of conforming ministers taking part in services other than those prescribed by the Acts of Uniformity, are injurious to the fraternal intercourse between the various Protestant Churches of this land, which is imperatively required in the interests of Catholic Christianity.’

Dean Stanley said they might imagine that, speaking as he did with stammering and uncircumcised lips, after eloquent men who had preceded him, he felt some difficulty in approaching the delicate questions referred to in the opinions of counsel and in his resolution. The difficulty they had to deal with had nothing to do with either the question of an establishment or with that of episcopacy or any other system of Church government. It came down to them from very old times, and belonged to a very widespread feeling. On one occasion, when he had the honour of conversing with the most celebrated Statesman in Europe—he meant Prince Bismarck—that famous man had remarked that the ecclesiastical struggle in which he was engaged was not only the same as that in which England had fought and conquered under the Plantagenets, but was much older. ‘It goes back,’ he

said, 'to the time when the High Priest Calchas confronted King Agamemnon over the sacrifice of Iphigenia.' In like manner, the principle out of which these restrictions grew went back to the time when the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans, and was deeply seated in every Church throughout the world—not only in mediæval, but in Protestant Churches—not only in the breasts of Churchmen, but of Nonconformists, and it had its root in the inveterate desire of every communion to be shut up in itself—to hold aloof from all who separated from it and from whose opinions it differed. But even from early times, and even in Catholic countries, the best spirits had struggled against it. Thus, take the case of excommunicated individuals. The most Christian and enlightened men of the age recognized as heroes the barons of England, who, although at the time under Papal excommunication, had extorted Magna Charta from King John; Columba, though an excommunicated Irish outlaw, evangelized Scotland; and Robert Bruce, in spite of his being under the like ban, was honoured as its king and liberator. Books, again, were circulated and read, notwithstanding their being placed in the Index; and there had been not very long ago a case in Canada, in which a Catholic had been denied Christian burial for belonging to a society on whose catalogues were prohibited works, but the Supreme Court of Law in this country redressed the grievance. Here in England, Churchmen and Nonconformists make no scruple of reading one another's books, and he hoped he should never be precluded from enjoying Dr Watts's writings and Dr Stoughton's excellent works on ecclesiastical history. And he even knew a high dignitary in the Roman Catholic Church who belonged to a reading club, many of whose books were in the Index, and who, therefore, by the strict law of his Church would be denied Christian burial unless it was granted by the grace of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Dean Stanley adverted to the participation of Nonconformists in the benefits of church architecture; to the dying out of the Quaker prejudice against church bells; to the

abolition of exclusiveness in education through the admission of Dissenters to the Universities. These barriers of separation had been broken down to the great benefit of Churchmen and Nonconformists alike. At one time clergymen and Dissenting ministers would not have been seen together on the platforms of the same religious societies, but now the Archbishop of Canterbury had been welcomed on that of the Bible Society. Many restrictions had disappeared, leaving comparatively few remnants of the old exclusiveness behind. Such a relic was their present difficulty. He would not underrate the objections to a more liberal policy. In the case of foreigners social relations and amenities might be sufficient in their intercourse with fellow-Christians, when distance or difference of language made official interchanges impossible. But it was not so at home, where they spoke the same glorious tongue, and held the same great national traditions. They had been parted by nothing but the grievous mistakes of their forefathers, and they might surely reunite again, if not in organic union or always, at least occasionally. It might be asked why could not the Dean of Westminster be contented with ministering in his own glorious Abbey. He, doubtless, had enough to do in his own sphere, still he could not forbear the desire to show at times that he was not parted altogether from the spiritual descendants of Howe and Owen, Baxter and Calamy, Penn, Wesley, and Robert Hall. He would not perplex the audience or himself with the discussion of technicalities. The novelty of the opinions given might remind them of a case not very long ago, in which the litigant startled the Court by demanding the wager of battle. His strange demand was found to be so far legal that a short Act of Parliament had to be passed in order to repeal the custom which enabled him to challenge the plaintiff to single combat. The law, as they all thought, and as the counsel no doubt thought at the bottom of their sleeve, was a remnant of an ancient law which now remained in shreds and tatters. In trying to remedy the state of the law let them guard themselves from setting themselves up

against the law of this country, because there was no liberty without law, as there was no good law without liberty. Let them remember the laws of England were imposed by the people of England, and so, in his opinion, the great advantage of a National Church was that it owed nothing to any law except that which the people of England imposed upon it. And, if it should so happen, after mature weighing of the subject, that these ancient restrictions should be continued, he should not be the one to say he would set himself up against that decree, nor would it be for him to say he had forfeited his liberty. His liberty would be restricted in one particular, but still, on the whole, he was satisfied they were more likely to obtain these changes, which they all so much desired, by constant appeals to the public opinion of England and of Parliament. They would, perhaps, require a fresh Act now. But in any case they were all bound to obey the law, although they might appeal again and again to public opinion to conform it to what was right and charitable. He was glad to be among them that day. He concluded by saying that in their presence he never lowered his flag as a clergyman who gloried in the 'freedom of the freest, the learning of the most learned, and the reasonableness of the most rational Church in Christendom.'

Sir Thomas Chambers, the Rev. Newman Hall, Dr Stoughton, and Mr T. Hughes supported the resolution, and the Dean of Westminster, probably on the principle that the best way of getting rid of a bad law is to keep on breaking it, gave the Benediction. Surely if the mere act of preaching is illegal in the City Temple, *à fortiori* must the act of pronouncing the Apostolical Blessing be!

It is at this point we elect to rest, and casting our regards over the Established Church, see what is the *status quo* of things in 1875. Possibly if they go on as they have begun in this chapter, the old land-marks may ere long be broken down between orthodoxy and unorthodoxy, and our occupation in consequence be for ever gone as a chronicler of Unorthodox London at all events.

THE PRIMATE IN THE CITY.

A TACIT concession appears to have been made, I know not on what grounds, that in order to discover anything like preaching power, you must be outside the limits of the Established Church. I entirely demur to that position. I have had, I suppose, as much opportunity of judging as any man living. My mission, for several years past, has been to hear rather than to preach, or simultaneously with preaching, sermons; and I can confidently say that the idea is altogether a fallacious one. Its origin is not far to seek. We are still, in our degree, like the Athenians in the Agora, fond of hearing or telling some new thing; and whilst every sect outside the pale of the National Church has either some new thing to tell, or some new method of telling it, the clergy of the Church of England are kept, and happily so, to the 'old, old story'—if one may quote those words in such connection; while even their mode of telling it is hedged round with salutary restrictions, elastic enough, it is true, since freedom of speech appertains equally to Mr Magee and Dean Stanley, Mr Haslam and Mr Haweis; but still there is a line of circumvallation, and within that line I am bold to say there is at least as much pulpit power as outside. Mr Spurgeon or Mr Moody may each have his own particular way of putting things which will attract many, but which repels just as many; while Mr Voysey may strike us with such announcements as that of a sermon on the Immorality of the Doctrine of the Atonement. All these things *draw*; and half the secret of a clever advertisement depends upon striking announcements such as these. If, however, we can be content to look a little below the surface, and to value edification rather than excitement, we shall find that the

point is most unwisely conceded as to pulpit oratory having died out from the Church. It has developed wonderfully outside, beyond a doubt. Congregational bodies simply *must* sustain this power, or become effete; but we are stating only a half-truth when we say that the power within the Church has quite kept pace in its development with the power outside. So much, however, is sufficient for our present purpose.

It was in such a frame of mind and feeling, perhaps just a little *blasé* with heretical utterances, that I resolved to go one Sunday morning to the very *fons et origo* of our Church of England Christianity, and hear the Archbishop of Canterbury preach at the City church of St Lawrence, Jewry.

There is no sight more striking than the appearance of the City on a Sunday morning. The streets are emptied of their week-day throngs, and only a few folks in their Sunday best journey along the desolate thoroughfares, while bells chime out with strange clangour from the numerous steeples. Everybody seemed bent for St Lawrence, Gresham Street, for were not the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs going to what I suppose is the parish church for the Mansion House? At all events a huge square pew stands in the very middle of the nave at St Lawrence's, as large as a moderate room, with a table and chairs in the centre, besides the ordinary seats round, and with the civic insignia in wrought-iron surmounting it. There was a good congregation assembled at twenty minutes to eleven, and very soon the City Marshal arrived, and made everything straight for the expected magnates. At eleven they entered in procession preceded by a sword and mace-bearer, and ladies—where are ladies not?—mingling with the scarlet robes and court dresses of the civic potentates. Soon after, a choir of about fifty boys and men in surplices came in, followed by the Incumbent (Mr Walrond) and the Archbishop. During the brief period of waiting, I had ample time to admire the handsome church, and note the curious mosaic of the Ascension over the altar, as also the epitaph running beneath the south-east memorial

window, 'Thomas de Kelleseye, Citizen of Milk Street. Died A.D. 1300. Domine, dilexi decorem domus tuæ.'

Knowing the recent changes which had come upon the cultus of St Lawrence, I was agreeably surprised to hear the prayers admirably intoned by the curate, the choir taking the harmonized Confession, and altogether rendering the musical portion in the most effective way. The Venite was sung to a Gregorian tone, the Psalms to florid Anglican chants, as was also the Te Deum, the last being taken without accompaniment.

I could not help whispering to a loquacious gentleman next to me who had been talking before service began, 'I thought you had no congregations in the City?' 'It's all talent, sir,' he replied. 'Get the right men and you could fill forty more churches in the City. You should have seen Mr Rowsell's church before he left us.'

There was no Litany; and as an Introit was sung the appropriate hymn—

'We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be.'

After the Ante-Communion Service had been read by the Incumbent, the Archbishop ascended the pulpit to plead the cause of the Bishop of London's Fund, an appeal which was most interesting as coming from the very prelate who had originated that practical measure of beneficence.

His Grace took as a text, Proverbs xxii. 2—'The rich and poor meet together, the Lord is the Maker of them all.' Plunging at once into his subject, the Archbishop bespoke our attention to the Fund after ten years of its existence. It had been found, by accurate examination, ten years ago, that, incredible as it seemed in the centre of the world's civilization in the nineteenth century, there were a million people in the metropolis for whom there was no church provision. The object of the Bishop of London's Fund was to extend the parochial system of the Church of England in the metropolis. The overwhelming majority in this million of people belonged to the poor. The rich could look after themselves.

They had no difficulty in finding a place in church, no difficulty in getting spiritual instruction, if they were anxious for it. But with the poor the case was different. It was the wish of his Grace's predecessor in the See of London (Dr Blomfield) to extend the means of grace especially to the poor; and now, after ten years' trial of the scheme, it would be asked what had been done? It was calculated that half the evil had been met. They began with a million for whom there was no church: now, by God's blessing, they were reduced to 500,000. But this was still a large number, and they dared not cease in their work.

The peculiarity of great centres like London, the Archbishop said, was that they were growing every year. When he was first Bishop of London there were 40,000 persons added to the population every year. So in the ten years over which their efforts extended there had been an increment of 400,000. Recent changes in the diocese had reduced the annual increase to about 36,000, which gave a prospective increase of 360,000 for the next ten years. The method adopted, his Grace repeated, was the extension of the parochial system, adding emphatically, 'I know no other by which to meet these wants. The Congregational system will never do. I mean the system which appoints a minister for those who choose to come to him. The effort must be one of a missionary character. We must map out the metropolis, and in each district have a minister and schools. The parochial system is the only mode of dealing with the evil.' The desire was to attend to the poor without neglecting the rich; and the parochial system brought the rich and poor together; and if it came to having two nations in England, one rich and the other poor, then, not only in a spiritual but a temporal sense, society would be destroyed.

This proverbial saying of the text, continued his Grace, can hardly be quoted as characteristic of our congregations in London churches. The rich and the poor meet together in the streets: to a certain extent they meet together at the theatre. It is but a sprinkling

of the poor that meets the rich face to face in most of our houses of God. Yet God certainly is the Maker of them all:—they are equal in His sight: their souls equally precious — their worship equally acceptable. The poor are not a less religious body than the rich. Considering their many trials and disadvantages they would stand very favourably in a comparison.

If in many cases, as Solomon says, the destruction of the poor is his poverty, yet have they privileges as well as trials. It is a characteristic mark of the dignity of the Gospel that it is preached to the poor. In many of the abodes in the manufacturing districts the rich and the poor are locally separated to a great distance; and then of course it is natural to expect that they will not frequent the same church. But there is no such separation in London parishes. There must be a great number at no great distance from your doors. And it must be from some great defect in our system that they appear in such small numbers in our churches. No doubt much is owing to insufficient and improper arrangements. The labourers in our country places are not habitually absent from church, though their life is as laborious, making their bodies crave for rest after the six days' toil, and the wages are in many places as scanty, making it equally difficult for them to supply themselves with such clothing as they rightly deem fitting for the decencies of the House of God. There are two things that make the poor ready to go to church in the country and not in the town: first, they are welcome if they do come; the familiar place is ready for them. The old parochial system, whereby the churchwardens as the officers of the bishop and the parish are bound to seat all the inhabitants, has not become a fiction through the rapid growth of population.

I am speaking of the old stationary agricultural parishes, where the church that was large enough to hold our fathers some hundred years ago is large enough for their descendants still; such quiet places as a parish I had in Oxfordshire, where the names of many of the cottagers and farmers are still the same as we find

written in the account of the place in Doomsday Book. This is one cause of their coming to church, that there is room for them and they are welcome. And though the squire and the chief farmers may occupy their old stately pews, this is not done to the exclusion of the poor. The second point is, that their coming or staying away is known and remarked on. In these country places they are not lost in a crowd. If it be said even of the rich that no man knows or cares who is his next-door neighbour, what shall we say of the poor? Ever migrating from one lodging to another, crowded often so closely together that it is almost as difficult to know who lives with you in the same tenement as who the people are whom you meet habitually by hundreds at certain hours of each day in the great thoroughfares, the generality of the poor feel in London that no man's eye is upon them. Their parish church is not for them a place where it is respectable and pleasant once a week to see the familiar faces of their various neighbours, poor and rich, and to interchange neighbourly greetings as they pass under the church porch. Unless these evils are remedied, and our parochial system made a reality, we can scarcely expect to see the poor in church.

Perhaps you will say these are not high motives for going to church; but we speak of them as helps to church-going, helps so important that the want of them is a serious and almost invincible difficulty. Country people, if you take the proportions of the two kinds of population, may be very little if at all better than town people, but they are better church-goers; and it is no light advantage you gain when you bring people habitually to church. If a man habitually neglects the ordinances of Christ's religion, depend upon it there is a perpetual tendency to degenerate. Those who frequent God's house are periodically kept under softening, humanizing, spiritualizing influences. The man for whom the Lord's Day has no outward marks of sanctity, who loiters all through it in his working clothes, only distinguishing it from other days by a freer indulgence

in the common bodily, perhaps sensual, relaxations in which he seeks refreshment at the intervals of toil on other days ; perhaps not smoking or drinking to excess, but still seeking nothing higher on the Lord's Day than the rest of the week ; certainly this man is under a great disadvantage compared with his church-going neighbour, and we need not be surprised if he rapidly degenerates.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ places all who listen to its summons under great spiritual advantages. This very fact necessitates that those who, living within the circle of its influences, habitually pay no heed to their Maker, degenerate.

I trust, said the Archbishop, that a more genial Christian feeling of brotherhood will grow up between rich and poor, and that they will meet together oftener to worship the one Father who is the Maker, the one Lord Jesus Christ who is the Redeemer, and will seek the one Holy Spirit who is the Sanctifier of them all.

It is this which gives such importance to all efforts made in Christ's name for extending the parochial system in our crowded London. By bringing our people into our churches, tending their children in our schools, visiting and helping them at their homes in sickness and distress, we desire to make them all live together as Christian neighbours sympathizing with each other. We desire to save them from debasing influences and a perpetual tendency to degenerate. We desire to bring them within the reach of other influences which, viewed in the commonest worldly aspect, must be elevating, and which, through the blessing of the Holy Spirit, must be a fertile source of good.

'The rich and the poor meet together, the Lord is the Maker of them all.' They are equal in His sight. 'Christianity,' says Chalmers, 'is in one sense the greatest of all levellers.' Those false distinctions which old philosophers drew between Greeks and barbarians, freemen and slaves, the educated and mechanic class, even between man and man, were all obliterated in the great ingathering of the Christian Church, which knows

no difference but that of piety, of growth in the graces of the Holy Spirit—knows no difference between barbarian and Scythian, bond and free, but acknowledges Christ as their all in all, whatever the race, condition, or degree, if they strive to follow Him in simplicity and truth. Strange that common sense, to say nothing of common natural religion, should not have suggested that in one sense all men are really equal—alike in the helplessness of their birth, alike in the temptations of their lives, alike in the loathsomeness of their decay. All have one beginning, while, wide as adventitious circumstances may keep them apart one from the other in their days of worldly prosperity or adversity, they have all one end. All begin in helpless infancy: all end in the helplessness which leads them to one inevitable grave. And wide as they are apart while they live, how alike are they in their temptations, which proceed from their one common human nature, and affect them with wonderful similarity, however different be their lots. The king's and the beggar's sins spring from the same unrestrained animal propensities, to be resisted and disciplined through the same grace of God. Again, how like are they, after all, in their degrees of happiness! It is not wealth or station that secures contentment. It is an old story that misery creeps alike into cottages and halls; that happiness—worldly happiness—is for poor as well as for rich, if they have a good conscience, good health, and are not in debt. Indeed it is wonderful, considering the vast difference of men's worldly circumstances, how near we are brought to each other in the degree of enjoyment they secure. Wonderfully alike, too, are they in their sufferings. What is the most common cause of suffering in the world? I will say failure of health. What guarantee have the rich that their health will be better than that of the poor? Is there not a wonderful similarity between the pains that rack the well-cared-for body on its couch of down, and the one that lies stretched on the pallet in the hospital?

And if we are so alike in our bodily sicknesses, what of our soul's ailments? Young men of the upper and

lower classes, there is no perceptible difference in the sort of sin into which they fall. The arrangements of society may establish a different code in the case of young women, poor and rich ; yet is there the family resemblance between all the daughters of Eve.

We might run through villages and find it the same—men and women wonderfully alike. The difference which marks them is not difference of station, age, or sex. There is a great and real difference between health and sickness, and still greater between a life of belief and of sin—a life in which much is done for God's service, and one in which time and talents are wasted for the world and the devil. My friends, let us consider our likeness and our difference. Alike sinners—alike trusting to the Blood of Christ—alike sanctified, if sanctified at all, by the one Holy Spirit. This, according to the Gospel, is the one condition of rich and poor, all alike capable of being members incorporated into the blessed company of Christ's redeemed.

Thus ended a very eloquent, as well as a very practical discourse.

As a sign of the largeness of the congregation, the curate had to read all the offertory sentences through, and then stand a long time silent and blushing while the collection was being made. The very bell-ringers grew impatient, and had to be stopped in the middle of a merry peal they had struck up when they thought the Lord Mayor ought to have been coming out of church.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK AT THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

BY a happy combination of events, I had the opportunity of hearing, on two consecutive Sundays, the two Archbishops of the Church of England, under circumstances to a great extent characteristic of each. I heard Dr Tait discourse on the Bishop of London's Fund, of which he was the originator, and reported his sermon above ; while, on the following Sunday, I found the Archbishop of York would preach at the Temple Church, before a congregation which I ventured to think very well adapted to his style of pulpit oratory. Having only discovered late on Saturday night that the Archbishop was to preach, I had no opportunity of getting a bencher's order ; and therefore, determined to be in time, I got to the Temple Station before half-past ten o'clock. Quite a small procession piloted me over the well-swept crossing leading up to the Temple Gardens, but the wicket was not yet open, so we particularly early birds had to enter *viâ* Essex Street. It seemed a queer combination of the Law and the Gospel as one went through the quiet courts to church, and the tardy spring made the plash of the fountain amid the delicate green leaves in the garden quite enjoyable. But our small procession passed quickly on, and we found a little crowd round the entrance, while ladies, red-faced and panting, kept arriving and adding to the numbers. I told a verger, whom I saw habited in gown of russet and yellow, that I had no order, but directly I stated my mission all difficulty vanished, and he placed me in about the best seat in the church. While we waited we could hear the choir practising in the distance ; and the unseen chorus, combined with the surroundings

of gray arches and storied windows, gave quite a dramatic character to our position.

Precisely at eleven o'clock, while the organist played 'In native worth,' the surpliced choir entered, followed by Mr Ainger, the Reader at the Temple, and the Archbishop, who wore his doctor's hood over his episcopal vestments. I was surprised to find that the sentences and exhortation were read, and so, as I afterwards discovered, were all the portions of the service where the choir did not join with the minister. The Confession was intoned, and an old gentleman next me, incapable, I presume, of singing on the upper G, took it an octave lower, and growled out his responses in a tremendous *basso profundo*. The Venite was sung to a Gregorian, but the Psalms were chanted first to double Anglicans—the jubilant melody of Beckwith alternating with the plaintive one of Cooke in Psalms 44, 45—while Psalm 46 was taken in a single Gregorian, sung in unison, the effect of such alternation being, to my thinking, exceedingly agreeable. I do not for one moment see why we should draw a hard and fast line between the two styles, or why the Gregorian music should be reserved for penitential psalms. Psalm 46 is a joyous one, and the massive cadences of the unison Gregorian suited it exactly. The Canticles were taken to the tuneful 'service' of Arnold in B flat, where, ever and anon, the melody is given on the organ, the choir singing, so to say, the accompaniment with very pleasing effect. The Apostles' Creed was in harmonized monotone. My old friend did the soprano part of the suffrages that followed in his original *basso profundo*, with very remarkable result indeed.

The anthem was, 'Thy mercy, O Lord,' by Mr E. J. Hopkins, organist of the Temple, and contained a beautiful quartet, 'O continue forth Thy loving-kindness!' which was all the more telling from its contrast with the choruses which preceded and succeeded it. The Litany was somewhat hybrid in character, the priest's part being read and the choir's portion sung. This is a pity, because the reader in this case has no

sort of reason, save and except persistent custom, for adhering literally to his name, since he chants the service very effectively indeed. The metrical hymns sung as Introit and before the sermon were very fine. They always are when a first-rate choir will condescend to sing them, and why should they not? The collection of tunes used at the Temple Church is a very eclectic one. The former hymn was the well-known one, 'Erect your heads, eternal gates,' and the second was sung to a quaint old air from the Scotch Psalter.

The Archbishop read the Ante-Communion Service in a fine manly voice, almost in monotone, taking his reciting note deftly from the kyrie which was still Arnold in B flat. The Archbishop read in what might be termed an imperceptible G, not by any means singing, but still reading, so that his pitch should not jar with the refrain of the choir. I noticed, too, that his Grace sang the kyrie himself.

After reading a 'Bidding Prayer' in the pulpit, which my conscientious old neighbour repeated *sotto voce*, Dr Thomson gave out as his text 1 Cor. xv. 14, 15; and upon it preached one of the most able sermons to which it has ever been my good fortune to listen. Such a congregation as that at the Temple must be almost a source of inspiration in itself. Whether it inspired the Archbishop or not I cannot say, but I noticed that, although he had a MS. before him, he scarcely ever referred to it. The sermon was, in fact, virtually an extempore one. We were standing, said the preacher, on that Sunday after Ascension Day, between two great parts of the Christian Dispensation, the former being the great supernatural facts of Christ's Incarnate life recorded in the Gospel, and the second the fact of Pentecost, which proved that Christianity was still a real power in the world. People were prone to talk in these times of 'Supernatural Religion,' as if it were possible to have a religion that was not supernatural. It was scarcely possible to conceive a revelation of God's will that should not include miracles. In considering the evidence for the acts of Christ, such as His Resur-

rection and Ascension, it was not necessary to debate as to whether every word in the Bible was inspired, because a very small portion of it would be sufficient for this purpose.

We now, said his Grace, turn to discuss the case with those who do accept the Holy Scriptures. For them I now proceed to speak of—1. The conscious witness of the Apostles; 2. Their unconscious testimony; 3. The witness of St Paul; 4. The connection and consistency of the whole history.

1. Now of the conscious testimony of the Apostles, it is only necessary to say that the Apostles began in the midst of Jerusalem, within a few weeks of the Crucifixion, among the very people who had seen Jesus borne along to His death, and where contradiction would have been easiest, to preach of Christ as one whom 'God hath raised up, whereof we all are witnesses,' and that this, the burden of the first sermon on the day of Pentecost, was the subject of every later utterance. They had no fear that in Jerusalem such a notion would be laughed to scorn; nor did they think of keeping it back, in Ephesus or Corinth, as a thing less interesting to those distant places, which had never known Him. Belief in a risen Saviour was evidently that which they expected from all their hearers alike. On this point it would be a waste of time to insist; no one who looks at the New Testament even carelessly can doubt it at all.

2. But the unconscious testimony of the Apostles requires a few words of explanation. They saw their Master taken away. They were appalled at the cruelty with which men assailed his life. They knew not what to think, when He allowed the wicked to prevail against Him even unto death. They were scattered when He was first taken; but they watched Him still with feelings of hope. Peter and John were not far off; but the others also watched, hoping that before the consummation of the deed the power of heaven would interpose. Instead of this there came *death*. Upon the Cross He hangs, that had led them and cheered them

with hopes, a dead man. The lips that taught them are livid and motionless. The eye whose glance of kindness they had relied on to sustain them is void of speculation. The priests turned homeward content with their complete victory; and the disciples have nothing to console them in the completeness of their defeat, except the recollection that the death was one full of patience and of God. But their hopes are gone. It is useless now to speculate on the *nature* of His kingdom; there shall be no kingdom more.

Amazed and confounded, they cannot collect their thoughts so as to form a new opinion of Him who has so disappointed them. 'We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel.' That is the temper in which the disciples, perhaps without exception, enter into the eventful period between the Crucifixion and the Ascension, known often as 'the great forty days;' and at the end of that period they emerge—brave, confident, ready to face death for their convictions, and ready to make the death of Christ, which so destroyed their hopes, the centre of their teaching unto the end. Now you will confess that this change was great. They had lost the hope of their life; they found it again. They had given up all attempts to understand the ways of God in such a grievous blow; they understood His plan now completely. What had passed in the intervening time? The Lord Himself had come back again and changed their mourning into joy. On the very day of His resurrection strange reports came to them. Pious women who had loved Him much had seen Him again. Two disciples, not of the twelve, going wearily and heavy of heart, had been joined by a stranger, who revealed Himself to them at last as the Lord Himself. After an interval he appeared to the eleven. One of them doubted yet: but Jesus gave him special proofs. He appeared to five hundred brethren at once. Enough is told us in the Gospels to show that the forty days were spent in teaching them to accept this momentous miracle, and it needed much pains. They saw him at first with astonishment and

fear; their very powers of knowing Him were disturbed; for neither Mary nor those that went to Emmaus recognized Him as of old. When that short period was over, all the disciples, not the Apostles only, admitted not merely the fact of the Resurrection, but had grown accustomed to the proofs of it. They had seen Him themselves; they knew where to find others who had seen Him. Ten or more appearances are on record, but there were probably more than these. Recognize well the completeness of the change. The death of Jesus almost overturns their reason. A month passes, and they appear again, not only believing the Resurrection, but having ceased to be surprised at it.

3. Now consider the testimony of St Paul. It stands apart for several reasons. His is the only case where an eye-witness tells us that he has seen Christ. 'Last of all He was seen of me also as of one born out of due time.' If the disciples of the Lord may be supposed to be prejudiced, and to determine to find for their Master some high and singular destiny, that does not apply to St Paul. He was wholly without and beyond the circle of Christ's influence as a teacher. He was protected from that by a most fierce prejudice against the Christians, rooted deep in his heart along with his Pharisaic zeal. The Lord appears to him on his way to Damascus, and he becomes an Apostle instead of a persecutor. You cannot say in his case that 'the wish was father to the thought;' that a strong desire to see Jesus was transformed into a fancy that he had seen Him. Upon that very journey where he saw Him, Paul had set out resolved to persecute to the death all that called on Christ. He believed that Christ Himself was beyond the reach of persecution—dead, departed. And lo! Christ met him by the way, spoke to him, and changed his whole life. It is quite out of the question to say that this was the result of a wish and an imagination. His wishes lay the other way. Had he been the sport of dreams, some vision of Moses or of Elijah would have formed itself in that teeming brain, and the voice that spoke to him would have said, 'Well done, faithful

servant; smite home, and consume those who are changing the law of your fathers.' All attempts to analyze in some natural way the fact of St Paul's conversion seem to any fair mind signal failures. The consequences to the Church were incalculable. To St Paul, under God, we owe the foundation of all the Churches in the West; that is, of all the Churches wherein the faith is most active at present. To assign to a delusive vision of an overwrought mind an act so laden with mighty consequences is contrary to all analogy. No life of mere man has ever been greater than his—so ardent in zeal and so calm in judgment; so heavenly in its aims and so practical in its methods; so untiring in its devotion and yet so self-possessed; so full of dignity and yet so humble. Could we have known him in the flesh, how we should have respected his opinion, and how his ardour would have stirred us up! To none of us would it have occurred that he had set out upon his noble mission under a delusion, the sport of a dream. A life, like a tree, should be judged by its fruits. Out of a dream come dreams; out of a deep conviction and belief will come words and acts that accord with that conviction. Never was there a life lived on earth of which it would be more natural to say—this man has known and seen Christ: and when he tells us that so it was, no one was ever more entitled to belief.

The witness of this Apostle to the existence of miracles in the first age is very remarkable. When he writes to the Corinthians on the subject of the variety of spiritual gifts, he mentions as a matter well known to them that the gifts of doing miracles, and of speaking with tongues, and of healing are there in the Corinthian Church. He does not say that it is wonderful, or that it is not; he does not argue from it that Christianity is true; he mentions it as an illustration of another subject, to those who know the facts as well as he does, just as one of you might say that one clergyman in your Church read the service more distinctly and another was the better preacher. St Paul came into the Church

late, as one born out of due time. He had no predisposition to Christian miracles; but he found them in the Church, and recognized their existence. Admit that the First Epistle to the Corinthians is genuine, as indeed all, even the sceptical, admit that it is; and you must also admit that miracles and gifts of healing were familiar as household words in the Corinthian Church.

4. Such is a sketch of the testimony on which miracles, especially that great one of the Resurrection, seem to rest. Eleven men gave themselves up to preach the Gospel of the Redeemer risen. They began to preach this immediately in the place where they could best be refuted if the tale was false, and thousands believed them. They did so because they had actually seen Christ after His death; and a great change had certainly taken place in their temper and behaviour exactly at the time when they said they had been seeing Christ. In less than a hundred years there are bands of believers all over the civilized world, worshipping the Risen Redeemer, and the very foundations of society shook at their presence. They rested on a miracle or upon nothing. Soon St Paul was added to the list of Apostles. The miracle of Christ's appearance had changed him, or else his whole life and Christian activity were a delusion. That he found miracles being wrought in the Church he treats as a fact known to all.

But it is time now to take in a few words a general survey of the whole argument.

We have said that the question whether miracles have been wrought would depend on another—whether a revelation of God had been given to man. When the man of science tells us that the laws of Nature are invariable and cannot be broken, we answer that this imposing formula is, after all, only the sum of our experience in common times, and if we decline to extend it to times of God's nearer dealing with His people we are quite consistent, for experience is only good for cases of the same kind. To say that natural laws, as we have observed them, can never be broken through is most unscientific. When space was void, silent and dark, it

would be against experience that God should set spinning therein a myriad shining worlds ; but God spake the word, and all the worlds went forth on their course, and the formula of experience must receive an enlargement. Every step in creation might have been opposed by the same formula—‘ Contrary to observation.’ On the rocky ball of earth it is against experience that forests should wave, and the spring with throes of life give forth its marvellous growth. But it came about. Still it was against experience that the bird should float with the cloud, and the large fish roll with the wave, and the wild beast leap in the forest, but these were made. Each of these accessions of experience stretched its boundaries even to breaking. But experience would have to accept the enlargement. I grant you that the laws of nature are sure. I do not expect that they will be broken or defied to-morrow or next day by any living man. But the question really is, whether a revelation of God to man was possible. If you say ‘ impossible,’ then you are right to cling to your view of the laws of nature. But we say, on the contrary, that after the round world, the kingdom of plants, the kingdom of animals, the kingdom of man, came a fifth kingdom, even the kingdom of God. The laws of nature are but the laws which God has used for His government of the world, after all. The history of creation, as far as we see it, has been a succession of steps, at each of which the less has had to find room and to harmonize with the greater. Now comes the greatest of all—Christ Himself has come, and God’s laws must harmonize with the acts of the Son of God : we need not be careful for their observance. Yes, you reply ; but is it the greatest of all ? Is it more than a natural development of man’s history ? Is it in the true sense a revelation ? We have come to the place where the two ways separate. Have we indeed received a revelation ? All seems to turn on this.

Why, then, was there such difficulty attending belief in this testimony ? ‘ I am not here to rail at science,’ said Dr Thomson, ‘ but a right conception of science should find room for new truths. We are told that the

laws of nature are inviolable, and that miracles are violations of these laws. But that formula is only a summing-up of our experience in common times.' It would not, for instance, cover the act of creation. There was a time when all was chaos, and (had there been any to observe) it would have been 'contrary to experience' for God to set spinning those myriads of shining worlds. The formula would have to be enlarged. So, too, at every stage of creation—when the rocky ball was clothed with forests—when birds floated in the clouds, fish in the waves, and wild beasts roamed the forest—all were contrary to experience. Each concession to experience had to be extended. The laws of nature were sure. It was not likely that one of them would be broken tomorrow; but the question was whether revelation was possible. If you say it is impossible, then the formula stands. But after all the kingdoms of creation there came another kingdom—the kingdom of God; and in every case the less had to make room for the greater.

Is it a revelation? The question was one of more than mere logic. From the great past we turned to the future. Pentecost was a new miracle. The Lord's Spirit came back to work in the world. When Ignatius, before the Church was a century old, was asked why he called himself Theophoros, he answered, because he bore in his heart the Lord Christ. His judges were surprised, and asked, in ridicule, how he could bear the Crucified in his heart; but it was a true answer. 'I do not understand,' said the Archbishop in conclusion—and we were all sorry to hear him say so after glancing at his watch—'how any one, looking at the history of Christianity, can doubt whether it is the work of God in the world. If you do—if you doubt the things that are without—go to the Throne of Grace, kneel and ask God's Spirit that you may become a Theophoros, and your critical doubts about religion will disappear. Christ will send back His life into your heart. You will *feel* it. The bulk of the argument may sometimes seem against you; but (you will be ready to exclaim) as I cannot, whatever the metaphysicians may say, deny the existence of my will,

or of matter, so neither can I deny that Christ is my Lord. I have dealt with Him. I have spoken to Him. I have not only seen Him in the history of the Past, but I know Him in myself, and cannot doubt that He is my Lord and my God.'

'A very able sermon, sir,' said my good old *basso profondo* friend, as I was brushing my hat previous to departure. 'I shouldn't like to have to tackle Archbishop Thomson on the scientific side of Christianity.' And I thought my *basso profondo* neighbour was perfectly right.



THE BISHOP OF LONDON AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

IN no quarter of the metropolis is the growth of modern London more evident than in that portion of the Old Court suburb which surrounds the site where, from time to time, international exhibitions have formed the centre of attraction. Exhibitions may come and exhibitions may go, but the Old Court suburb goes on for ever increasing. South Kensington is a fashionable but an eminently church-going neighbourhood, and, despite a more than usually wet Sunday morning, a very fair congregation assembled at St Stephen's church to hear the Bishop of the diocese plead the cause of the National Society. St Stephen's is one of the many churches which grew up under the late Archdeacon Sinclair's auspices, and were familiarly termed ten thousand-pounders, that being about the qualification which was required to enable a clergyman to acquire the incumbency. The church reflects very fairly the culture and refinement of the neighbourhood. It is a handsome Gothic structure, the east end being pierced with three lancet windows representing St Paul

and St John on each side, with the patron St Stephen in the centre. Above these there is a somewhat florid Catherine-wheel window representing Christ walking on the water. The lower part of the walls is diapered, and rather resembles what is popularly known as Tunbridge ware. The choir is a surpliced one, and the service is monotoned by the clergy. The incumbent, the Rev. J. P. Waldo, took the prayers very musically on the occasion of my visit. The choir is very efficient indeed; and I noticed that the chief effort seemed centred—appropriately, as it struck me—on the Jubilate as a climax. A boy, who sang a soprano solo in this canticle, had a really magnificent voice. The service used was that for the 20th of June; and it was quite amusing to notice the despair of the congregation when they got lost at the Venite. I believe they thought it was a special service for the Bishop. The hymns used at this church are from the collection called ‘Church Hymns,’ and I especially noted the beautiful one numbered 484, ‘Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven.’ The Bishop read the Ante-Communion Service very solemnly indeed. I noticed that he did not read, but recited the commandments. His lordship got into a difficulty in this way at the Nicene Creed, as he merged into the Apostles’ Creed at the end, and had to be set right by the choir. There was no Litany, and the sermon followed immediately on the Nicene Creed, without the interpolation of any hymn. This abridged the service very judiciously. The Bishop took as his text 2 Timothy iii. 15, ‘From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures,’ &c., and proceeded to show how this applied to young Timothy himself in the case of the Jewish Scriptures read to him by his mother and grandmother, and afterwards more fully explained by St Paul himself. He was simply to continue in this faith in the perilous times in which his lot fell. Human nature was the same at all times. Our Scriptures were the same as those learnt by Timothy at his mother’s knee, and it was not easy to assess the value of a Scriptural education. That would be a subject in keep-

ing with the claim he had to make, no less than with the loyal thoughts inspired by the anniversary of the Queen's Accession. First, the Bishop said, he would speak of the apparent disadvantages and dangers of such an education. The mind by early familiarity lost sometimes its interest in sacred subjects. All came as a mere matter of course, and motives were apt to be slackened in consequence, but this fact should only lead to more earnest self-examination. Practise the truths of the Bible, and so you will keep them vital. And the advantages were far greater than the dangers. These dangers attended all God's gifts. The early acquaintance with the Bible was—to take the lowest of all grounds—a means of mental culture. Education should draw out all the faculties, the moral as well as the intellectual powers. The Greek epics had been imperfect methods in ancient times; so had the study of the classics proved in modern days. To the great mass of people the Bible was the means of culture. Even apart from its Divine origin, it was most universally applicable for drawing out the various faculties of man, and that not only in the lower but the higher strata of society as well. Nothing so induced the upper classes to think and feel right as the Bible. Even bounding our view by the present life, he who best knew the Holy Scriptures was most 'thoroughly furnished unto all good works.' But to pass on to holier ground. What, the Bishop asked, was this life but an education for eternity? Up to the time of death the man had to be always learning, and, besides this inner teaching, the Church had her school for baptized souls. Besides her daily prayers, her frequent sacraments, and the too much neglected method of catechizing, there was the ordinance of preaching. The baptized person was to 'hear sermons.' The value of this method of instruction would not be known until the Last Day. People sometimes wondered why the results were not larger; why, when sermons were preached from 20,000 pulpits, people listened so languidly. The fault was said to be in the clergy, because one man could not

combine the gifts of Pearson and Jeremy Taylor with those of modern literature and science. He did not undervalue such gifts, but he recollected how, in the days of Greek science and Jewish learning, God saved man by the foolishness of preaching. Surely another cause of non-success was the unpreparedness of the soil. This must be the case unless the persons had from childhood known the Holy Scriptures. Again, early acquaintance with the Bible was the best method against some of the phases of modern infidelity. Some phases, indeed, rested on the minutiae of criticism; but most of them appealed to ignorance. The arguments fell dead and pointless when confronted with Holy Scripture. Many an infidel tract was quietly put aside by an artisan who, from a child, had known the Holy Scriptures, and so saw the fallacies of infidel arguments. It was easy, of course, to controvert the position that Holy Scripture made people wise unto salvation. Thousands who were baptized and taught in the Church schools showed no signs of such wisdom. These were in truth results which saddened one, but they were the ordinary issue of the struggle of good against free-will in a corrupt world. Even when Christ Himself taught, disciples were few, and churches only like oases in the desert of ungodliness. On the other hand, many did show good results, and all this was clear gain. Texts learnt at a mother's knee, or in the Church school, became a part of self. Men and women learnt to live and die by them. How many did so we could not tell, for piety was often content to dwell in the shade. We should know at the Judgment Day. Even when the good seed seemed to have struck no root, the tillage was not always lost. Often the heavenly wisdom was only latent, waiting for some sorrow or suffering to waken it into life. Once more: early acquaintance with Scripture stored the mind with notions ready for all emergencies. It was a resource in times of doubt and despondency. In temptation it supplied the very weapon wielded by Christ when He was tempted. It had a soothing power in affliction. And here his lordship

told, most pertinently and pathetically, an anecdote of one he had known, who for two days was deprived of the power of speech and motion, and the bystanders spoke of her as unconscious ; but the senses were acute though the will was impotent. While she lay thus every text she had learnt passed through her mind like links in a chain. Through these two strange days of seclusion they were her only comfort, and she lived to tell the secret of the unearthly solace, and to express her gratitude for the early lessons which had supplied it. How many felt this, but died without being able to tell us ? The familiar words of Scripture blended imperceptibly in their case with the choruses of angels. On this the Bishop based his claims for a society to which hundreds of thousands owed their acquaintance with Scripture. It was difficult in these days of School Boards to realize the condition of things fifty-five years ago, when the National Society came into existence. Many good people then doubted whether it was well that the lower classes should be educated. But the great work which the Society did was to struggle against the exclusion of religious education. Other bodies within and without the Church had done the same, but the National Society was the greatest educational agent of the nineteenth century ; now, when education was a function of the State, the society's work was still important. By Church schools being built and aided, the necessity for Board Schools was done away with. He counselled managers of Church schools not to hand over their schools to the Board in a panic, which, two years hence, they would see was needless. His lordship concluded by detailing the work of training teachers and inspecting schools, which, he said, constituted a claim on behalf of this Society for every one who held the truth of the text.

THE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS AT
ST PAUL'S.

ONE can scarcely imagine a more characteristic sight than the interior of Wren's Metropolitan Cathedral filled with a week-day afternoon congregation. The roar of the great city outside forms the most complete contrast to the quietude that pervades the sacred building, and we are pretty sure that those who gather there have their hearts in the work they are doing. Of course there are a few country cousins who have come to see the cathedral, as in duty bound, and who adapt themselves to circumstances by waiting until the service is over to recommence their pilgrimage among the monuments, but they are, for the most part, reverent and patient, even if not enthusiastic worshippers. There seemed a larger sprinkling of them than usual when I went one afternoon in early spring to hear Lord Arthur Hervey, Bishop of Bath and Wells, plead the cause of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

For some reason or other, known only to the inscrutable mind of a verger, the choir of the cathedral and the front rows of the seats under the dome were rigidly guarded against occupancy. 'Have you a card, sir?' said a grim official to me as I prepared to pass to the front. I was fain to confess I had not, and down went the silver-gilt mace to oppose my entrance, quite unnecessarily, for I retired unresistingly to the back seats, and the 'reserved' ones were, as a fact, only partially occupied during the entire proceedings.

Just before four o'clock the organ sounded forth a sweet voluntary, and one of those queer Protestant processions that always look so funny dribbled in

from the vestry to the choir. The officiating clergy took their places in the choir stalls, and the service was very efficiently performed, the only drawback being the lessons which were read from a lectern close to the jealously guarded seats, but so as to be quite inaudible, except in that advanced position, where there was scarcely anybody to listen to them. I do not know whether I am wrong, but it seemed to me as though the clergyman who read them hardly exerted himself as he might have done, for he had a strong voice; but I might have suffered from my position. The intonation of the prayers, as well as the rendering of the anthem and of two metrical hymns which were introduced into the service, struck me as a great improvement on what I could recollect of old St Paul's experiences. It was a thorough type of the Anglican cathedral service, and the preacher, an equally typical Anglican bishop, passed to the pulpit under the dome, and delivered an excellent sermon in a voice audible to the furthest limits of his large congregation on the text Luke iii. 2, 'The Word of God.'

This is a phrase, said the Bishop, very freely scattered through the pages of the Bible. We find it in the Old Testament, and we find it in the New Testament. The prophet Isaiah has somewhat to say to the people, and he prefaces it by, 'Hear the Word of the Lord' (i. 10). Jeremiah tells us again and again 'The Word of the Lord came unto me;' the Word of the Lord came unto Ezekiel; the Word of the Lord came unto Hosea; the Word of the Lord came unto Jonah; the Word of the Lord came to Micah; it came to Zephaniah, it came to Haggai, it came to Zechariah; and it was in the mouth of Malachi. Four hundred years and upwards pass away, and the Word of God came to John in the Wilderness; and yet, a few months, and One stood preaching on the shores of the lake of Gennesaret; and we are told that the people pressed upon Him to hear the Word of God from His mouth. What is this Word of God which thus found its way among

men through so many centuries? How came it here? What is its mission and its meaning? Is it any longer heard among us? Do we need it in these days of widespread knowledge and advanced civilization? These and a hundred other like inquiries naturally crowd upon the human mind when it sets itself to think about the Word of God.

When the idea 'The Word of God' first presents itself to the mind, its reception, of course, depends upon the state of the mind to which it is so presented.

(1) One state of the human mind I will characterize as the independent or self-sufficient state. Such a mind looks upon itself as having at its own command powers sufficient to cope with all the difficulties, and to meet all the demands that it will encounter through life. For all matters of conduct it relies upon its own virtue, on its own strength of will, on its own wisdom, prudence, and sagacity, upon its own ability to refuse the evil and to choose the good. For all matters of knowledge it relies upon its own intellectual resources. It has power to decipher the pages of the Book of Nature; it can penetrate the depths of physical science; it can track its way through the intricate windings of metaphysics; it can acquaint itself with the natural history of man; it can master the science of language; it can expatiate in the fair fields of art and letters; it can improve the economy of human society, and can tend continually towards perfection in the great business of civil and political life. In a word, it is self-sufficient within that circle by which its aims and energies are bounded, and scorns to be beholden to external help for that which it thinks itself competent to supply to itself. To a mind in this independent state the Word of God, with its claim for absolute submission and obedience, comes as an unwelcome intruder and usurper, and such an one is ready to ask, with Pharaoh, 'Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice?'

(2) But there is another state of the human mind which I will characterize as the dependent or non-

self-sufficient state. And this dependency arises not from any deficiency in mental or moral power, as compared with the other state of mind which we have just been considering, but, on the contrary, from a far wider, deeper, and juster range of thought moving in a far larger circle of truth. I will indicate what I mean in as few words as possible. A mind, such as we are now speaking of, feels intuitively that as it is not self-existent, it cannot be self-sufficient. As it derives its being from God, the self-existing, so it must, in the very nature of things, depend upon God. And as its thoughts embrace the eternal future, and its own powers at best extend only to the brief present, so must it needs depend for that future upon One who is Eternal, *One that was, and is, and is to come*. But it notices further that even in secular and present things there is constant evidence of the Providence of an unseen Will, and the working of an unseen Power: that man is not master, even in the narrow range of his own dominion; that the wisest schemes fail; the most deep-laid plans are frustrated; the most sober hopes are disappointed; the highest worldly wisdom is turned to folly. Therefore independence and self-sufficiency are not the proper attributes of man.

But further still, such a mind as we are now speaking of deals with its own moral condition as something unspeakably more important than the truths of science, or the whole range of secular knowledge. To be holy as God is Holy: to be really pure in heart; pure in thought; pure in aim, pure in motive, pure in following out the motives; pure in the midst of impurity, unspotted from the world; to attain all the moral perfection of which man's nature is capable, and entire freedom from the bondage of sin in all its kinds and degrees, such one feels to be the great task to which he ought daily and hourly to set himself. And he has a very keen sense that the first and highest of his duties as a man is his duty to God; a duty not to be paid by any mere outward bodily service; but to be rendered only in perfect love, in the spiritual worship

of the heart, in the entire obedience and consecration of the whole inner man, and the conformity of the will to the will of God. And he knows that every departure, every falling short from this spiritual obedience of love, is sin. But when he aims at that purity of heart and that moral perfection which he admires and desires, when he strives to render to God the service of perfect love which he knows is His due, he is conscious at every step of shameful failure and incapacity, and inexcusable short-comings. Where then is independence and self-sufficiency? But that is not all. Failure of duty is sin, and conscience winces under a sense of sin. Reason is bewildered under a consciousness of sin. What is the penalty of sin? What are the relations of a sinful man to the Holy Almighty God? What is the sinner's future? How can sin be undone and taken away? Will there ever be the opportunity or the power of paying the unpaid debts to God? Can there be a recovery of righteousness to those who have lost it, or is it gone for ever? Such questions crowd upon the mind, but reason is dumb to answer them. It may guess and flounder in hopes and conjectures, it cannot satisfy the terrible doubt. Where is there room for independence and self-sufficiency in the mind that is busied with such thoughts? There is none. But now if the Word of God comes to such a mind with its resolution of every doubt, with its revelation of the mind and will of God, with its glorious discovery of the riches of God's grace in Jesus Christ, with the doctrine of the Cross and the atoning Blood, and the all-sufficient sacrifice for sin, and the Resurrection and the Judgment, and the Eternal Kingdom; if the Word of God comes with its promise of the Holy Spirit, to write God's blessed laws in the fleshy tables of the heart, and to give power to perform what the Word of God commands; if the Word of God comes with its explanation of the mystery of evil, and its disentangling of the perplexed and tangled skein which has baffled all the reason of mankind in their attempts to explain it, then with what joy will that Word of God

be received, what a welcome will it meet with in the secret chambers of the heart !

And, my brethren, it is thus that the Word of God finds us, and we are dependent upon that Word. Just as our earth with all its admirable apparatus, its soil teeming with herb and tree, its varieties of animal life in man and beast, its infinite resources, its stores and heaps of things useful and pleasant, its grand machinery of human society, its nations and states, its cities and governments, its land and sea, its mountains and its mines, its fire and water, yet could not exist an hour without the distant sun to shine upon it, and hold it in its place by gravitation ; so it is that all the excellences of our human nature, rate them ever so high, must utterly fail of accomplishing their end without the mighty aid of the Word of God. And God has given us His Word. Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift !

But what do we mean by the Word of God ? We mean the communication to us of the mind of God. In the mind of God there is knowledge, and there is a will, and there are purposes, and decrees, and counsels, and laws of procedure. And who can guess the infinity of these ! They have relations to all time, to all space, and to all creatures that are, or have been, or shall be. But a portion of them relates to us men. A portion of them it is essential to our happiness, and our well-being, and our fulfilment of the end of our existence that we should know, and so God speaks to us, and by His Word reveals these things to us. Exactly as the word of man is the medium of communication between mind and mind, so is the Word of God the instrument by which God communicates His mind to man ; and if we ask how came the Word of God among us, we have only to turn to the pages of Holy Scripture to learn. There we read how God spake to man, sometimes by visions of the night, sometimes by Urim and Thummim, and oftener still by His holy prophets, to whom the Word of the Lord came. But in all these cases, and in all these instruments, there was the com-

munication of the mind of God to man. Last of all, God spake to us by His Son, the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, whose every Word was the Word of God, and whose whole life and death and resurrection from the dead was the full revelation of the mind of God to man. And what is its mission to us? It is like the mission of the sun to dispel darkness, to gladden the face of nature, to diffuse light and heat, to stimulate all the latent powers of life and growth, to fertilize the earth's bosom, and to make life joyous. There are regions of the earth where darkness and death prevail through the long winter months of gloom, where life cannot be sustained, where the earth yields no produce, where the shriek of the wild bird is not heard, where ice-bound hardness locks up everything in its stern embrace, because the bright warm sun shines not upon them. Even so it is the mission of the Word of God to come amongst us, and to gladden our hearts with the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, to shine upon our sin-bound hearts and to awaken spiritual life and stimulate spiritual growth, to cause the light of promise and sure hope to shine upon our path, to turn human society into a fellowship of loving brethren, to make our natural powers of mind and all our natural energies and affections minister to each other's comfort, instead of being employed in each other's hurt. And, brethren, let me add, that however much of this blessed mission of the Word of God has been hindered and frustrated by the wickedness and unbelief of man, yet even the heathen world is witness, and this great metropolis is witness, that its mission is not in vain. There are those, blessed be God, and not a few, who, in obedience to the Word of God, and under its holy influence, are living, not for themselves, but for Christ and their brethren, who seek out ignorance, want, and sorrow, to apply the remedies to such misfortunes, and whose own souls are gladdened by the sunbeams of God's love. The heathen world and the dark courts and alleys of our half-heathen cities, as well as our country villages, bear witness that

the Word of God is still heard amongst us, because we daily see or hear of some turning from darkness to light, in obedience to that Word, putting off the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and putting on the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness; and for further proof that we require the Word of God now, in spite of all our boasted knowledge and civilization, as much as ever we did, we need only turn to the dark pages of our own infidel writers, the apostles of annihilation, on the one hand, and the superstitions which are the teaching of the word of man, on the other. Nothing is more instructive as to the paramount value of the Word of God than to observe, on the one hand, the utter darkness into which the most gifted minds fall when they reject the wisdom of the Scriptures, and the utter insufficiency of the loftiest infidel teaching for the personal or social wants of mankind; and, on the other, to notice how invariably, as soon as ever the Word of God is lowered from its supremacy as the sole fountain of religious truth, human truth, though professing to be religious, degenerates into corruption and error.

Whether then we consider our own and other lands where human learning and civilization are at their height, or whether we think of those nations where the blight of Heathenism or Mahometan imposture still rests upon the nations, we see that there is just the same need for the Word of God to be proclaimed aloud, as there was in the days of the Hebrew Prophets, or when Jesus of Nazareth preached the Word with His own blessed lips.

How truly wonderful it is that the providence of God has provided for the continuance of His Word among us ages and ages after the cessation of prophecy, and the withdrawal of fresh inspired teaching from among us! As long as the Church of God was shut up within the four walls of the courts of the Jewish dispensation, it sufficed that the Word of God should come to the prophet of the day and be communicated by his mouth to the people. Samuel and Elijah and Elisha, and Isaiah

and Jeremiah and Daniel, delivered their sacred messages, and they ran through the land of Israel, and it sufficed. And the same favoured land was filled with the yet richer tones of the everlasting Gospel when the incarnate Son of God dwelt amongst men, and the Word of God distilled like dew from His gracious lips, and from the lips of His Apostles. But when the tabernacle of the Church was stretched so as to take in all lands under its widespread curtains; when God's Word was to be made known to three or four hundred different nations, speaking different languages, and dwelling in remote and opposite quarters of the world, it is obvious that some different machinery was required. Well, then, during some 4000 years not only did the Spirit of God speak from time to time (rarely at first, much more frequently later on), but during all that time God's providence took care that such portions of that spoken Word as seemed good to Him, should be gathered up and carefully laid by in the sacred treasury of the Book, for the use of future ages, and generations of believers yet unborn. What God spake to Moses, what He spake to Samuel, what He spake by the mouth of David and all the Prophets, was gathered up into the Book. The people to whom the word was *spoken*, so God ordered it, was a *writing* people; their sons were Scribes: and so God's words were gathered up and *written*; written as with a pen of iron in the eternal rock, not to be blotted out for ever. The Prophets died, David saw corruption, Israel was carried into captivity, Jerusalem was made a heap of ashes; dynasties were swept away by War and Revolution; the Hebrew tongue passed away from among the living languages of mankind; but the Word of God once spoken, and then engraved in written characters, has survived all the crash of empires, has lived through all the storms and tempests of time and change, and remains in its integrity to this very hour. And I can scarcely conceive a more striking effect of the special providence of God providing for the wants of His Church to the end of time than this *formation* first and then *preservation* of the volume of the Old

Testament. Its careful writing in those remote and darksome ages; its translation into the Greek language just at the time when Greek was becoming the language of the civilized world, and then its perfectionment and completion by the addition of the New Testament, with its fuller revelations, its glorious interpretations and culminating chapters of the Love and Grace of God in Jesus Christ, now fully brought to light, is such a standing miracle of Divine prescience as seems to set God visibly amongst us, holding out to us His written Word for our grateful acceptance. And the result is this—that whereas the supply of prophets, always very limited, has wholly ceased, the volume which contains the trusty record of the pure and undefiled Word of God can now be multiplied to any extent. In point of fact the Bible Society has distributed between seventy and eighty million copies of Holy Scripture since its foundation, and in upwards of two hundred languages. The art of printing has come in as a supplemental act of the Providence that fails not. And see how this works. Of old the Word of God came to the Prophet or the Apostle, and they proclaimed it with their own lips as the Spirit gave them utterance. But now, though this inspiration has ceased, the living teachers and ministers of the Church have their common treasury to draw from, and are sure when they speak in accordance with Holy Scripture that they are preaching this very Word of God. The Scriptures are the Church's well from which she ever draws, in all their freshness and purity, the living waters of truth and salvation.

I have thus endeavoured to show you, my brethren, the need that we men have of the Word of God, and the unspeakable blessing it is to us, and the wonders of that gracious Providence which has so marvellously supplied us with it. I should like, in conclusion, to say a few words about the Bible Society.

If I have in any degree succeeded in placing before your minds the Word of God in its relations to human wants, and our own possession of that Word as a signal result of God's prescient care for His Church and for

mankind, and if you feel with me that the possession of a great power and opportunity for good is equivalent to a Divine call to do that good, I shall not need to press upon you the conclusion that the Bible Society has a claim upon your support: I see in my mind's eye the three hundred nations and tribes of the earth in all their various stages of civilization, in all their varieties of clime and colour and knowledge and government. I seem to hear their discordant accents and manifold tongues and dialects, the polished tongues of the East, the rude jargon of Laps and Finns, the guttural utterances of Celts, the soft dialect of the South Seas. As I look, there arises in the midst of them a fair figure, crowned with charity, girt with knowledge, and clothed with Christian faith. A great chest is at her feet, which she unlocks and opens, and from which she draws forth countless volumes of great price. Without distinction of race or creed, of barbarians, Scythians, bond or free, she freely distributes them to all the nations and peoples around her. And as each opens the book he has received, he finds it is a copy of the 'Word of God' written in his native tongue wherein he was born. And as I watch those who receive this precious boon—whether the process takes years or centuries matters not—I see a gradual and most blessed change. It is like the morning mist dispersing before the sun. The knowledge of the truth takes the place of ignorance, superstition, and error. The savage warrior glorying in bloodshed becomes the tender-hearted brother loving his neighbour as himself. Oppression and cruelty yield to justice and mercy. Christian civilization springs up in the barren wilderness. Human nature, with its wonderful gifts and powers, is directed to its true end. The Word of God has done its work, and has leavened humanity with the leaven of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Such an image represents, I believe, fairly, the work of the Bible Society. Nothing can be more simple than its design. Seeing that the Word of God in Holy Scripture is needful alike for teachers and for taught, seeing that it is God's great gift to man, seeing with

what care God has preserved it for man's use through many centuries, seeing what an injury is done to men when the Scriptures are hidden and unknown, and what an immense blessing was bestowed upon England when at the Reformation the Bible was unchained, and given freely to the people. It seeks simply to bring the Bible within the reach, not of our own people only, but of every nation and language on the face of the whole earth. At the bidding of charity it places all the resources of learning at the disposition of faith, and makes the wonders of modern art subservient to the distribution of the Word of God.

May this metropolis of the wealth and commerce of the world not be wanting in her part in so great a work, and may this Cathedral church, the centre of the Christian life of England, which has witnessed such great vicissitudes of truth and error, be among the foremost to help it forward; and may Almighty God bless the endeavour to honour and diffuse His Word, for our Lord Jesus Christ's sake.

THE BISHOP OF ELY ON CHURCH MUSIC.

FACING Kensington Gardens, and seeming to stand amid a very city of palaces, is Christ Church, Lancaster Gate; and time was when, under the auspices of Mr Frederick Archer, now organist of the Alexandra Palace, Christ Church had one of the finest choirs and heartiest services in suburban London. Consequently the announcement that Dr Woodford, the Bishop of Ely, would preach on behalf of the choir on the First Sunday after Trinity had a double attraction for me, as I thought I should renew acquaintance with the choir, and hear one of the most eloquent prelates on the Bench. The

hawthorn was only just beginning to fade, and the laburnum to lose its early spring-tide loveliness, when I passed amid the umbrage of Kensington Gardens, and realized to the full the truth of Mr Disraeli's remark, that no city in the world has such gardens on its outskirts as London.

When I gained the vestry of Christ Church—half an hour before service-time—I am sorry to say I experienced one of those bits of, not exactly discourtesy, but *brusquerie*, that we scarcely expect in the Church of England, though we are not surprised to meet with it from the representative of some little unmannerly sect. I had taken the precaution of sending, the day before, a special messenger to the incumbent of Christ Church, the Rev. Richard Wood, saying that I was about to write an account of his choir, and should be obliged for any information he could give me. He sent a verbal message, saying he would arrange with the organist. To my surprise, then, when I went to the vestry, he said, 'I cannot take any steps in the matter. My choir is entirely altered. We only do a plain service.' He added, partly in his words, and still more by his manner, sundry reflections anything but complimentary to the Fourth Estate. Then he said, 'If you are going to report the Bishop's sermon, please sit where he can't see you.' I mentioned that I had taken down many bishops' sermons already, and received every aid from their lordships; whereupon Mr Wood said, with the most charming innocence, 'I should think they must find it very disagreeable to have their sermons taken down. *I know I should.*' There are, possibly, special reasons why Mr Wood should object to having his sermons reported, but these have no sort of application to the Bishop of Ely. However, our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of his lordship, followed by a footman with his canonicals; so I retired, and a sly old pew-opener, who knew me from having seen me officiate at Christ Church, put me well in front; but I cannot say the Bishop of Ely seemed at all disconcerted by my occasionally jotting down a note of one of

the most masterly sermons it was ever my good fortune to hear.

But first for the service, which seemed scarcely to have degenerated so much as I had expected. The opening voluntary was the 'Preghiera' from 'Mose in Egitto,' and during its performance a large surpliced choir took their places. I never could discover whether the prayers at Christ Church were read or monotoned. The curate, who has been there from time immemorial, has a musical voice, and reads mostly on a single note, varying proceedings by occasionally dropping about a third when you least expect it. As Tallis's responses were sung, and the choral portion of the services recited on G, the effect of this was hybrid and grotesque in the extreme, and was the more unfortunate as the curate has a magnificent reading voice. His delivery of the narrative of crossing the Jordan, and of the closing in of Christ's Life, which formed respectively the First and Second Lessons, was very eloquent indeed. The Venite was sung to a single, the Psalms—for the 30th day—to appropriate double Anglican chants. The boys recited too fast to be quite distinct in their articulation; but the singing was very much above par, and I still failed to notice the degeneracy the incumbent asserted. The Te Deum was in like manner set to three Anglican chants, which modulated very happily at the different portions of the Canticle. I could scarcely help smiling to notice the different attitudes of the three officiating clergymen during the Creed. The curate and choir turned to the east; the Bishop, who was at the north side of the Communion Table stood about three-quarters round; but the incumbent faced due north, as if he had been bound for the Arctic regions. During the Lessons I noticed that he seemed to tuck the whole of his surplice behind him, and left his legs exposed to view as he lolled in his cozy arm-chair. There was no Anthem or Litany, and the prayers after the Third Collect were considerably abridged, so that the service was short. The congregation, I ought to add, was not only what would be termed

large and fashionable, but what I call a solid one, consisting largely of substantial middle-aged men with their wives and families. At the end of morning prayer the choir sang the beautiful hymn, No. 164, from the Ancient and Modern Collection, 'We love the place, O God,' and the last verse but one seems now, as I write after the event, as though it might have formed the text of the sermon, or been arranged to lead up to it—

'We love to sing below,
For mercies freely given;
But O, we long to know
The triumph-song of Heaven!'

The Bishop read the Ante-Communion Service in a fine manly voice, which seemed, if one may so say, younger than I should have expected, for his Lordship walks with a slight scholarly stoop, and this gives more or less the semblance of age. The Kyrie which followed each Commandment was an exceedingly sweet one; but, cut off as I was by a veto at head-quarters from all association with the organist, I know neither who the composer is, nor who manipulates the instrument at Christ Church. To me the reading of the Commandments is one of the most crucial tests of a clergyman's powers. Too often they are hurried over; but the Bishop's slightest intonation was always well placed, as, for instance, in the second, where he read, 'Thou shalt not bow down to *them*, nor worship *them*; for I the Lord thy God,' &c. One of the late Mr Bellew's finest specimens of elocution used to be the Fifth Commandment.

The Kyrie after the last Commandment, when the words so often fail to suit the melody, was, in this case, the most effective of all; the tenor part containing some beautiful passages, and the splendid *sostenuto* of the boys' voices at the end showing that they still had some good training, even in these days of their Decline and Fall.

Mr Wood's portion of the morning service was limited to the Epistle, so there was no danger of one's 'reporting' him, except so far as to mention that he gave it out as 'the fourth chapter of the First Epistle General *by*

St John,' &c. Then, after the Nicene Creed, was sung Hymn 303; and once more I was struck by its marvellous adaptation to the impending sermon, as in the verse—

‘With His seraph train before Him,
With His Holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.’

After reading a collect, Bishop Woodford gave out his text, Revelation xiv. 3, ‘And they sung a new song before the throne.’ There was, he said, a double danger attaching to the mystical portions of the Bible; first, that we should make too much of separate sentences or words; secondly, lest we should pass over, as though they were mere ornaments, passages pregnant with meaning.

The words of the text, he said, occur in a chapter, in explaining which we have especial need to beware of this twofold peril. It records one of the most sublime of all the visions vouchsafed to St John. He had just before had presented to him in his trance the spectacle of some dread forms of evil, usurping the place of God in the world; and then the scene changes, and instead of the monstrous shape called a *wild beast* coming up out of the sea, the image of unrest, appears the form of a Lamb, the emblem of innocence, standing on Mount Sion, the type of stability and duration, surrounded with a vast company, having on them the stamp, not of the principle of evil, but of the Author of all righteousness. ‘And I looked, and lo! a Lamb stood on Mount Sion, and with Him an hundred and forty and four thousand, having His Father’s name in their forehead.’ We cannot interpret the *number* here defined further than by saying that it involves two grand ideas—the first of vastness, the second of completeness. ‘And I heard,’ proceeds the Apostle, ‘a voice from heaven as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps.’ And then follows that part of the description upon which we now desire to fix your thoughts: ‘And

they sung, as it were, a new song before the throne.' The phrase itself occurs more than once in the Psalter. Thus, 'Sing unto the Lord a new song' is the commencement of the 96th and 98th Psalms. And Isaiah says, 'He hath put a new song in my mouth.' But the expression appears to have a more special significance in this chapter of Revelation, for it is emphasized by what follows: 'And no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth.' What then, we ask, is this *new song*, to be learnt only by those of human lineage, which is heard in heaven, but only from the lips of those who have been translated thither from this under world?

This is our subject to-day.

I. We begin by noticing that there is a slight flaw in our English version that somewhat mars the sense of the passage, 'And no *man* could learn that song.' It should be 'And *no one*' could learn that song. The distinction drawn is between the human race and the residue of the creation of God. The new song is *the song of the children of Adam alone*.

Now let us pause for awhile on this picture. Our own *instincts* tell us that other worlds and other beings are comprehended within the universe of God. No one would imagine that the solitudes of Deity are concentrated upon man alone. We see with the naked eye innumerable stars and planets around us. Science has told us something of their dimensions, their fabric, their climate.

It is almost impossible for us to believe that all are but desolate wildernesses, that man is the only rational creature of the Lord God. And what the promptings of reason anticipate revelation distinctly affirms. It represents the human race as one amongst many spiritual creations. It sets forth the heaven above and the hell beneath as peopled with intelligence. All those words—angels, archangels, cherubim, seraphim—convey to us, and we must believe are meant to convey to us, the idea of many families of reasoning, conscious beings, various in gifts and powers.

And hence follows another thought. Of all these creatures of God there must be a history—a history of their Maker's providence towards them. They have their own relations towards Him diverse as their natures are diverse. The Bible does not enter upon their histories, except so far as *we* are concerned therein, but it does sufficiently lift the veil to show that there is a moral history of other creatures besides man. Thus we read of the Fall of Satan and his Angels, of a temptation presenting itself to the Princes of Light—of their apostasy from God and God's visitation upon them. We are told of this because it is a fact essential to the right understanding of the moral history of men, and it indicates the reality of a history of God's judgments and mercies with reference to other departments of the universe, although we know it not.

Every world then has its story. Every order of angels has its annals—its tale. We may not doubt of interventions of Divine power and goodness, each exactly adapted to its capacities and needs. And amongst these various chronicles of the government of God over the several provinces of His empire, mankind have their own special history to relate. Do you ask what is the peculiar manifestation of God to man? The reply must be, 'The Incarnation of Jesus Christ.' The difference of human history from that of principalities and powers is the fact that the Second Person in the Godhead was made man. Here is the full force of St Paul's words, 'He took not on Him the nature of Angels.' How God has revealed Himself to others—what exhibitions of love and of power He has vouchsafed to them, we know not; what mysteries of grace they may weave into their anthems we cannot tell, any more than we can image their own nature and endowments. The burden of the New Song which can be sung by the Redeemed from the earth alone is the *Song of Redemption*. To elucidate this truth aright, you must observe how all history twines itself around the Birth and the Death of the Lord. How, while the first man and the first woman are yet alone upon this globe,

the Promised Seed is announced as the object of hope ; how all the changes of the world make as it were unto Christ ; how, since Christ came, all that has happened has been more or less an unfolding of the consequences of His Life and Resurrection, so that the Son of God is the very centre round which the entire machinery of human action revolves—the hinge upon which earth's whole story turns.

You must notice again how all our ideas of sin, of atonement, of justice, flow out of the doctrine that He lived and died to reconcile man to God—to restore what was broken—to purify what was defiled. Nay, more than this. The constitution of the Christian Church, as well as of other religious systems which involve a standing ministry, the setting apart of a certain class to minister to their brethren, what is this but the projection into Time of that mystery of Eternity whereby the Second Person in the Trinity became from the beginning the Patron of the human race—the Mediator between God and man ?

The sacramental system in which earthly elements are made the veil and the channel of unearthly grace, what is this but the shadow of that secret of the Lord—God hidden in the Flesh ? Thus the history of Adam is the volume in which it is written how the Universal Father dealt with a race, partly material, partly immaterial, which had fallen through the temptation of another, just as the story of Satan, little as we can read it, is the record of His providence towards a spirit who was his own tempter. And this is the representation of St John in the text. He sets forth the Throne of God girt about by myriads of sentient beings, every different order uplifting its own strain of praise, having its own confession to make of the Almighty's wisdom and goodness towards them. And now into the boundless ocean of thanksgiving the human race casts its own tribute of praise. Into the great assembly *man* is brought. What can he add to the mighty anthem ? What can he, a creature lower than the angels, do to swell the general diapason ? It may be perhaps that what man has to

tell is the most marvellous tale of all. He mingles his worship with the worship of angels—but his Hymn is not their Hymn ; he has to speak of innocence lost and God's favour forfeited, of God taking to Himself a human body and a human soul, living the life, dying the death, of His offending creatures. He has to tell of the nobleness of self-sacrifice, of the glory of suffering for the sake of others, of dying in order to live, of humiliations, toil, and sorrow proved to be greater than majesty and rest and joy. Verily is it a New Song undreamt of before—the contribution of the Redeemed to the worship of the height.

II. But observe, secondly, that whilst there is one common Psalm sung as it were with one consent by the children of Adam, because of that unity of the human family which makes them all partakers of the same grace, so that one system of Divine Providence overshadows all—one salvation embraceth all ; yet, as in a great anthem every singer contributes a special modulation according to the quality of voice which God has given him, so does every member of Christ's Church, every servant of the Lord Jesus, cast into the general treasury of heaven something which he himself and he only can bring.

Let me mention two truths which lead to this :—1st. Every soul is a distinct and independent creation of Almighty God. This follows almost necessarily from the diversity of character amongst us. Whenever in a work there is unbroken uniformity you trace the presence of a general law, or general mechanical action. When you see infinite variety you recognize the presence of a personal will in what is produced. So, therefore, because no two men born into the world are precisely alike in temper and capacity, therefore must we consider every one to be the distinct work of a Personal Creator. 'Each man,' it has been said, 'is the embodying of a distinct idea of the mind of God. Each one is ordained to accomplish some one distinct purpose of God. God left unnumbered multitudes of creatures whose existence was possible. He left them to remain in their nothingness. They might have served him far better than those

who are teeming around us. But there was something which determined God to form the souls which He has formed, and none other.' This is that wonderful gift of individuality by which every soul is in itself a separate world, having something in common with others, but much also in its primal elements *unlike* any other, God's gift to itself alone.

2nd. Observe next that every age of the Church and the world varies. It needs but a cursory glance back to perceive how the probation of the Christian body has changed. Now it is a season of persecution. Now it is a time of repose. Now it is the luxury of a soft and indulgent age. Now it is the roughness of a half-civilized period. Now it is the debasing influence of superstition. Now the vanity of increased knowledge, which constitutes the furnace of trial.

Thus every separate generation has its own part to play in accomplishing the purpose of God in creating man upon the earth. And more even than this. Each soul moves in a separate orbit of its own; it has its own trials, temptations; its own circle of friends and connections, upon whom it acts. And so we believe God expects from each a distinct, definite task. There is an outline of Christian goodness which each individual soul has to fill up, the perfecting of which is its portion of labour in the vineyard of the Great King.

And here is a further meaning of the text, 'a new song:' Thus is it that the redeemed from among men have one common revelation of God, one great unveiling of Deity, to declare which, as far as we are told, belongs exclusively to them. Thus also is it that because every soul is a separate creation, has lived in a separate epoch, moved in a separate orbit, therefore every soul has something to tell of Almighty God's providence which it alone has experienced, how it has in its individual warfare been succoured, warned, pleaded with, its own evil eradicated, its own natural graces fostered; how that separate soul has through the fourscore years of its earthly struggles stood to God and God to it, these things

make wholly and ever new the song of the redeemed from among men.

Incidentally here the Bishop pleaded the case of this particular choir. It was ninety-five pounds in debt. One fails to see how it could run up such a score and still have, as the incumbent said, no results to show for it. Had I not received the information from such an excellent source, I should have thought the choir rather in a flourishing state than otherwise.

Turning round to the choir, the Bishop delivered to them an excellent exhortation to see that their week-day harmonized with their Sunday avocations. Of course every little boy who could hide his diminished head sniggled at the idea of being talked to from the pulpit, but the address was very impressive.

Such, too, was the conclusion of this most exceptional sermon. Addressing once more the general congregation, and recurring to individual duties, the Bishop urged these strongly. There was too much disposition with us all to try to lose ourselves in the crowd, but one day we must stand isolated, as though there were only God and ourselves in the universe. We were alone at birth—alone at death. There could be no companions then. Let it be our one great object to note what separate melodies our own lives were elaborating for the harmonies of heaven.

If special sermons really have any effect on collections, Bishop Woodford's ought to have helped the moribund choir to die decently. There were no symptoms of decadence in the nameless organist's rendering of 'The Heavens are telling the glory of God,' as we went out of church, and I was again struck by the continuous vein of thought that seemed to run through the morning's service and sermon at Christ Church.

THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER ON COMPASSION.

IT was appropriately said the other day that the present Bench of Bishops, even if we conceded the position that it contained no bright and shining lights in the way of exceptional prelates fit to compare with the great names of antiquity, was yet a good working Bench, and comprised representative men in an unusually large number of different departments. This is true; and a little discrimination will enable the student of theology in the concrete to hear, within the compass of a London season, each of these right reverend fathers on his own special subject. Let satirists say what they will of the prevalence of shovel hats at the Athenæum during the week, the Bishops work hard on Sundays, and the London charities reap the reward of their labours.

On a certain Sunday the Bishop of Chichester was announced to preach at St Peter's, Onslow Gardens, Brompton, of which exceedingly fashionable church the Hon. and Rev. F. C. Byng is incumbent. There is scarcely a handsomer building on the outskirts of London. The stone reredos must be an eyesore and a temptation to modern iconoclasts; but though this and all the arrangements of the church are exceedingly beautiful, there is nothing that even the most determined faultfinder could stigmatize as 'High.' I feared at first that I could scarcely get a seat at all. The verger in the centre of the nave resented my intrusion there as though I had contemplated walking into the pulpit itself, but I found a haven in a servants' gallery in a transept, the only disadvantage about which was that I could not see the east end of the church, but I was capitally placed for the pulpit.

The service called for no special remark, but was exceedingly good of its kind. The choir was a surpliced one, and the members wore tight purple cassocks under their surplices, the latter having, in some cases, a small red cross at the neck, as at the Savoy Church. The service was read by Mr Byng, the Bishop occupying the opposite stall during the prayers. He managed very dexterously to monotone in a convenient note for the choir, yet still to emphasize his words so as quite to do away with the occasional irksomeness of the single tone, especially in addressing the congregation. The chants were double Anglican, and the hymnal used was the S. P. C. K. collection, which I find at an increasingly large number of London churches. A feature, too, at St Peter's, which is gaining ground, is the recitation of the General Thanksgiving by all the congregation. Why, it occurred to me, should the people remain silent in the special clause when a person returns thanks? The congregational element seems doubly significant then.

The Bishop took the north side of the Communion Table. I could not, of course, see him from the servants' gallery, but his clear thin voice was very audible. He passed to the pulpit immediately after the Nicene Creed, and I could not but notice his lordship's smooth, sharply-cut face as he posed himself with folded arms and recited—not read—a collect. His appeal was for the St Agnes Orphanage for Children who are deprived of one or both parents, and are to be trained as domestic servants, and the text selected was the very appropriate one from Acts x. 38, 'He went about doing good.' This, said the Bishop, is the touching and simple testimony which St Peter bore to the earthly life of a Master whom he loved. Jesus of Nazareth went about doing good, for He was very man, and felt as man for men. Again and again the Gospels speak of His compassion, His tender sympathy with human wants and weaknesses, with suffering of body and mind, with the sick and sorrowful, and even with sinners. And the word which is used by the Evangelist is very significant. It shows how His human

frame, His bodily nature, shared in these emotions of pity, for He took not on Him the nature of angels, but took on Him the seed of Abraham. The false refinement of our day would have disguised this great truth, which the more pious simplicity of earlier translators did not fear to set forth.

It is surely of infinite moment that our view of the Lord Jesus Christ should be real and true. Systems of theology and controversial arguments tend to present to us the saving merits and work of Christ in a dry and abstract way, and to obscure the clear vision of the Man Christ Jesus. Yet this is life eternal, to know God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent; and how can we know Him but by the records that are left us of His daily life, His deeds, His words, His character shown in the Bible? And are not the four Gospels a treasure above all other treasures for this reason, that in them Jesus Christ is set forth, is manifested, as nowhere else in Holy Scripture? He moves about—a brother among brethren, the loving Jesus, a help, a comfort, and blessing. Perhaps the preciousness of this testimony of faithful eyewitnesses and disciples to Him at whose feet they sat, whom they followed, that Word of Life whom they saw with their eyes, whom they looked upon, whom their hands handled, is too little regarded. If Jesus Christ is to be the example of all who name His name, if we are to walk in His steps, then surely a reverent study of the Gospels is an absolute necessity. How otherwise can we hear the greatest of all teachers? How can we be conformed to Him? If we say such a conformity must be bestowed on us by the Spirit of God, and such knowledge must be His gracious gift, let this be freely allowed; but is it not the Spirit of God that moved holy Evangelists to commit to writing these memorials of our Lord's life? Is it not through His outward word, His letter, that He teaches the hearts of those that believe? None but fanatics expect enlightenment, except by the means of grace the Lord has given them; or guidance and comfort, but through diligent use of His written word. And I repeat, no portion of that Word is more

profitable to salvation than that which brings before us as in a picture the Lord Jesus—‘how He went about doing good.’

One does not care to be hypercritical; but there was something very striking in the position when his lordship, who read from MS., took his sermon-case in his hands, and, again folding his arms, gazed at that vast congregation, still continuing his discourse. For those who do not care about extempore effusions, this free use of a carefully written discourse is the very ideal of pulpit oratory. Certainly the Bishop of Chichester did not cling (as Sydney Smith says) to his velvet cushion, even if Mr Byng had been unæsthetic enough to admit such an appendage into his beautiful church.

If we should say, continued the Bishop, that the religion of Christ, so far as our duty towards our neighbour is concerned, is a religion of compassion, we should not err. And all who desire, like their Master, to do good to their brethren can never lack opportunity. Rather the difficulty is the other way—a real difficulty even for those who do cherish in their hearts the spirit of charity. Go where you will the world is full of objects of pity—full of pain, full of poverty, both too often the immediate consequence of sin, full of real bitter suffering. Nowhere perhaps more than in this mighty city do the extremes of wealth and poverty meet together. There is abject crying want almost in the same street with the most pompous abundance and most lavish luxury.

Some from very perplexity not knowing how to choose among the innumerable schemes of charity day by day presented to them; some from selfishness refusing to be troubled even with the hearing, far more the sight of distress; some from the worldliness and frivolity too apt to wait upon rank and riches; turn away their eyes from the sad realities of suffering, which it is their duty, and ought to be their true happiness, to relieve.

For this is the object of compassion, and Christian men and women must own that is the compassion Christ Himself in His Gospels teaches. Compassion seeks to

relieve misery. It is not careful to inquire how that misery is caused, for we are not set as judges of our brethren, and God's dealings in these matters are often far beyond our ken. It does not say with the Pharisee, 'Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?' but it accepts the fact of destitution, it recognizes the claim of affliction, it does what it can for love of Him to whom we owe all, and from whom we hope for all, whom we love because He first loved us.

No doubt charity should discriminate, and take pains to discriminate, for no reckless throwing about of money deserves the name of charity. And therefore when you cannot yourselves visit the sick and needy, then you must trust to the report of such as merit your confidence. The highest charity unquestionably is that which involves personal knowledge, personal labour, personal sacrifice. It is the especial glory of our own church and age that men and women delicately nurtured make it their work to penetrate the abodes of poverty, often of sin. These are indeed ministers of Christ, and they bring Him and all His blessings into homes whence He has been too long banished. The parochial minister hails such fellow-workers as providentially sent to supply his lack of service. Others with equal zeal and self-sacrifice are the voluntary nurses in our great hospitals, or devote themselves to the still more trying work in penitentiaries.

God be thanked, the members of our communion are not barren nor unfruitful in their offices of compassion. And let me say that those who are old among us can almost remember the very beginning of this active spirit of systematic charity. We have seen its gradual growth, amid all discouragements. A great cause of hope and comfort is, that more and more Christians do go about doing good, and making sacrifices, carrying often their lives in their hands; venturing for Christ's sake where mere hirelings would fear to go. There is no denying that religion is a real power where it shows such fruits. The faith which thus benefits

our fellow-men is more than a name, and that even the enemies of Christ must confess.

It has often been urged, and with great truth, that until the faith of Christ had leavened the hearts of men, hospitals were unknown. There was, in the best days of Greece and Rome, no small measure of medical science. Even now our professors of medicine do not disdain to study the old masters, who have recorded their observations and experience with surprising minuteness and accuracy. But there were no physicians or surgeons who devoted their skill and their time to the care of the poor, without fee or reward. There were no hospitals, such as we now see in our great metropolis, where the poorest may be tended with all the appliances that the richest can command. There was no such active compassion amongst the most civilized and refined of the heathen. St Jerome has recorded the first instance of the erection of a hospital. It happened in his own time, in the fourth century. A Christian lady, Fabiola, of very ancient descent, for she bore a name illustrious in the annals of the Roman Republic, and of large property, devoted her whole means to works of charity. Foremost amongst them was the house which she built to receive the sick of all diseases in the city of Rome, then the capital of the world. Nor was she content with founding this house of mercy, but Jerome describes how she herself endured to dress the most fearful wounds, to give with her own hands food and medicine, to watch by the beds of the sick and dying, and minister to their comfort.

It was a widow woman who set this example, which has so greatly tended to mitigate human suffering. And when we are reproached with the shortcomings of Christianity, and when we are told that the old idolatrous faith did as much for mankind as the faith of Christ has done (and such mutterings of unbelief are not unheard in our days), we may point to these very refuges for afflictions of all kinds which flourish in all our land; and we may ask whence they spring, if not from the faith in Him who went about doing good.

Now, my brethren, he proceeded, *compassion* such as the Gospel of Christ teaches turns naturally to the weakest members of Christ's Body. Their very helplessness is their title to our sympathy. Fatherless and motherless children, like the widow, are the special objects of God's care. And He who is the Father of the fatherless (for so it has pleased Him to be called) commends them to our protection. He witnesses against those who shall oppress them, he declares that it is true religion, that it is a part of His service, to visit them in their affliction. For it is an affliction that a child should be deprived of its father, and even still more of a mother's care. When our Blessed Lord was comforting His disciples, dismayed at His approaching departure, He said to them, 'I will not leave you orphans,' as though that were of all fates the hardest. Our heart yearns at the sight of orphans, even in our own rank, but think, my brethren, of the orphans of the poor! If they are bereft of both parents they must be left to the care of some relation little able to provide for them, or the tender mercies of the parish workhouse. If one parent survives, and that a widow, think of them exposed to want; if a father, to neglect, for he must toil to earn bread for his children. In either case, unequally matched is the struggle for life—that struggle in which the weak and the friendless are left behind. It never can be said that it is unnecessary to help the orphans. They have but too good a claim to all the assistance that charity can offer. And it is for an orphanage, a refuge, a home for such destitute children that I this day entreat your help. This orphanage took its rise from one of those circumstances which perhaps thoughtlessly we call accidents. A lady, now its head, while she was visiting, as was her custom, a district in London, found a poor little child, an orphan, half naked, half starved, totally neglected. Like the good Samaritan she took her to her own home, fed, clothed, taught, and sheltered her. And then by degrees she gathered others together—a little

family of orphans to whom she might be a second mother.

It is no part of the plan that these children shall be brought up in idleness. They are trained under superintendence to work, so that hereafter as household servants they shall earn an honest and sufficient livelihood. I believe the want of house servants, well trained, well principled, brought up in habits of diligence, order, and obedience, is generally experienced. Here these orphans are, as all who have seen them can testify, most happy in this School of Industry—they come to it gladly, they leave it with sorrow. Now it is no small thing to rescue even a few from the trials that beset the orphans of the poor; perhaps from destitution, perhaps from wretched and sinful homes. It is a greater thing still to wean them from evil habits, restrain violent temper; save them from present temptations, and fit them by good instruction and good example to go forth not altogether unprepared into a dangerous world. Such blessings it is impossible to overrate, and they who see the necessity of them may well be called benefactors in making them objects of their charity. But what would you say if the managers of this orphanage by mere want of money had to close their doors against those orphans who fain would enter in, or, worse still, were compelled to send away one-half of the poor helpless children whose education had been hopefully begun; if, in spite of their entreaties and sobs and tears, these children should be returned to that state of want and neglect and ignorance and ungodliness from which they had been awhile delivered? Yet this must be done unless the Committee of this orphanage obtain generous and immediate help from Christian people. This is not the place nor the time to enter into details which can be far better furnished from other sources. I can only repeat the sad necessity there is for all to assist in maintaining this refuge from suffering and sorrow. Such a calamity as that of which I have spoken must be averted. The sum that is needed is small indeed compared with the work to be accomplished.

My brethren, his lordship concluded, I suppose that all of you to whom the Lord has given children count them as your dearest heritage, as His most precious gift. Day and night you watch over their health and their growth. How anxiously you guard their bodies from disease, their souls from evil! And all of you, surely, are lovers of orphans. All who are not spoiled by worldliness and vanity must delight in the freshness and simplicity and the innocence of children. We feel that without them this would be a weary world! And if it please God to visit them with suffering, how parents suffer with them! and not parents alone, for it is to all one of the sorest trials to witness the sufferings of children. We are almost tempted to say, 'What has caused the Father of Mercies so to afflict them?' I would only ask that some share of the tenderness your own children receive should be given to these poor young creatures, who have no mother to nurse them, no father to labour for them, perhaps no home to shelter them. They are very dear to Christ our Saviour, for they are even as those little ones He took up in His arms and blessed. If any work of charity can be pleasing to Him it must be this. If any may hope for a blessing and increase from Him it is this, and such as this. If any be full of hopeful promise, it is the Christian training of such orphans. I commend it to your love and your compassion for Christ's sake, and in His prevailing name I plead for those who cannot plead for themselves. Remember His own most true word, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER AT THE EAST-END.

IT was to Oriental scenes that my pursuit of pulpit celebrities led me one Sunday morning, when the announcement that the Bishop of Manchester would preach at the parish church of St George-in-the-East attracted me to the *terra incognita* of the Commercial Road. The route to this, which may be regarded as the focus of Broad Churchism at the East-end, was by Moorgate Street Station and thence through London Wall, past the Greek Church, across Bishopsgate Street, and down Houndsditch into the Whitechapel and Commercial Roads. I could not help noticing the pretty patches of greenery around many of these East-end churches. The garden of Bishopsgate Church, with its fountain playing, would be quite romantic, were it not for an announcement of Reid's Stout at the end; and Aldgate is rapidly following in its steps, where the bells were ringing a merry peal as I passed; but St George's is just about to outvie them all. It has nearly an acre of ground around it, and by significantly throwing down a middle wall of partition between the Churchyard and a neighbouring Wesleyan Chapel, it is going to develope a regular Père-la-Chaise. The little Raine charity-girls, with their pretty blue habits and white caps, like those of Normandy peasants, were walking among the trees in quite a picturesque fashion on the occasion of my visit.

Soon after eleven the bells, which had been ringing a merry peal responsive to Aldgate, ceased, and a numerous choir of men and boys without surplices entered from the west end of the church and took their places in pews apportioned to them at the eastern extremity. Two

curates followed, then the rector, the Rev. Harry Jones, late of St Luke's, Berwick Street, and lastly, Dr Fraser, Bishop of Manchester. All the clergy of the church were bearded or moustached; even the vergers wore a moustache. The opening portion of the service was read by the rector in a fine sonorous voice; then one of the curates took it up in monotone at the first Lord's Prayer, and continued it in the same way until the third collect, the choir responding with inflections. Both curate and choir did their work well.

The Bishop occupied a seat on the south side of the altar, and took no part in the Ante-Communion service, which was read by the rector, with one of the curates as Epistoler. Banns were published after the Nicene Creed, when the Bishop passed to the pulpit. The text was taken from the Epistle for the day, 1 John iii. 16—19: 'Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth. And hereby we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before Him.'

In the Epistle from which the text is taken, the Bishop said, many reasons are given for the manifestation of the Son of God; such as that sins might be put away, or to destroy—as Wickliffe said, to undo—the devil; or again, that we might be the sons of God and heirs of eternal life; or again, as in the text, that we might know the essential character of the highest form of love. A man has passed from the death of selfishness into the life whose source is in Christ—the life that is hid with Christ in God—the love of the brethren.

• Here are no theories of the atonement, no philosophical or theological explanation offered of the great transaction on Calvary. It is appealed to as a fact. Its primary, simplest lessons are stated and applied. It—in the words of the writer, who speaks to us out of the

depths of his experience and consciousness—proclaims to us with a singular emphasis one or two great things we ought to know—that we are the sons of a Father who loves us, that there is a higher destiny yet in store for us, that of this we have an earnest in that life eternal of which even now we have the foretaste, and that the truest token of that life is the exhibition of love in some practical self-sacrificing form towards mankind. It was in older, I do not wish to say better days, called a gospel; to-day it is derided as a superstition, not only puerile but mischievous and degrading. A living writer, whose intellectual power I would be the last to question, thus speaks of it to two authors who have just put forth an essay on the unseen universe, in which an attempt, the success of which it is for others to estimate, is made to show that even the theological principles of Christianity and its array of miracles are not out of harmony with the leading philosophical hypotheses—the principles of continuity, of conservation of energy, and of the origin of life, on which the science of to-day bases its claims. ‘These sickly dreams of hysterical women and half-starved men,’ says Professor Clifford (*Fortnightly Review*, June, 1875, p. 793), ‘what have they to do with the sturdy strength of a wide-eyed hero who fears no foe with pen and club. . . . That which you keep in your hearts, my brethren, is the slender remnant of a system which has made its mark on history, and still lives to threaten mankind. The grotesque forms of its intellectual belief have survived the discredit of its moral teaching—of this, what the kings could bear with the nations have cut down, and what the nations left, the right heart of man by man revolted against day by day. You have stretched out your hands to save the dregs of the sifted sediment of a residuum. Take heed lest you have given soil and shelter to the seed of that awful plague which has destroyed two civilizations, and but barely failed to stay such promise of good as is now struggling to live among men.’

The ‘sifted sediment of a residuum’ which our authors have tried to save is the belief in a personal God, and in

the immortality of man : when these last dregs of a baleful system shall have been cleared away, then free development will be given to the promise of God, which in the atmosphere tainted by Christian faith and hopes, can now only with difficulty be sustained in life at all.

Oh, how these terrible utterances of men of science, to whom we owe so much in their own proper field, cast down the hearts of those who would fain do something, not prate about what should be done, but help to do it in the department of beneficence and Christian love. They leave open to us, it is true, the field of the emotions, for religion to weave its pretty fanciful tissues in; but why should they leave us these? Free rein it seems to me may be given to the lusts and appetites, for are they not natural? And why should we curb nature? Why not spend a short life and a merry one, if there is no God to whom we are responsible—no hereafter to which the principles of continuity as regards the individual will apply? The whole brute creation groaning already (says Paul) in sufficient travail pangs, and dumbly waiting for a redemption, is handed over remorselessly to the vivisectionist for the purposes of physiological experiment, to be repeated as often as it may please the scientific lecturer to re-demonstrate the demonstration for the satisfaction of his class of 'wide-eyed' students. And who will continue to care for you on whom social arrangements, or, as they are called, social necessities, press so hard, excepting as interesting subjects for sanitary experiments and observations, if the motives of that more than human love, to which the Son of God gave His sanction in His life and in His death, are finally and effectively withdrawn?

If we are 'only machinery wound up by putting food into the mouth' (as in a certain sense and within certain limits undoubtedly we are, for the mechanism would stop if food ceased to be supplied), it surely cannot be much matter in this inexorable universe whether we poor human clocks go for the whole, or only the half or quarter, of our normal day. The material particles that constitute us will pass into other combinations, and as for

‘consciousness,’ that, Von Hartman tells us, is the great mistake of the universe. And if you piteously plead ‘We must live,’ perhaps you may be met with the answer of the French cynic, ‘Sirs, I do not altogether see the necessity.’

I do not feel sure what are the two civilizations which Professor Clifford has in his mind as having been destroyed by Christianity, whether the Greek civilization of Corinth, or Antioch, or Ephesus as it existed in the days of Paul ; or the Roman civilization depicted in the pages of Tacitus and Suetonius, of which before it reached its lowest point a thoughtful contemporary writer said, ‘We have gone so far that we can endure neither our vices nor their remedies ;’ or the Mahometan civilization of Spain. Whether they were worth preserving, though I admit that Spain did not gain much by the change which introduced the Inquisition as well as the Church, is a problem I am not careful to answer now ; but I do put the question fearlessly, whether a wider and fuller and deeper appreciation of the grand verities of Christianity is not the one thing needed to redress the inequalities and remedy the evils of the civilization of to-day. What contrast can be greater than that between East and West London ? Officers of the Guards and dainty delicate ladies each endeavoured in diverse ways to seek and save the lost, the straying, the fallen. The root idea is that of Christian brotherhood and personal responsibility.

In the quarrels of capital and labour, even political economy is obliged to treat men and women as intelligent beings having wills and desires, and as something more than automatic machines with powers of locomotion ; and even laws of supply and demand, of scarcity and redundancy of labour, which I admit to be the ultimate philosophy of the case, will work with less friction when the pivots of the machine are oiled with equality, consideration, and even (I will venture to say, weak as the word may sound) with compassion.

I readily admit further, that Christianity has often been presented to the world in ungracious and unlovely forms,

not seldom even in caricature. And those who do not conceal their hatred of her have not been slow to take advantage of their opportunity. Take an example. Professor Clifford says : ' One form of this habitual conception is set forth by the popular and received theology of Christian communities. According to this the condition of the departed depends ultimately on the will of a Being who a long while ago cursed all mankind because one woman disobeyed Him. The curse was no mere symbol of displeasure, but a fixed resolve to keep His victims alive for ever, writhing in horrible tortures, in a place which his Divine foreknowledge had prepared beforehand. In consideration however of the death of his Son, effected by unknowing agents, he consented to feed with the sweets of his favour such poor wretches as should betray their brethren, and speak sufficiently soft words to the destroyer of their kindred. For the rest, the old curse survives in its power, condemning them to everlasting torment for a manifestation of his glory.' So far the caricature, for which I admit there is some justification in the language of certain theological schools. Yet even John Stuart Mill felt the earth to be under a curse, a relentless natural system, which prevented his thinking of God otherwise than as a Being limited in power, or deficient in benevolence. And the great consoling and sustaining truth of the Gospel is that there is a redemption from this curse. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse not only of the one law which Paul had in his mind (Gal. iii. 13), but of all law, and that whatever tokens of God's severity there are in the world, there are more and larger tokens of His love, that where sin abounded grace doth much more abound (Rom. v. 20). I do not know how many of my hearers may have read a famous book (*Ecce Homo*) which appeared some ten years since, in which the characteristic feature of that Divine life which was lived among the towns and villages of Galilee and Judæa 1850 years ago, was pronounced to be 'the enthusiasm of humanity,' the love of our race, and of the individuals of the race, of our neighbour in the simple phrase of Christ Himself,

pushed to the highest point, and burning in the soul with the utmost intensity.

It is this love, this enthusiasm, which the disciple who may have drunk it into his moral system in those refreshing moments when he leant on his Master's bosom and heard His words, and who wrote this Catholic Epistle, seems to set before us who still read his words, as one of the great cardinal principles of Christianity, righteousness, purity, love; these are the great fruits of the faith which believes and therefore overcomes. There are antichrists, but they will have no power among his little children, because they are strong and the word of God abideth in them. There are many false prophets gone out into the world, but they saw clear, they had an anointing from the Holy One, whereby they could discern the spirits that were of God. There were philosophers confounding the colours, blurring the distinctions of good and evil, but they had an instinct within, a heart which either condemned them or allowed, telling them that he that committeth sin was of that devil, whose bonds the Son of God had come on earth to loosen; and that he alone who doeth righteousness is righteous even as He is righteous.

Righteousness, purity, love, John's three; identical in fact though not in phrase with Paul's three, faith, hope, charity. For charity and love are the same even in word, as the Apostle spoke it; and purity is the fruit of hope — 'He that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure;' and righteousness is the only proof of a really regenerating and saving faith — 'If ye know that He is righteous, ye know that every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him.'

And this seems to me to be a Gospel for East Londoners and West Londoners, for wide-eyed students and horny-handed artisans, for gentle people and costermongers, for priest and people; as Paul puts it, for Jew and Greek, barbarian and Scythian, bond and free, for there is no difference (Col. iii. 11). I do not believe in the Gospel of Christ being a mere system of magical

arts, a mystery entrusted to a caste, such as was attempted to be practised at Ephesus by those sons of Sceva the Jew. It may be expanded, as everything made up of a vast number of related truths may be expanded, into a philosophical system, which you may call 'the queen of the sciences,' as dealing with the highest subject on which the mind can occupy itself; but its power over the consciences and affections of men does not dwell there. It is in its simpler forms, as it can be taught to babes, that it is most effective. As a rule of life, bidding us be pure, and unselfish, and kindly affectioned; as a high ideal, stimulating us to forget the things that are behind and to reach forward unto things that are yet before; as an indwelling power, enlightening us where we saw but dimly, enabling and capacitating us when we were feeble or incompetent; purifying us when appetite or passion were in danger of blunting the finer perceptions of the heart, the nobler purposes of the soul; laying the foundation-stone of an ampler and higher life, first for the individual, and then for the society and the race—it was thus that the Word of Life presented itself to the mind of the Apostle John: it is thus that I have tried to present it to you to-day. If it had free course; if all who preached it practised it; if there were less cant and hypocrisy and inconsistency in the world; if men with low, selfish motives were at once detected when they endeavoured to conceal their motives from their fellow-men under the mask of religion; if its opponents would condescend to debate the question with becoming seriousness, and its advocates would cease to advance arguments in its defence which cannot be sustained; if the failure of other systems to explain the phenomena of humanity, and still more to relieve its admitted ills and sorrows, were more fairly estimated and more fully known, perhaps it would get to be thought and seen that even Christianity had not said its last word.

The great author of the 'Analogy of Religion to the Course of Nature,' for once yielding to the seduction of the imagination, pictures to himself the possibilities,

even under the existing conditions of life, of a perfectly virtuous society. Christ's most common phrase for the system He was setting-up on earth was 'The Kingdom of Heaven.'

Conceive St George's-in-the-East as a part of that kingdom! I trust it is so, even now. The gracious influences are, as it were, in the air ready to descend.

If the two great curses of our modern civilization, drunkenness and prostitution, were swept away, the streets in which you live would be more like heaven than they are, anyhow. If men and women were true to one another, and to themselves; if they were honest—and when you speak of an honest man, still more when you speak of an honest woman, you mean something more than one who will not pick your pocket—there would at any rate be more types on earth than there are of what the Son of God was manifested to make us all. We first frustrate the grace of God, do despite to it, trample it under our feet, and then call the Gospel a failure. We make Christian influence impossible; and then ask where it is to be found. We first grieve, and finally quench the Spirit of God, and then say we can recognize no tokens of His presence or His power. And yet, under all these circumstances and disadvantages, there are to be found in palaces and in cottages, in West-end squares and in East-end slums, pure, and brave, and noble souls; and where one such soul lives and breathes, and diffuses the fragrance of a beneficent influence and the power of a saintly life, there is the proof of the truth of Christ's Gospel, there is the witness that God still leaves of Himself in the world.

The sermon was intently listened to by a large and intelligent congregation, who filled every available inch in the spacious church.

Mr Harry Jones is doing a great work here, the greater because of the failures that have preceded him. To the riots of Mr Bryan King succeeded a long soporiferous period, but, at the advent of Mr Jones, every-

thing seemed to start into life—as the Sleeping Beauty at the coming of the destined knight.

In assessing East-end congregations, it must be remembered that it is not the fashion here to go to church, as it is at the West. Those who come to church mean something by it. They are in earnest. Life is terribly earnest at the East-end of London. The prestige of Mr Jones's name brings many distinguished men, such as Dean Stanley, Professor Jowett, and Mr Llewellyn Davies into this Ultima Thule; and it can scarcely be but that his influence should tell for good on what many men would consider the most difficult stratum of London Society; but Mr Jones's peculiarity is to ignore difficulties. He smiles at them, evidently holding the maxim that the harder a duty is the more worth doing is it. These are the men to leave their mark on any population, but especially an East London one.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN ON ART.

A SERMON of a very exceptional kind was preached by the Bishop of Lincoln, at St James's, Piccadilly, as one of the series on the Use and Abuse of the World. I cannot help thinking the idea must have been suggested by the success of Mr Stopford Brooke's semi-secular lectures on Theology in the English Poets. Instead of the less congenial topic of harrying Wesleyans, or denouncing race-horses, Bishop Wordsworth delivered himself on Art.

The title of the discourse in full was, 'On the True Character and Functions of the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture;' the text being taken from Exodus xxxi. 1—5, 'And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, See, I have called by name Bezaleel the son of

Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah; and I have filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of timber, to work in all manner of workmanship; and I, behold, I have given with him Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan: and in the hearts of all that are wisehearted I have put wisdom, that they may make all that I have commanded thee.'

Whatever is beautiful in Art, said Dr Wordsworth, is from God, and tends to God. It comes from heaven to earth, and aspires from earth to heaven. It is born in time and lives in time, but it yearns for Eternity. It is bounded by space, but it aims at Infinity. In the works of Creation all genuine Art loves and adores the Creator. In forms of human grace and loveliness it discerns gleams of Divine beauty and glory. It deals with objects of sense, but it nourishes Imagination, and cherishes Faith. It acts on what is material, but it holds converse with what is spiritual. It has to do with what is fleeting, but looks beyond to what is eternal. It holds, as it were, a balance between both worlds, and blends earth with heaven. It dwells amid the changes and chances of this mortal life, but it calms and cheers the soul by a holy discipline, preparing it for the repose and bliss of a joyful immortality.

In proportion as Art is conscious of its heavenly origin and immortal destiny, and accordingly as these truths are more fully recognized among us, so it may be expected to recover from the condition of degeneracy and decay, into which, notwithstanding some noble examples of distinguished merit, it seems to have now fallen.

With reverence be it said, the great Architect, Sculptor, and Painter of the Universe is Almighty God. Hence the name* with which He was designated by the Platonic School of Philosophy, and by the Christian

* Demiurgus, or worker for the people.

Fathers. The work of the visible Creation was designed and executed by God for man, made in the Divine image and animated with the Divine breath, and for woman, *made* (literally *builded* *) by God out of man, and created for immortality.

Work is not the end proposed by God either to Himself or to man. Eternity is a state of rest and felicity. This was symbolized by God at the beginning. Each of the six days of the week of Creation is said to have an *evening* as well as morning, but the seventh day is not said to have an evening; and why? because work has an end, but the seventh day (which alone was blessed by God) is a type of that heavenly rest and glorious resurrection which remain to the people of God, the rest of a joyful eternity.

The first great human work of Art described in Holy Scripture is the Ark, made by the patriarch Noah, after the directions given him by God. This work was transitory, but it foreshadowed renovation and repose. The ark rode on the waves of the flood, but it anchored on Ararat, and sent forth Noah and his sons to repeople the world; and it prefigured the Church, tempest-tost on the billows of this world, but with a sure hope of coming to the heavenly haven of eternal peace and joy.

That other work, the Tabernacle and its furniture, which occupies so large a space in the narrative of the Pentateuch, had its origin in heaven, and from God. 'See thou make it' (He said to Moses) 'according to the pattern showed to thee in the Mount.' It was the abode of God's visible presence, and it was the guide of His people through the wilderness of Arabia to Canaan, the type of their future rest. Though the tabernacle was itinerant and migratory in an earthly wilderness, it tended to what is heavenly and eternal. It was reproduced in an ampler form in the stationary Temple at Jerusalem, made also after a pattern from God; but its true antitype is in the Body of Christ, and in His Church glorified for ever in Heaven. 'Umbra in Lege,

* Gen. ii. 22.

Imago in Evangelio, Veritas in cœlo.' This is true of Art in the highest sense of the word. Art is heaven-born, and has hopes full of immortality.

Painting and Sculpture have been called imitative arts. But is not this a defective and disparaging definition? It is true that Art must be a careful student of Nature, and not only diligently observe, but also lovingly adopt, and be able to combine, her forms, colours, and graces skilfully and readily. But Art is not a slave, she is freeborn; she is not a servile copyist; she has a creative power. Her aim is not to deceive, but to educate, to purify, to tranquillize, to exhilarate, and to exalt. If it were the end of Art merely to imitate, and to cheat by imitation, then a statue by Bernini would be superior to a work of Michael Angelo, and we should prefer a group by Teniers, or a portrait by Denner, to a composition of Claude and Vandyke.

Servile copying is not the end of Art, but is rather its bane. Our 'Schools of Art' (as they are called) in London and in our provincial cities, may, if well regulated, do much to promote the cause of Art; but unless they are on their guard, they may also impair and injure it. Doubtless it is their duty to encourage accuracy and precision in design, but let their aim be much higher than this. A genuine artist is a good man; faithful, loving, holy, and devout; his heart is in heaven; he is educated by careful study of nature and of antique models, and of ideal beauty; he is conversant with poetry, history, and philosophy; he ought to have read much, and travelled much, and thought much, and to have his memory stored and his imagination warmed with noble deeds, and graceful forms, and beautiful scenes.

It would be well, therefore, that our schools of Art should be furnished with good libraries and picture galleries and museums; and that the students should have opportunities of attending Lectures on Art (such as the discourses delivered by Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy), and also on History

and Poetry, and on the affinity between Poetry and the Fine Arts, and on the common principles and laws which regulate them, and lead to perfection in them all.

The proper function of Art is to teach, to refine, to invigorate, to purify, and to elevate the mind by means of what is beautiful.

But what is Beauty? Certainly not that which merely dazzles the eye, fascinates the sense, and excites the appetite, and inflames the passions, which are the baser and coarser elements of our nature, and ought to be restrained and controlled by the higher and nobler. If Art forgets her true office, and ministers to what is sensual and voluptuous, she degrades herself, and enfeebles, depraves, and demoralizes society.

What then is Beauty? It is what the Poet calls the 'ideal form and universal mould.' It is not concrete, but abstract; not special, but general; it informs, spiritualizes, and adorns whatever is lovely in life, moral, intellectual, and artistic; it is not transitory and fleeting, but imperishable and eternal; it is revealed, as it were, by inspiration to the pure and loving heart, and to the healthful imaginative faculty, and is what may be supposed to exist in all its perfection in the essential archetype in the Divine Mind, and in the attributes of the Godhead itself. It is, as it were, 'the pattern shown in the mount.'

This definition of beauty is suggested by what we read of works of Art in Holy Scripture. The history of the Creation, of the building of the Ark, and of the Tabernacle and Temple bear witness to it. They all came from heaven, and tended heavenward. They were shadows of things unseen and eternal. 'Every good gift, and every perfect gift,' says St James, 'is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights.' All true beauty is from God, and aspires to God.

This is what was taught by the greatest of ancient philosophers. The language of Plato is explicit and emphatic. He represents true Beauty not as earthly, perishable, and sensuous, but heavenly, immortal,

and spiritual. It is that which, not being visible in its abstract and ideal essence by man, but dwelling in the nature of God, imparts grace by emanations and gleams of loveliness to all that is beautiful in this lower world; and it is by communion with that spiritual essence, revealing itself in forms of earthly beauty to pure and loving hearts, and chaste imaginations, that the mind of man is cleansed and sanctified and spiritualized, and has visions of Divinity and of eternity, and is loved by God, and partakes of His immortality.

The true function of Art is to endeavour, by a subtle analysis, to discern this ideal beauty, and to present its imagery to the eye by pictures of visible forms, not losing their identity, but transfigured, and spiritualized, and bathed in heavenly light and glory.

Such sentiments as these inspired the noblest artists, and especially him who holds a high place as a painter, sculptor, and architect, and also as a poet—Michael Angelo.

Let me be allowed to quote his own words in one of his sonnets, in which he describes the feelings with which he looked upon forms of earthly loveliness, and was raised by the sight to the contemplation of what is heavenly and Divine. Let me give them as translated by one of our own poets :*—

‘No mortal object did these eyes behold,
 When first they met the placid light of thine,
 And my soul felt its destiny divine,
 And hope of endless peace in me grew bold :
 Heaven-born, the soul a heavenward course must hold;
 Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
 (For what delights the sense is false and weak)
 Ideal form, the universal mould.
 The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
 In that which perishes ; nor will he lend
 His heart to aught which doth on time depend,
 ’Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
 That kills the soul : Love betters what is best,
 Even here below, but more in heaven above.’

* Wordsworth’s Sonnet xxv.

Again, he says in another sonnet, also translated by Wordsworth—

‘ Better plea
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts ;
His hope is treacherous only, whose love dies
With beauty which is varying every hour ;
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.’

Lest such sentiments as these should seem fantastic and visionary, let me refer to the words of two writers, who will not be suspected of undue enthusiasm—Winkelmann and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

‘ The perfection of beauty ’ (says the former) ‘ rests only in God ; and human beauty is elevated in proportion as it approaches the idea of God, Who by unity and indivisibility is distinguished from what is material. This idea of Beauty is a spiritual quintessence extracted from created substances, as it were, by an alchemy of fire ; and is produced by the imagination endeavouring to conceive what is human existing as a prototype in the mind of God.’

‘ Painting,’ says Sir Joshua, ‘ is not a mere gratification of the sight by imitation of external nature. Such excellence is unworthy of regard, when the works aspire to grandeur and sublimity. A mere copier of nature can never produce anything that is great, he can never raise and enlarge the conceptions or warm the heart of the spectator ; a genuine painter must strive for fame not by neatness of imitation, but by captivating the imagination. All the arts receive their perfection from an ideal beauty, superior to what is found in individual nature.’

‘ The genius of a true sculptor is a gift of Heaven, an inspiration from above. As described by the ancients, he is supposed to have ascended to the celestial region, and to have imbued his mind with a perfect idea of beauty. An ancient sculptor like Phidias, when he would represent a Zeus or an Athéné, did not set before

him any human pattern, but having a more perfect idea of majesty and beauty in his own mind, he steadily contemplated this, and earnestly endeavoured to represent it.'

Let us apply these principles to the arts of design.

What is it in architecture that excites admiration?

It is something derived from the unseen and eternal world, and which raises the mind upward to it.

For example, in contemplating some grand ancient Doric temple, such as the stately Parthenon planted on the rock of the Athenian Acropolis, as it stood of old above the din of the city, and above the crowd eddying in the Agora below it,—or the Cathedral Church of Lincoln, rising in majestic dignity above the smoke of the busy city beneath it,—we are moved by a delightful sensation of something grand, solid, sublime, substantial and enduring, something elevated above the atmosphere of this world, and superior to all its weary cares and toils, and its restless changes and chances; and under its influence the mind is raised upward and has a foretaste of future bliss, and enjoys a calm vision of that heavenly and everlasting repose, and pure unsullied delight, which we may hope to enjoy after the labours of this life in the blissful Sabbath of eternity.

So again, in the interior of Westminster Abbey and of our great Cathedral Churches, the interweavings and interlacings of light and shade, and the gradual revealings of new and ever-varying vistas to the eye of the spectator, as he advances eastward from the west door, suggest to his imagination the feeling that there is a world ever beyond him, and give him glimpses of infinity.

In the grandest buildings also of the Italian style, such as St Paul's Cathedral, the view of the interior of the dome, like a heaven suspended above us, especially if the vault be adorned with beautiful forms of saints and angels floating in the air (as in the frescoes of Correggio, in the Duomo at Parma), and melting away into the ærial abyss of the sky beyond, lead the imagination upward, by means of the architectural heaven, to the pure

empyrean above, and enable it to soar aloft to the presence and throne of God.

In sculpture the main purpose is to produce a feeling of calm repose and joy after energetic action. The most famous statue of antiquity, the Apollo Belvedere, represents this idea in perfection. He is not in action, but is contemplating, with pleasure, the effect of his own act.

The most beautiful series of sculptured figures—the Panathenaic frieze of the Parthenon—represents a succession of graceful forms on horseback, moving onward in an ideal stream and river-like flow of beauty, in order to present themselves in reverential homage to the Deities, seated in serene and joyous majesty, at the end of their career, and in order to participate, as it were, by a spiritual apotheosis in their heavenly repose and divine glory, after a course of earthly motion and human exertion—like a rapid river losing itself in the peaceful bosom of a pellucid lake.

The same may be said of the succession of triumphal arches spanning the Via Sacra at Rome. The victor stood aloft upon their summit, in his triumphal car; this was his transitory action, but it was action leading to repose and joy. The Via Sacra led up to the Capitol, whither he rode to render grateful praise to the Deity for his victory; and thus he was immortalized for ever as a conqueror mounting upward to heavenly glory.

The triumphal Columns at Rome—such as that of the Emperor Trajan—represent a similar idea of human action, winding upward by an ever-ascending spiral of earthly labour to a serene apex of celestial quietness and victory.

The sculptured group in which Laocoon and his two sons are represented as struggling to disengage themselves from the grasp of the venomous serpents, coiling around and strangling them, has been the subject of controversy from the time of Winkelmann and Lessing. The noble expression in the father's countenance is supposed by the former to represent parental love and pity felt for the sufferings of his children, triumphing over his own pain. The latter ascribes it to the genius of

Greek Art shrinking from the representation of excruciating agony.

With deference to both these great names we may perhaps be allowed to express a doubt whether (notwithstanding the merits of this work, extolled by Pliny the elder and others) it belongs to the best and purest age of Greek art, and whether it was not rather a production of later days, when the mind was familiarized with scenes of savage cruelty and mortal sufferings in the gladiatorial shows of the Roman arena.

And here let me refer to a more sacred and solemn subject.

In the days of early Christian Art, the Cross of Christ was naturally the symbol most dear to the heart and eye of the faithful. But the Cross in their sight was not so much an emblem of shame and sorrow as of victory and glory. '*In hoc signo vinces.*' The Cross of Christ, when viewed by the imaginative organ of faith, was a banner of warfare, a trophy of triumph, a royal throne, a car of victory, on which the Saviour rode in glory to His palace in heaven.

But probably no instance can be adduced earlier than the eighth century of that which is now so often represented in sculpture—in marble and wood—not only in churches of foreign lands, but in crowded streets and rural waysides, with the painful attributes of distorted features and lacerated limbs, and bloodstained brows, in the Crucifixion. Early Christian Art loved the Cross, but it shunned the Crucifix. And was there not wisdom in this? In the noble simplicity, and sublime abstraction, of the Cross, the imagination is left free to crown sorrow and suffering with a diadem and halo of glory. But in the Crucifix the imagination is enslaved by the senses, and is riveted to the contemplation of pain and shame and death, which were only transitory, and were the Saviour's path to the joy and glory of an everlasting life, as He Himself says, '*I am He that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore.*' But to fix the mind—by means of such representations as I have described—on the shame and sufferings of Christ, apart

from the eternal glory and infinite joy to which they led Him, may be a snare, and may tempt men to impeach the equity and question the love of God, punishing the just for the unjust, and exposing His own Beloved Son to bitter pain and ignominious shame, and so may be prejudicial to faith, and give occasion to cavils against it.

Let us apply these remarks to another department of sacred Art—that of stained glass windows in churches.

The glass stainers in ancient times acted on the principle of leaving the outlines of their figures dimly defined and intermingled with white glass, inviting the eye to the heaven beyond it, so that the imagination had fair play in helping the faith of the spectator to complete the work by an ideal picture in his own heart and mind. But in modern days the action of the imagination and of faith is too often fettered and paralyzed, and the mind is overpowered by brilliant transparencies, stereotyping upon it commonplace forms, and haunting the memory with prosaic and vulgar representations of sacred persons and subjects, which ought to be veiled in mystery, and to be idealized with reverential awe.

Let us descend to a lower level. The principles now submitted to your consideration may be applied also to landscape paintings and to portraits.

What is it that imparts a charm to the mellow tints of sunset in the pictures of Claude or Turner, and to the rich foliage of the trees, and to the quiet bridge over the flowing river, and to the cattle reflected in the water, and to the old ivy-mantled tower or ruined temple, and to the calm expanse of the broad lake, and to the delicate hues of ærial distance melting away into infinity? Is it not the feeling that under the influence of objects like these we are transported from the petty cares and brief sorrows of to-day to a far-off age, and to a distant land of an ideal Arcadia, a poetic Elysium, or even a spiritual Paradise?

‘Soul-soothing Art,’ the poet may well say—

‘that gives
To moments caught from fleeting Time
The appropriate calm of blest Eternity.’

So it is also with portrait-painting. At the present day by the general use of photography (very valuable in representing buildings and in reproducing manuscripts), portrait-painting is in danger of being degraded to the low level and servile drudgery of endeavouring to execute facsimiles. It does not portray the *mind* by means of the mind, but (may we not rather say?) it copies a machine by the help of a machine. It therefore fails of producing a real likeness. For a man is not what he seems to the eye to be at a particular moment of his existence, seized upon by the spasmodic shock of a mechanical process, but what he is in his generalized essence as discerned by the intuitive genius of the Artist. The genuine portrait-painter will indeed be careful to preserve the personal identity of the subject, but he penetrates below the surface into the inner recesses of the mind. And although his art is affected by conditions of time and space, it goes beyond the limits of both, and reveals some gleams of eternity. May we not say that he will suggest to us some faint glimmerings of what a beloved form may be imagined by us to be in a holier and happier world, when transfigured into a heavenly body by the power and love of Christ?

Let us, said the Bishop in conclusion, now offer some practical observations.

The condition of Art in a country depends on the character of the people. The present decline of Art is due (it may be feared) to national degeneracy. The sense of what is really great, noble, and sublime seems to be on the wane. The great heathen nations of antiquity may well put us to shame in this respect. With them Art was a part of religion, and religion was allied with patriotism. If a colony was to be planted in a far-off land, the first thing they did was to build a magnificent temple. The great temples still standing at Pæstum, at Selinunte, at Segeste, and at Girgenti, are enduring monuments of their national genius and national piety. When Athens recovered from the incendiary ravages of the Persian invasion, the first

thing she did was to rebuild the Parthenon, her great national temple, in greater splendour than before. With them the temples of the deities were their national palaces, and the palaces of their nobles were comparatively like huts and cottages.

It is a humiliating question for ourselves, Has any great cathedral church been erected by the English nation—the richest in the world—in any of her own colonies?

Look, again, at our national monuments. It would be invidious to specify instances. But with a few splendid exceptions, the public works of painting, sculpture, and architecture in our own age—one of boundless wealth and lavish prodigality in personal self-indulgence—can hardly bear comparison, as to true genius and feeling, even with those of the petty Italian states of Pisa, Florence, Genoa, and Venice; to say nothing of the works of ancient artists, which even in their ruined and fragmentary state are still models to ourselves.

Bear with me in referring also to works of education.

Think of the grotesque and monstrous caricatures which disfigure many of the books placed in the hands of our children. How can they ever learn to appreciate and love what is really graceful and beautiful in Art, when their minds are prematurely depraved and corrupted by familiarity with what is either hideous or ludicrous?

But let us hope for better things. And that this hope may be realized let Art be mindful of her high calling. Her office, like that of Poetry, is to teach, to educate, elevate, adorn, to enlighten, cheer, refine, and purify society. A true artist is a good man. He regards his art with reverence. May we not say that he will not consider himself as a mechanic toiling in a workshop, but rather as a prophet and priest ministering in the natural Temple of the Universe for the glory of God and the welfare of mankind?

No study, however severe, both of nature and the best models, is superfluous in so noble a profession. No

industry however unrelaxing, no observation however vigilant, no accuracy however minute and precise, are to be dispensed with. But these will be unavailing without a spirit of moral self-dedication. He will labour not only with the eye and the hand, but with the mind, the soul, and the heart. And therefore he will be conscious of the need of Divine grace, and of inspiration from above. The artists of the Tabernacle, which was made after the pattern in the heavenly mount, were *Bezaleel* and *Aholiab*. There is a spiritual meaning in their names. *Bezaleel* means one who dwells in the shadow of God. And he was the son of *Uri*, which means light. The true artist dwells under the shadow of the wings of Divine Glory and Beauty, and he is a child of heavenly light. And *Aholiab* means, *the Father is my Tabernacle*. The Father of Light dwells, as in a shrine, in the heart of the true artist. Both of these artists of the Tabernacle worked after the pattern which God showed to Moses in the mount. The true artist labours to produce forms of ideal, heavenly beauty. Both these artists are said in Holy Scripture to have been 'filled with the Spirit of God, in wisdom and understanding and knowledge, in all manner of workmanship.' The true artist seeks for the gift of the Holy Spirit in the means of grace. He seeks it in holy books, in noble histories, in sublime poems, such as those of Homer, Æschylus, Dante, Shakspeare, and Milton; he seeks it especially in the Bible. The Bible was the manual of Michael Angelo. The true artist seeks for it in Prayer, and in Holy Communion. Michael Angelo's sonnet on the need of grace, and on its gift in prayer, is one of the most beautiful productions of that great poet and artist. It is recorded of one of the holiest, purest, and most admirable painters of sacred subjects—Fra Angelico da Fiesole—that he never took his pencil into his hand without breathing forth a prayer, and that he never painted the Saviour on the Cross without having his eyes bedimmed with tears. The true artist will scorn to minister food to the sensual appetite by unchaste pictures such as too often marred and debased the works

of the Venetian school, and enfeebled the manly vigour of the Venetian republic; but he will labour in a spirit of pure and holy love. It was said of a great artist that he would as soon put his name to a forgery as to a caricature. In all that is beautiful in earthly forms he will see visions and images of heavenly glory. Earth will be to him a mirror of heaven. And he will enable others to see reflections of heaven in the creations of his own genius. The fleeting things of time will be to him shadows of eternity. His Art will be a religion. It will be consecrated and Christianized, and be full of happiness and joy; and it will prepare him by holy discipline to 'behold the King in his beauty,'* and to contemplate for ever the Lord of Glory, and to recognize in Him a consummation of all that he has seen of loveliness in this lower world, and to have a full fruition of those 'things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, and which God hath prepared for them that love Him.' †

This series of sermons is, I think, a salutary innovation on the stereotyped subjects of the pulpit; and probably Bishop Wordsworth's contribution will pass muster with the rest. By the way, 'Society' was the subject of a sermon a few weeks before. The Piccadilly folks do not appear to have profited by it, for the church was about two-thirds full, and yet many persons—including two clergymen—were allowed to stand all the time. Can it be that the notice posted on the door has anything to do with this circumstance? It is to the effect that the pew-openers of St James's have much larger salaries than is usually the case, and are therefore strictly forbidden to accept gratuities from strangers for showing them to pews.

* Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

† Isaiah lxiv. 41; Cor. ii. 9.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD ON MISSIONARY MOTIVES.

IF any one wished fairly to test the power of a preacher to attract a congregation, he should make the experiment, not on a Sunday, when there is a prejudice in favour of church-going to which a famous preacher only adds an additional attraction, but on a week-day, when the tone of things is still in many, perhaps most, churches against attendance at places of worship, at all events in the daytime. I did this on St John the Baptist's Day, at St Peter's, Eaton Square, where the Bishop of Oxford preached a sermon in aid of the Bishop of Capetown, and for providing the income of the Bishop of Maritzburg. How many people in busy London, I mused as I sped along with the City men to an eleven o'clock service, even knew that it was St John's Day? So completely have the festivals of the Church faded from ordinary observation that, except where they mark epochs in civil and social life—quarter-day, for instance—their very recurrence is unknown to nine-tenths of the population. I am not saying whether this is well, whether it should be so or not. I only say it is.

St Peter's, Eaton Square, is surely the most incongruous of churches. I remember it the driest of the dry in the sweet soporiferous old times; and now at the east-end of that uncomely shrine of Morpheus a gorgeous chancel has dropped down as if by magic, and Mr Wilkinson has long since wakened with his eloquence the sleeping beauties of Belgravia, who had slumbered in their pews all through the Lethæan period.

The congregation, on the occasion of my visit to St Peter's, was far from large, and mainly composed of ladies. This was unfortunate, because the Bishop's

sermon, which was quite extemporé, was very practical and good, and deserved a larger auditory. One can only hope that they made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers, but I can scarcely hope that we helped South Africa much in the way of money, though the appeal to do so was very direct indeed.

The bishop selected as his text 2 Cor. viii. 24, 'Show ye to them, and before the churches, the proof of your love, and of our boasting on your behalf.' From these words he preached a fluent extempore sermon on the motives that should inspire missionary efforts, with special reference to the diocese of Maritzburg. It was, he said, no new subject which had gathered us together, to provide for the wants of Christian people in a distant part of the world. To do so was to follow apostolic models, and reproduce the primitive Church. It was a new work then, but an old one now. The great powers could combine in ancient times to subdue a province, or set in order a government. For this purpose the vast Roman Empire had unequalled energies. There was, however, but a dim shadow of the feeling now alluded to in the love of country, or the Israelites' affection for the Holy Land. But in the New Testament we had the earliest manifestation of this Christian life. These Corinthians, for instance, had once scorned Palestine, but now, since their conversion, they held it dear. They were ready to part with that which men loved best—their money. So was it with us. Those whom we were met to assist were farther off than Jerusalem was from Corinth; but the same principle was actuating us—a care for those dear brethren who, though distant, were near to our Christian faith, hope, and love.

This, however, did not come to all Christian converts at once. Not in every case did charity supervene on baptism, or these chapters would never have been written. The two chapters embraced a series of reasons for Christian charity, which it was worth while to analyze. They were the Apostolic persuasions. Are they, asked the bishop, the same now as then?

The highest motive of all was stated in v. 9. It was

that we owed a debt to Jesus Christ. 'Though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich.' This was the great Christian argument. St Paul pleaded the poverty of the Incarnation. This was the solid ground, the motive which all were bound to acknowledge, and therefore St Paul did not dwell at length upon it. He discussed it as being well known, and passed on to secondary motives which seemed almost unworthy in comparison.

In the next chapter he proceeded to notice another motive, namely, the thanks their liberality would call forth, first to God, and then to themselves. This—not the thanks to God, but to the donors—seemed at best but a poor object. Then, too, he specified the prayers that would be evoked. 'By their prayers for you, who long after you, for the exceeding grace of God in you.' In another place St Paul urged this to a degree that was almost mercenary. He said, 'your carnal things will come back to you.' He made it a matter of bargain. The adversary could easily misrepresent it as an actual traffic between carnal and spiritual things. More mercenary still did it seem when he said he would not have others easy and them burdened. He made charity partake of the nature of an investment. Another worldly motive held out was emulation. He would not have them outdone by the Macedonians.

Lastly, he based his claim on personal affection to himself. He often did this. With his tender but powerful voice he said, 'Remember my bonds.' He bade them listen to the clank of his chain; he pointed them to his furrowed cheek, and worn frame. We might guess how this worked on the new converts. We saw how powerfully it told on the elders of the Ephesian Church when they met him at Miletus.

Now the question was, Do these elements of persuasion exist at the present time? For instance, will you yourselves, asked the Bishop, gain thankfulness in South Africa? Yes; it was a happy thing for the Englishman in his distant work out there to find sympathy, when there were none of the old happy home

associations surrounding him. Gifts from home *do* work exceeding thankfulness. The amount of the gift was multiplied by affection. They will, added the Bishop, be thankful to God and to you for whatever you do on their behalf.

Should we gain their prayers? Yes; they were not behind us in praying. Our prayers were theirs, our services theirs, our sacraments the same. These usages of the Catholic Church were not forgotten on the other side of the great sea. They would not forget us.

Should he, the preacher asked, speak of mercenary expectations? It seemed absurd that wealthy England could get any return from the dioceses washed by the Southern seas. But we did not know the future. Who could tell whether the Church of Christ might not have days of poverty and trouble here? A return from these distant branches might be of the greatest service in time of need. Already a return had come in the earnest courage displayed by the Church in South Africa. God's truth attested there had exerted an influence on ourselves. A noble prelate had been raised up to defend the faith when we had not the courage to do it. We had, indeed, received from Capetown a gift more precious than gold.

I can but repeat my hope that South Africa may also receive from England something more satisfying than our gifts on that particular morning, for unless some of the donors were very munificent ones indeed, I can scarcely believe that the see of Maritzburg derived any very appreciable advantage.

THE BISHOP OF RIPON AT THE SAVOY.

THERE is scarcely a more striking contrast to be found in London than that between the bright green little graveyard which surrounds the Chapel Royal, Savoy, and the grimy backs of the Strand houses which hem it in on one side, while unpicturesque warehouses press it on the others, and the grim old German Lutheran Chapel stands between it and the river. Quite a crowd of early arrivals throngs the churchyard gate of a Sunday morning; for it is a belief ingrained in the convictions of the ordinary church-goer that morning service must commence at eleven o'clock, whereas it did not commence on the morning of my Sunday visit until half-past eleven. We amused ourselves therefore by pacing round the quaint little place watching the long procession of Teutonic faces file past us to the Lutheran Church, and by and by, listening to their chorales in the distance. I was dismayed to find that tickets were required to gain admittance to the Savoy Church, and that one must apply to the chaplain by the previous Friday, understanding if no reply was received that no seats were vacant. When the door was opened one freeborn Briton was exceedingly irate at being excluded in consequence of this arrangement. I was obliged to send in my name to the chaplain, and so passed through the vestry to I really believe the only vacant seat in the church.

The little building was beautifully decorated for Whit Sunday; there being two vases of white flowers on the altar, with vast masses in the recesses of the reredos, and pots at the foot of the candelabra. The pulpit and lectern were also festooned with flowers, and the altar itself, which is surmounted by a coloured window repre-

senting the Crucifixion, was vested in white, and there was a large mural cross above it. The choir, which was a surpliced one, wore bright purple cassocks with scarlet girdles, the surplices being fastened with a red cross at the neck. They entered in slow procession from the vestry, followed by the Rev. Henry White, who is the chaplain, and the preacher for the day—The Bishop of Ripon. The episcopal vestments looked quite sombre against the coloured cassocks of the choir and the crimson of Mr White's hood. There is a sad deficiency of colour in our bishops' dresses.

The service commenced with the *Veni Creator*, of which Dryden's version was taken to a tune by Barnby. I am heterodox enough to prefer Dryden's words to those in the ordination service. They are the ones commencing thus :—

‘ Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on humankind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.’

The hymns at the Savoy are generally taken from the Hymnary ; but there is a special supplement called the Savoy Hymuary, in which this particular hymn occurs. The soprano voices in the choir were very good, but rather overbalanced those of the men. The singing seemed general in the congregation. When the hymn was over, the Bishop proceeded at once with the Ante-Communion Service, reading the Commandments, between which the choir sang a very melodious *kyrie*. The Nicene Creed was monotoned, the organist, Mr H. F. Frost, introducing harmonies very skilfully in the spirit of the different clauses of the creed. Another hymn was sung from the Hymnary, and then the Bishop proceeded to the pulpit.

His Lordship, who preached extempore and without any notes, took his text from St Luke ii. 13, ‘ If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father

give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him ?' The disciples, said Dr Bickersteth, had just asked to be taught to pray, and, in response, there was given to them that comprehensive prayer, called the Lord's Prayer, of which it had been said that it embraced every blessing man could ask or God bestow. The necessity of prayer was much called in question in these days. If God were omniscient, it was asked, why should we express our wants to Him ? If He be immutable, how could we expect Him to change or alter His irrevocable purposes at the cry of a feeble creature ? We might answer that prayer is a privilege and a duty, not a mere method of getting what we wanted.

This, continued the Bishop, was Whit Sunday, the Festival of the Church whereupon we considered God's gift of the Holy Spirit, and he proposed to examine separately the nature of that gift, the blessing bound up with it, and man's warrant to expect it.

I. His lordship at some length then stated the Scriptural grounds for believing in the Divinity of the Holy Spirit, and the important offices discharged by Him in reference to man's salvation. There were certain attributes of Jehovah which were termed incommunicable, such as God's omniscience, eternity, and right to be worshipped. All these belonged to the Holy Ghost, and, therefore, we believed Him to be Divine. Then, again, He was not, as some ancient heretics said, a mere *afflatus* of the Deity. He was a distinct person, and all the characteristics of a separate personality were referred to Him. He was said to be 'grieved' at our sins, for instance. Amongst His offices were enumerated His inspiration of the prophets, His instrumentality in the miraculous Conception of Christ, and the offering of the great sacrifice on Calvary, as well as His 'quickening' after death. All along the plan of our salvation those offices were traceable.

II. Man was a complex being, made up of an immaterial soul shrined in a material body. It was originally intended that the spiritual element should govern the material one ; that the body should be the handmaid of

the soul. In the ruin brought about by man's apostasy this original order was reversed. The noblest faculties of man's mind and spirit were made to serve the instincts of the body. How could this be reversed? Only by the creative power of the Holy Spirit. The eye of faith could see what to the material eye was invisible. He convinced of sin. He led to Jesus. He fashioned the soul for immortality. Every hope of salvation depended upon Him. So far we had only noted His offices during this life; but ere long we should die, and then the spirit would return to God, who gave it. The material body would be sown in corruption, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; but then the loving guardianship of the Holy Spirit would extend to the shattered materials. The dust should be re-formed and live again; the spirit raised to dwell with Christ in glory. The Holy Spirit would quicken our mortal bodies as he had quickened Christ's.

III. What was the warrant for expecting this bestowment of the Holy Spirit? The reason was forcibly stated in the text. Where was the parent who would not give anything in his power for the good of his child? We were capricious and powerless, and therefore *à fortiori* would God, who was all love and power, give the Holy Spirit to them who asked Him. We had the distinct warrant of God's own promise that if we asked we should receive. Then, again, we were living under the dispensation of the Spirit. There had been three dispensations, the Patriarchal, the Legal, and the Gospel dispensation. In the first the unity of God was the paramount idea. In the Levitical the person and work of Christ were presignified by type and ceremony; but in the last the presiding thought was the work of the Holy Spirit in leading man to Christ to train for immortality. We had then, above all, a special warrant under this dispensation for expecting the gift of the Holy Spirit. May it be ours; for it was the most precious gift God could bestow.

The preacher then drew a beautifully contrasted picture of the condition of those destitute of this gift as

compared with those who possessed it. Possessing this, they possessed all things. They had omnipotent grace to stand them in stead for every difficulty and trial.

Finally, this gift was to be sought for by importunate prayer. Not only so, but also by use of all the means of grace. His lordship especially invited his hearers to the Holy Communion then about to be celebrated, where such means of grace were conveyed by the 'consecrated emblems of Christ's body and blood.' A confirmation had taken place at the Savoy Church on the previous day, and the sermon closed with a very earnest appeal to those newly confirmed ones who were present, that they should continue thus to come until the blessed hour when they should pass from the ranks of the Church Militant to that of the Church Triumphant, and see Christ without the aid of 'memorials,' without any veil to intercept the unclouded brightness of His presence.

It was said of Locke's great Essay on the Human Understanding that, though it dealt with the most abstruse subjects, it did so in a way which rendered them plain to the simplest capacity; and the same remark might have been made of the Bishop of Ripon's sermon at the Savoy. Dealing with the mysterious event of the first Whit Sunday and the doctrines bound up with it, the matter was so handled as to bring the subject down to the level of the meanest comprehension. His lordship's style is singularly fluent and easy, without the slightest pause or repetition. The right word seems to fall easily and naturally into the right place; and the sermon of Whit Sunday might well stand as a model of a plain Evangelical discourse, not without the relief of occasional flights of eloquence, though these were mostly comprised in terse epigrammatic expressions, the subject of the sermon being to a certain degree dogmatic, or, at all events, doctrinal.

The large majority of the congregation remained to the Communion, and nearly all the choir partook. The appearance of the long line of surpliced communicants

kneeling to receive the Elements at the hands of the Bishop and Chaplain was very imposing indeed. A pianissimo voluntary was played during the whole time the congregation were communicating; or perhaps I rather ought to say half-a-dozen such voluntaries, for one did not by any means suffice for the very large number of communicants. The greater number were composed of the wealthier classes; and, judging from externals, I should fancy the old precinct of the Savoy was slenderly represented. The worship, however, was one of the most beautiful specimens of the congregational kind at which it was ever my good fortune to be present.

THE DEAN OF NORWICH ON ST FRANCIS DE SALES.

MY church-going on the present occasion was a chapter of accidents. In the first place I was misled by an evening paper announcing that the Archbishop of Dublin would preach on Baxter at St James's, Piccadilly, and, as I was particularly anxious to hear what his Grace would say on the subject of the 'Saint's Everlasting Rest' and its author, I plunged boldly through the rain and mud of an ungenial June in London, and arrived in Piccadilly just in time to be too late for the service; for I had chosen to jump to the conclusion that it began at half-past three, whereas the hour was three; so that when I arrived I found, not the Archbishop of Dublin—whose turn came the following Sunday—but the Dean of Norwich, who was well into the second portion of his sermon by the time I stole furtively into the side door. When I glanced around on the huge congregation which filled the large church, I could not help thinking how times have

changed, or rather we have changed in them, during the last few years. What would our good grandsires have said had they heard of vast congregations turning out of a Sunday afternoon to hear Dr Farrar preach on the '*De Imitatione Christi*' of à Kempis, or the Dean of St Paul's handle Pascal's '*Pensées*,' and now, worse than all, Dean Goulburn treat on so purely Papistical a volume as the '*Vie Dévote*' of St François de Sales? Certainly the names of the preachers were sufficient guarantees that the subjects would be handled discreetly; but most assuredly our Protestant ancestors would have been ready with the remark that you could not touch pitch without being defiled. We live in more liberal times, and adopt the sounder policy of extracting what is good from these works—rejecting what is evil. But I am anticipating the preacher.

The Dean of Norwich had, I was told, given out no text before his lecture or sermon—I scarcely know which to call it. The larger portion of the discourse was a criticism on the '*Introduction à la Vie Dévote*,' and he had just reached, as I said, the second portion of the work when I arrived. However, he had to refer to the first part later on in his subject, so that I was able to supply the hiatus.

The first part of the Introduction insisted on the necessity of formal dedication of self to God; and then the work passed on to treat, in the second part, on the subject of reading the Bible. Strangely enough, however, whilst it discussed at length how one ought to read the Bible, it did not give even the name of a single book of Scripture. He referred instead to Bonaventura, Augustine, Jerome, and the '*Lives of the Saints*.' In this respect Bishop Taylor, in his '*Holy Living and Dying*,' differed entirely, so that this work might well be said to form a supplement to the '*Vie Dévote*.' Yet were certain parts of the work of 'Francis' (it was so the Dean familiarly spoke of him) exceedingly beautiful. The chapter on Spiritual Recollection was simply 'lovely.' It advocated daily retreats, saying that as the birds had their nests in the trees and the deer their

quiet thickets, so the soul should retreat to Calvary. The method prescribed was, the Dean said, one of great practical value. The portion called the Spiritual Nose-gay was also highly praised, running to the effect that as, on entering a beautiful garden, one wanted to carry away three or four flowers, so the soul should select some three or four from among many truths for subsequent refreshment.

I was somewhat surprised to hear Dean Goulburn speak so highly as he did of this certainly florid style of moral theology. He thought this portion of the Introduction might well be extracted by some competent writer, and an appendix added from his own hand filling up defects. He contrasted the system of Meditation with that of Bible-reading, greatly to the advantage of the former. Bible-reading had, he said, with Protestants, taken the place of Meditation, and too often consisted only of reading—not, as the Collect said, of learning, marking, and inwardly digesting.

The third and fourth portions formed really the body of the Introduction, and consisted severally of a treatise on the virtues and on temptation. The arrangement of the virtues, however, was not an orderly one, and was inferior to that of Bishop Taylor. He arranged them according to the text of Titus ii. 12, in the order of sobriety, justice, and religion. The noticeable defect in Francis was his silence as to faith. Roman moral theology made faith consist of a passive assent to certain doctrines, and therefore we had to go to the *Apologetica*, written against sceptics and atheists, before we found any express mention of faith. In other cases faith was presupposed. The Reformed Communions, on the contrary, believed that faith was more than a mere assent to doctrines, and was something that must stir the affections. Therefore the Reformed Divine could not ignore faith. Taylor gave a chapter on Faith, but even in his case—if one might criticize so great a man—the Dean thought the order should have been reversed and faith put first instead of last. Yet, on the other hand, all the virtues were not to be

merged in faith. It was not to be in this respect like Aaron's rod, which swallowed the rods of Jannes and Jambres, and left no creature of its kind on the earth besides itself. Francis warned especially against a multiplicity of pursuits. He suggested that we should select one or two virtues. Unity of effort, said Dean Goulburn, was essential to spiritual life.

Preserving his critical style, the Dean next passed to the fourth part, on the subject of Temptation, where he seemed to think St Francis was superior to the author of 'Holy Living.' Bishop Taylor, he said, rather overlooked the antagonistic side, and this involved a loss in Christian ethics. We wanted to practise, not merely to admire, the virtues; and directly we did so we elicited the temptations of our own hearts, of the world around, and of a legion of evil spirits in arms against us. The Dean here referred to a very impressive sermon Bishop Bagot once preached in the Cathedral at Wells. It produced an immense effect by dwelling simply on the difficulty of being good. Everybody who heard it felt that it was difficult; and the need of a treatise like that of Taylor or De Sales was not to hide difficulties, but to help the reader over them. The 'Vie Dévote,' which in this respect resembled Scupoli's 'Spiritual Combat,' had fifteen chapters on the Antagonisms of the Christian Church; but in this enumeration Francis passed from temptations strictly so-called to what we should term crosses and trials, such as barrenness and dryness. On this head Dr Goulburn read a very striking passage where the author, deprecating self-reprobaton on the score of dryness, compared the soul to a rose, which, beautiful as it was when fresh, was even more fragrant when its leaves were dried and seemingly dead.

The fifth and last part of the Introduction threw us back again on the first. It treated of the method of renewing our promises. As a clock required to be wound up twice a day (the mechanism of clocks, said the Dean parenthetically, had improved since the days of Francis), and had to be taken to pieces every year and its parts oiled, so was it with the soul. The simile

was pursued into minute details, even so far as to make the oil stand for Confession and the Holy Eucharist. So there should be an annual retreat, in which the original protestation should be reconsidered. All this, be it remarked, presupposed the formal dedication of the soul to God. Thus, said the Dean, this beautiful work circled back to the source from whence it set out, like some noble river which, after meandering through a country, fell at last into the great abyss of the ocean. What, then, was the fundamental principle of this moral theology, the cell around which all else gathered? What was the relation of this book to the Bible? As art was but the application of some force to the purposes of life, so moral theology was only the adaptation of some power of Scripture. The great work of Scupoli, for instance, was an unfolding of that passage in the Epistle to the Ephesians, which spoke of spiritual antagonists and the panoply of God. The fundamental thought of Francis was more recondite; but it was really an enlargement of the words of Christ—‘Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ So far the rest was given, not gained; but there was a second rest spoken of in the context which was gained, where it was said ‘Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, &c. . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls.’ That this rest was an essential of the Christian life, and to be consummated only in Paradise, was the ever-recurrent thought in Francis. Unquietness was the greatest evil of the soul, and the spring of temptations. The soul, in this respect, was like the bird entangled in a net, which involved itself the more in its very efforts to get loose. In worldly business there might be care, but there should not be solicitude; just as the holy angels have avocations demanding care, yet their solicitude does not mar their repose. The rivers which glide through the fields bear great boats of merchandise, and the rain which falls gently fertilizes the country; the tornado and the tempest were destructive.

It was evident from the way in which the Dean read

his various extracts that he was thoroughly penetrated with the beauties of his author; yet he did not shrink from adverse criticism of him. No doubt Francis had originated Quietism, which, fifty years afterwards, issued in Antinomianism. He caricatured the truth as to peace of mind. He said that the will should have no pursuit of its own, but be simply absorbed in the Divine will. 'Thy will be done' was to drown every other note in the human diapason. His followers worked this vein of thought mischievously, until Madame Guyon shocked the moral sense. It seemed ungracious to criticize one whose spirituality was so great as that of Francis. One might use his own simile, and say that the hen who flies seldom could not criticize the gyrations of the eagle. But St Theresa's own ejaculation was here to the point, 'All that is not of God is nought.' So we said, in reading these saints, all that is not God's work has a flaw somewhere, and the authors would have been the first to acknowledge it themselves. Only the man who was sectarian, prone to theological commonplaces, or unused to spiritual emotions, could read this work without feeling his heart drawn out to the author and to desire for a devout life.

The address was followed by the old Jewish benediction, and it was only when we passed out into Piccadilly that I realized what a large congregation had been attracted by the Dean. I no longer felt aggrieved at having missed my Archbishop, for I had heard a very exceptional lecture, and could not but feel that the experiment of these special sermons at St James's had been eminently successful. I particularly noticed a very large number of clergymen, and one recently appointed dignitary, among the congregation.

FATHER IGNATIUS ON REVIVALISM.

HAVING made it my mission of late to hear and report the sermons of the Bishops during the London season, I found myself nonplussed and my occupation for the moment gone by the occurrence of Trinity Sunday. Their lordships were, for the most part, engaged in ordinations; and I believe only one bishop preached in London or the suburbs—namely, Dr Gregg, Bishop of Ossory, at St Augustine's, South Hackney.

But with the commencement of the London season, the Rev. J. L. Lyne, better known as 'Father Ignatius, O.S.B., Monk of the Church of England,' generally leaves his seclusion in Wales, and preaches at St George's Hall, by way of recruiting the funds for his monastery. He began on a Thursday evening with an apotheosis of St Thomas à Becket, and the next day delivered an oration on Fashionable Society; but Sunday afternoon was devoted to a service and sermon, the subject of the latter being advertised as 'Revivalism and the Upper Classes.' Mr Lyne is exceedingly clever in the choice of titles for his discourses, and this proved a very attractive one, for, by the hour appointed, a very large assemblage had gathered in the hall, though the reserved places cost five shillings and half-a-crown each, the unreserved sixpence and a shilling. The proceeds, after deducting expenses, were to be devoted to 'the Religious Works of the English Benedictine Order.' Besides being a phenomenon as a monk in the Church of England, this young clergyman (for Mr Lyne is in Deacon's orders) possesses powers of eloquence and undoubted earnestness which are sure to secure a hearing even from those who do not sympathize with his peculiar views.

On a green-baize-covered table in the centre of the stage stood a large crucifix wreathed with flowers; and one of Mr Sankey's sacred solos was being sung behind the red curtain at the back in a melodious voice, which those of us who had heard him found no difficulty in recognizing as that of Father Ignatius himself. Mr Lyne does his own singing as well as preaching. There was a harmonium accompaniment, and a small chorus took up the burden of the hymn after each verse, but neither the instrument nor vocal adjuncts were at all equal to the solo. The harmonium was decidedly gusty, and only came in at fitful intervals—not always at the right places either. There was by the time the hymn was over a decidedly large and influential gathering. One old lady sat quietly alongside me for a long time, and then suddenly, when she discovered the crucifix, got up and made a profound genuflexion to it.

Presently Ignatius entered, in the black habit of his order, and bearing a large Bible. Having knelt a short time at the table in silent prayer, he rose and said he had a particular favour to ask of his congregation. He was obliged to gather them in that hall because the Bishop of London, who was a good Christian man, and acted from a sense of duty, would not allow him to officiate in a church. In that same place Mr Voysey preached, and he denounced him as a public blasphemer. He would, therefore, ask those present to join him in reciting the Athanasian Creed, to counteract the devilish heresies of the man who blasphemed Christ. At this, as at the previous denunciation, there were loud hisses, and cries of 'No personalities!' 'Read the Creed!' Mr Lyne, however, was quite equal to the occasion, and defended at once the Creed as being the inheritance of every Evangelical Christian, and his own words as to Mr Voysey's public character on the grounds that Mr Voysey himself would be ready to say that there was more that was wrong than right in the teachings of Christ. The Creed contained the common faith of Dissenters as well as Churchmen, and was only unpopular because the so-called damuatory clauses were misunderstood.

The Athanasian Creed was then chanted to the 5th Gregorian tone, only about twelve persons declining to stand up, as Mr Lyne requested those who did not like the Creed to sit quietly in their places. At its conclusion he took a seat in the centre of the stage with the large Bible on his knees, and the knotted cord which bound his waist dangling picturesquely at his side. He selected St John iv. 43, and subsequent verses, as the subject of what turned out to be rather a full exposition than a sermon in the ordinary acceptation of the term.

Recurring to the episode of Christ's discourse with the Woman of Samaria, he pointed out the deep meaning involved in the comment of the Samaritans, 'We know that this is Christ the Saviour of the world.' It was miserable only to hope this, but there was something greater than hope—there was knowledge. Mr Lyne has a strange *penchant* for calling everybody 'dear,' and he said, Dear St John had written this advisedly of the dear Samaritans. The word 'know' was a pet word with St John, just as St John was a pet disciple of Christ, and would not be allowed to fall into error. We might, he said, well plead guilty to a special love for the Gospel and Epistles of dear St John. After two days Jesus departed to Galilee, and that expression of time greatly attested the genuineness of St John's Gospel. If you were to ask Professor Jowett whether this Gospel was written by St John, he would hum and ha. But if he had any real English pluck he would speak out and say he did not believe it was written by the Evangelist whose name it bore. It was only on select occasions he spoke plainly, but was apt sometimes to make a *lapsus linguæ*. He made a good many '*lapsus linguæ*' (*sic*) when he was preaching at St Lawrence, Jewry, last Passiontide. As for Mr Voysey, he was outside the pale, for he did not pretend to be a Christian; but it was unfortunate when Christians differed one from the other on dubious terms, while they held the fundamentals of faith in common. It was one of the devil's delights to see them do so. Now that little expression, 'after two days,' showed him this Gospel was the work

of an eye-witness. If not, why was such a mark of time introduced? It was only wasting ink and time for a writer, a long while after the event, to introduce such. He himself had a habit, before he went to bed every night, to open the Bible at hap-hazard and read the seventh verse of the first chapter that met his eye, and to think over it before he went to sleep. One night, when he was ill, he asked a brother to open the Bible for him, and the seventh verse turned out to be all made up of long names in one of the genealogies. 'You won't find much comfort in that, Father Ignatius, will you?' asked the brother. 'Yes I do,' he replied, 'because it is impossible such a passage as that could be the invention of man.' These minutiae proved the verbal infallibility of the Bible. We owed a deep debt of gratitude to the Jews for the 'agonizing accuracy' with which they had guarded this verbal infallibility. Reading next the narrative of the Nobleman's son healed by Christ, he took the word Galilee, and noticed that just as people asked how could any good thing come out of Galilee, so now they asked of Moody and Sankey. They called them fools. They said Sankey had come over to sell harmoniums, and why? Only because, instead of singing 'beastly songs at the Alhambra or theatre,' he sang about Christ. The scientific men of the world did not believe, and they were miserable. Professor Tyndall would be glad to believe in Jesus Christ; and in the midst of the commotion caused by his miserable Belfast address, he had written to a friend, 'In my quietest moments I believe most.' This, continued Mr Lyne, was an electric-telegraph and first-class-express age; and yet he thanked God that there were noblemen and noblemen's sons now in London entering into the present revival quite as heartily as the middle and lower classes. Were there such present—noblemen or noble-women anxious as this father was about one who was dear to them? Was there not many a mother anxious about a son; many a gray-headed man whose face would turn ashy pale, and his hair seem to grow more gray still, if you mentioned his daughter? She was sick with the unnamed disease which society

dared not name. Such cases were continually being sent to him for prayer, and over and over again he had got letters saying that the son who was despaired of had been found in his bedroom praying. It was all right with him. He had come to himself. There was one young man—this one did not belong to the upper classes, but to the noble working class, a fellow with a splendid arm but a slave to drink. When he had thus been brought to Christ, he came and said, ‘I have done with the drink. You told me I carried Christ in my heart now, and I tried to go into the public-house and couldn’t. I *hadn’t the impudence* to take Him in with me!’ It was just as Monica won Augustine’s soul. His mother’s prayer won this young man.

He had many and many stories like this one of the nobleman’s son. Once when he was holding a mission in the North some Wesleyans came and asked his prayers for their daughter, whom the doctor pronounced to be dying, and she was mad with fright at the idea. He asked the people from the pulpit to pray for this dying girl that her end might be made peaceful. Two or three nights after, as the people were going out of church, the parents came again and cried out, ‘A miracle! the child has died, but oh so happily!’ He called the people back again, and they all knelt down and thanked God for that miracle of peace. The great hindrance to revivals was that people did not believe in instantaneous salvation. But the dying man had only to look on the brazen serpent and there was life in the look. He did not slowly get better. He lived—at once.

Of this man, further, it was written, ‘Himself believed and his whole house.’ Such was often the case. He knew a dear lady who belonged to what was called a religious family, where there was plenty of bowing and crossing among her husband and children. She came to his mission, and was derided by her husband as being a Calvinist. At length he consented, at her urgent request, to come too—just, as he said, to be amused. Before that service was over he was kneeling by his wife’s side on the altar step, making what might be

called his first communion, full of the light of Jesus Christ.

Jesus, he concluded, suited all classes. There were Saints of Cæsar's household; and this revival was shaking the whole of the Valley of Death. Jesus of Nazareth passed by, and that great necropolis, London, started into life. They were coming from the brothels and the public-houses, and sitting at the feet of Jesus. Some of those present had, he knew, been added that afternoon. He could see a different expression on their faces since they came in. These were signs of the Holy Spirit's work. They were additions to the family of the Living God.

While the collection was being made after the sermon, a mission hymn, 'Stand up, stand up, for Jesus,' was sung, followed by Mr Sankey's now celebrated 'Hold the Fort,' and a very large proportion remained for more private colloquy, after the fashion of Mr Moody's Inquiry Room.

Father Ignatius has unbounded admiration for the American evangelists. I am puzzled to know whether it is reciprocated, or whether the Benedictine garb is a stumbling-block in the path of common action between these men.

On the occasion of his sermon on Fashionable Life, he prayed with much fervour, stating that he should be satisfied if only three souls were saved out of fashionable life. He then sat in the front of the stage, and read the 2nd chapter of the First Epistle of St John, accompanying his reading with a running commentary, and remarking that the words had nothing to do with fashionable society, because they were addressed to children of God. Christians, he said, were fools in the 19th century as in the first; and then made a complimentary allusion to the success of Messrs Moody and Sankey. Thus do extremes often meet!

Passing imperceptibly to his oration, Father Ignatius said that fashionable society was made up of falsehood,

deception, and absolute tomfoolery. It was popular to burlesque fashionable society, and he had a capital picture from *Punch* in his pocket which showed how popular it was to burlesque it. It was simply an assemblage of lunatics let loose. It was uncomfortably clothed. The ladies, for instance, had to wear clothes in which it was difficult to sit down; and the costume which was only uncomfortable in the morning, was disgraceful in the evening. This description provoked roars of laughter, and Ignatius took that as an instance of the 'lunatics let loose' laughing at themselves. It was a matter of business with the ladies to dress thus for the men. It was a mere 'fishing expedition.' Fashionable society, he said, was brutal to the weaker sex. It ruined a young girl, and then said it 'could not visit her;' then it handed over the poor wreck to the church. It was the same with the imitators of fashionable society in the middle and lower classes. It entailed a shameful waste of life on the part of its votaries. The mother drove her daughter from pillar to post to get her married, and it was impossible to escape from such clutches. Summer was turned into winter, night into day. You are, he said, hurried from the bloom of nature in the country, and allowed to see it only in its decay. What a ridiculous position! *Punch* or *Judy* would bring it home, but he wanted to go one step further. Are you satisfied, he asked, with the world and your place in it? Some were, he knew, but these were the people who were drawn by Jesus Christ out of this fashionable society. Their very life was peace. Why should not one heart, weary of earth and laden with sins, be won to-day by these words? 'You long after God without knowing it, and now you are within reach of it. We come, let our light shine on you!' What will the world do, he continued, when you are on your death-bed? There is a worldling listening now, he said, who before this London season is out will be 'beneath the undertaker's hammer.' Instead of going to Norway for the fishing, such an one may have to stand before God. What have I to offer you? Simply Jesus Christ—God's.

panacea for every possible ill. I am not a quack doctor, he pursued; I speak of what I know and have seen. People in multitudes have been brought in by our services. Then he went on to denounce others. St Andrew's, Wells Street, he said, was one of the devil's places. There was plenty of lace on the altar, plenty of bowing and scraping. The devil was one of the most religious people in the London season, and there would soon have to be introduced into St Andrew's, Wells Street, *Punch's* patent chairs for ladies who could not sit. The clergymen at St Andrew's had no more right to give the Sacrament to the people there than to a pig—not so much, because the pig had not a soul to be damned! Having demolished St Andrew's, he proceeded, amidst applause, to denounce Dean Stanley and Professor Jowett, for speaking against whom he should like to go to prison; and I should think he was likely to be gratified, since he alluded to them as 'devil-possessed professors of fashionable religion.' And yet Ignatius would have us believe that he was 'no quack'! He could give out what he had got—and, as far as I could gather, nobody had got it except himself. He wished he had a certain young nobleman on that platform, who had just come out of the darkness, so that he might tell them what he did (it was a pity Ignatius did not bring this sprig of nobility); but he drew a graphic picture of how he had become convinced he was an abode of demons. What was it? Some people thought it was mesmerism. If so, it was a stronger mesmerism than any he knew.

Such was the admirable mixture of rant and reality with which Father Ignatius regaled his fashionable audience, exhorting us to go home *plus* the Saviour, instead of *minus*. I should be curious to know whether the strangely high-spiced oration *did* really touch even three hearts of those present.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND MONKS.

THERE can be little doubt that, with Moody-and-Sankeyism on the one side, and Anglican Monasticism on the other, the elastic limits of our Established Church have lately been tried to their utmost; for, whatever opinions may be held as to the edifying character of each or either of these influences, they mark extremes to which in our day and generation we have been unaccustomed, but which no doubt the machinery of the new Public Worship Bill will keep well within bounds. There is, however, one ingenious gentleman who manages to combine both these extremes in his single self with remarkable dexterity—I still mean the Rev. J. L. Lyne, who, as Father Ignatius, has made it his mission to revive Monasticism in the Church of England, and who professes unbounded admiration—amid a considerable amount of the *nil admirari* in other respects—for the character and work of the American evangelists.

Father Ignatius concluded on a Sunday his summer campaign for 1875, during which he had been making strenuous efforts for the replenishment of his monastic coffers at Llanthony, the special object in view being to erect an altar of proper splendour in the Abbey Church ‘among the wild black mountains of South Wales.’ The choir and chancel were built, and Father Ignatius wanted a shrine for perpetual intercession; hence his visit to rich London at the height of the season.

On Thursday, July 1st, the day when the Public Worship Bill came into force, he commenced operations with an oration at St George’s Hall on the doctrine of the real Presence in the Eucharist, the practical question debated being the attitude English Catholics should assume towards the new measure. On Friday, ‘the Feast

of the Visitation of the B. V. M., he discussed Mariolatry at Westbourne Hall, and on the following Saturday he took what one may well regard as his typical subject, 'Monks in the Church of England,' at the same place. He is singularly happy in his titles; and devoted Sunday afternoon at St George's Hall to the consideration of 'The Blind Man—not of Jericho, but of London.' It is to the Saturday afternoon discourse I propose to give attention, as representing a phenomenon in the Church of England at the present time—the practical reintroduction of monkery into her system.

Appearing, as usual, in the black habit of the Benedictine Order, with tonsured head and sandalled feet, Father Ignatius, in his opening remarks, claimed the subject as one interesting to Protestants as well as to Catholics. Monasticism, he said, was necessary for sound life and morality in the National Church. He defined a Catholic as one who did not accept the Protestant Reformation, whether belonging to the Roman, Greek, or Anglican Communion, and read a series of extracts laudatory of Monasticism from a regular catena of non-Catholic writers, either Protestant or sceptical, including Gibbon, Voltaire, Guizot, Dugald Stewart, Leibnitz, Neander, Dr Maitland ('History of the Dark Ages'), and John Stuart Mill. All religions, he went on to say, were monastic, especially Buddhism, which held sway over nearly half the human race, more than all the different bodies of Christendom put together. Could we, he asked, afford to pooh-pooh one half the human race by denouncing or decrying Monasticism? When he himself appeared before the Court of Chancery in the matter of young Mr Todd, Vice-Chancellor Malins said it would never do for all the world to turn monks; to which he replied that this was scarcely more likely than that all the world should turn vice-chancellors. Father Ignatius then read the 19th chapter of St Matthew, which he said was one of the sources from which they gathered the monastic idea; and he made his audience (which, by the way, was not very numerous) laugh by the manner in which he contrasted the care shown in as-

suming the monastic vow, with the precipitation with which young men and women assumed the life-vows of matrimony. There was no novitiate of a year in the latter, but you plumped into it head over heels once for all, and for life. He concluded this introductory portion, which might with advantage have been incorporated in his subsequent address, by telling the story of a young man of nineteen, who on Friday evening had come to him and declared that he felt a vocation for the monastic life, while his parents were only too rejoiced at the course he had taken. This attitude he contrasted with that assumed towards him by the Protestant Alliance.

Then he came to the main address, the subject of which he thus subdivided: 1. What is a monk? 2. What is the Church of England? 3. Is there anything inconsistent with Monasticism in that Church? The word 'monk' itself simply meant 'solitary.' There were, he said, different gifts; and it was idle to suppose that they were each absorbed in any one person. 'How ugly your face would look if it were all nose!' he added by way of illustration. So, again, it would fare ill with the Church if all were evangelists. The monk separated himself from the world to live a life of prayer and praise. Who would say that such a life was useless? Scripture contained many monastic passages, as, for instance, where prayer seven times a day was spoken of, where the Psalmist said, early he would direct his prayer to God, &c. In the world there was little time for frequent prayer; therefore God called some to devote themselves to a life of perpetual intercession. Supposing twelve men took a house for this purpose, could you say that they were leading a wrong life? However you might appreciate an active existence, you would be disposed to pray for a blessing on such a work. Those men would be like Moses, Aaron, and Hur on the mountain. It was they who won the battle more than those who were fighting down below. So the monk never left off his intercession 'until the sun went down.' Apart from the ornaments of Catholicism no one could have any objection to such a system. The Christian monk differed

widely in this respect from the Buddhist. The work of the latter was selfish. By contemplative life he sought to realize the *nirvana*—the ideal state of perfection—in himself only. So, said Father Ignatius, there are some ‘dear Christians’ who say we can be perfect now. ‘I believe that when this is the case probation will be over. The work of sanctification is a gradual one throughout life, and the monk devotes his life not to personal perfection, but to Christ, who is all in all. He offers his life to Christ. Montalembert showed how this was true in history; how the monks were the great barriers against barbarism; and it was the blood of a monk that brought about Magna Charta.’

2. In the second place, what, he asked, was the Church of England? If it were only created by Act of Parliament in the Reign of Henry VIII., then he conceded it had no place for Monasticism. But the Church of England was established by the Apostles themselves. It was the only representative of the Universal Church in this country. Its history went back to the first Christian century. Five hundred years before Augustine the British Church was flourishing. SS. Clement and Irenæus bore testimony to its antiquity, and Bishops of London, Colchester, and York sat in a council a century before good Pope Gregory sent over Augustine. Had she then possessed monastic institutions? In the fifth century Pelagius said that there were in the Church of England ten thousand monks, and they were as strong in their repudiation of the Roman claims of Augustine as the Protestant of to-day could be. They were not Romanist or Popish then. But, then, they were done away with at the Reformation. That was what that ‘dear good Christian,’ the Bishop of London, had said to Father Ignatius himself. But his lordship forgot history. The Church of England never did away with monasteries—the King did, for political and egotistical purposes; and when the Church of England monks offered to give up the Papal supremacy he refused their offer, because they would not accept his supremacy instead, knowing that to do so would only be to go out

of the frying-pan into the fire. Henry VIII. simply said, he would have the Bill or their heads, and they 'very naturally' preferred the former. It was simply an historical blunder on the part of that good Christian, the Bishop of London. Wolsey did away with the system, and the fate of those who shared in the spoliation might be read in Spelman's 'History of Sacrilege.'

3. It was high time, then, that the life of prayer should be rehabilitated in our midst. He recurred once more to those Protestant testimonials as to the pure life of the monasteries, and asked was there ever a greater age of shams—especially religious shams—than at present? It was not long ago, said Father Ignatius, 'that a friend of mine, who is an atheist, said: "The fundamental principle of your Christianity is that a man shall give up all he has and follow Christ. Can you point me out one Christian who does this? Can you picture a Lord Chancellor giving up all he possesses? No, you are behind the time. You cannot show me one such practical Christian—not one."' Then it was common to point to the abolition of monasteries in Spain and Italy; but it was not Christianity that was doing away with them. When the sacrilegious state of things was over, then the monasteries would be restored, as they had been in France. 'I am not speaking of what I do not know,' said the Anglican monk, 'I am speaking the thoughts of twenty years, during which I have stood alone contending for this principle.' Here followed a tremendous burst of applause, and Ignatius thanked his audience for that mark of sympathy, and said all we needed was to bring common sense to bear on the subject.

Finally he asked his hearers what they were individually doing, what proofs they were giving of their Christianity. Except they left all and followed Christ they could not be His disciples. That maxim was literally exemplified in the monk's life; but it should be illustrated in a degree by the life of every Christian. He particularly exhorted Christian preachers to speak thus to their congregations, and not to pander in their sermons to men's feelings. 'Let men's feelings go to

the devil, whence they came,' was the alternative suggested by this remarkably plain-spoken orator.

He then urged his special request for the Altar of Perpetual Intercession, and pictured the prayer of the watcher before the shrine at Llanthony even then going up on behalf of those to whom he was speaking. From five in the morning till ten at night prayer was now offered at that altar, and, as their numbers increased, they hoped to continue the prayer throughout the night.

The collection was then made while a hymn was sung, Father Ignatius extemporizing solo verses much after the manner of Mr Sankey; but I scarcely think the offerings of the Westbourne Hall people bore any proportion to those which the American evangelists have got from the British public.

A SERMON ON PHYSIOLOGY.

FOR those antitypical Athenians of the nineteenth century who would fain 'spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing,' it is a good deal to be able to say that at the Church of St James, Westmoreland Street, Marylebone, of which the Rev. H. R. Haweis is incumbent, they will be sure to find originality, and very likely to hear some novelty in the pulpit. A long pursuit of different 'doxies has, I confess, ingrained in my being this hunger and thirst for something new; and, though I had no 'commission' on hand at the time—for was not I absorbed in the study of Heterodoxy?—I repaired to the orthodox confines of St James's on a certain Sunday morning, among other reasons in order to refresh my mind, wearied by long experience of heresies, with something which, while it was orthodox, should not be uninteresting, and which,

so I hoped, while delivered within the walls of an Established Church of England, should be free from that condition of stagnation which, rightly or wrongly, the enemies of Establishments declare to be of their very essence. The present paper is to describe how I fared, and what measure of success or failure resulted from my experiment on the occasion in question.

One remarkably convenient arrangement at St James's for those who, like myself, consider early rising a heresy, is that a break is made between morning prayers and the Communion Service, in which latter, of course, occurs the sermon.

From the number of people sunning themselves on the flagstones that Sunday morning I should gather that early rising is not considered a cardinal virtue by Mr Haweis's congregation. I thought I would go in and hear the fag end of the prayers, which, with their choral 'amens,' sounded musically outside; but the gorgeous beadle, who is an old friend of mine, and who was contemplating his *al fresco* congregation with much satisfaction, said, like Baily junior, ominously, 'Don't,' adding, for my private gratification, that the thermometer was sixty-four degrees in the gallery.

When I did get in I found the surpliced choir singing an anthem, which was judiciously made to take the place of the Litany; and I could not help thinking that I should have preferred even a 'dim religious light' to the heat of two large sunburners that were flaring fiercely down upon our devoted heads; but Mr Haweis evidently goes in for material as well as spiritual light at St James's, and he certainly gave us lots of both on the morning of which I write. The only symptom of gloom I discovered was in the retention of the old-fashioned Geneva gown in the pulpit, in place of the now almost universally adopted surplice; but I fancy Mr Haweis would be anything rather than 'High;' and possibly the Episcopal sanction lately conferred on what was once considered 'a rag of Popery' in the pulpit has not so much value in his estimation as it has with some of us.

Mounting the pulpit, then, thus attired, and without

enunciating any text, Mr Haweis began by speaking of the general indifference to sermons, the discrepancy between the clerical and lay platform, and trivialities of the clerical and clerical-lay mind. The acme of narrowness was attained, he said, by the 'theological laymen.' But the evil went even deeper than this. The clergy and religious people were not quick to discover where secular controversies impinged upon the religious life. 'What can discussions on protoplasm and the origin of life, for instance, have to do,' they asked, 'with religion?' Unless the clergy could prove that convictions about these matters were connected in some way with religion and morals, they would have no right to introduce philosophy or science into the pulpit. He had, on the previous Sunday, been speaking of the mind and the body. Now, the anatomist said that soul was nothing but a product of matter and force. This assertion at once defied the plane on which the men of science were working, and served to reveal the flaw in their argument. They said that the dissolution of the body involved the extinction of consciousness. This was Dr Buchner's assertion. But before you claim to have proved the dissolution of soul together with body you would have to show the links in the chain connecting the two—to prove that they are essentially, not accidentally, connected—you cannot; you must show the passage from one to the other—it is unthinkable; you must show that the one can be converted into the other—you cannot. There is no really material equivalent for thought—it is a matter and force *and something more*—therefore, he said, 'the physiological argument, as I showed last Sunday, leaves the other arguments for the soul where they were before; of course, it does not prove its independent existence, but it cannot prove its essential dependence upon the body that now is.'

I will now speak (1) of The Tyranny of Matter; (2) The Supremacy of Mind; and show how these subjects have to do with the religious life.

1. People used to underrate the dominion of matter. This was due to their ignorance of physiology. We, by a

natural reaction, were disposed to overrate it. For instance, as our knowledge of physiology increased, we should deal differently with our criminals. We should cease attacking mere effects, and go back to the preventable causes. The criminal population was created in part by ignorance of natural laws. Many of them were the victims of circumstances, and had never had a chance. Open these people's skulls and you would find a low development. What made the criminal population? Over-crowding, want of education, disease, want of religion. Modern civilization was to blame for this, we were to blame. We ought to support schools and sanitary reform and emigration, and members of Parliament who tried to remedy the present disastrous social conditions. When we reformed a bad man or a bad woman we did not stop with them, but we helped them to transmit healthier systems, sounder brains, and better habits to their children; and actually enabled them, through matter, to develop that which had supremacy over matter!

—In some respects, Mr Haweis said, the American judges were better than the English from their quickness in catching up new legislative principles. In England there was an abnormal opposition to new experiences and new forms of truth. Even if we admitted the new form, we kept it rigidly apart from the old. 'Judge-made law' treats a man as a felon even if insane, when he commits a crime knowing it to be a crime; whereas Dr Maudsley said if an American judge had to pronounce upon the same case, he would recognize a defect of cerebral development, as influencing will-power, and capacity for right action, even when knowledge was there. By and by we should learn to treat our criminals, partly as criminals of course, but partly also as diseased; and, still more, we should prevent their coming into existence by improving the race, protecting the children, and controlling the parents.

So, too, with regard to social life. We never dreamed of noticing physiological laws in marriage. It never occurred to us that we *were to a great extent responsible*

for whom we fell in love with! But we were equally responsible for that which was called the impulsive part of our lives; and people ought to look before they leapt. And after marriage, we were responsible for the families we brought up. It was a subject ignored in sermons and books, but we ought to exercise self-control, and not sin against physiological laws of health. As to the one excess of intemperance, for instance, it had been proved that five different kinds of transmitted insanity were the direct result of drunkenness in married men. The children and grandchildren bore the stripes. The fathers ate the sour grapes—the children's teeth were set on edge.

Still, pursued this most original of preachers, I know you won't do as I tell you. *You will go and fall in love, anywhere, anyhow. Self and the moment will win! You will then get married to the wrong people.* You will do it. This makes the despair of legislation. You will go on ruining yourself, and blighting posterity for time and eternity, because you marry wildly wrong, and when you are married decline to study and obey healthy conditions.

2. Walking up and down his capacious and almost Spurgeonian pulpit, Mr Haweis said he would next consider the supremacy of the mind. Some said the will was not free; but after all the will was simply a function of the intelligence. Healthy intelligence turned on the state of the brain, and I don't assume that any of you are mad, he said, but all have some little taint. I address you as sane, just as I claim the prerogative of sanity myself. Still all are a little touched. Body and mind were mixed up, he said, and to understand either, we must understand both. Now we have the power of directing our thoughts; if by acting on the body we could stimulate thought, so surely by acting through the mind by an exercise of will-power we could readily direct a nerve-current here or there, and make an arbitrary resolve and act upon it; therefore the will was practically free. Well, it was the development of these nerve-currents for which we were responsible if sane;

even though born with an insane or unbalanced nature, we might control, regulate, perhaps cure it. Lamb's sister knew when the next fit was coming on, and put herself under restraint. So sane people could deal with themselves, if they knew what they were made of.

The lessons of modern physiology were invaluable for easing the friction of social life, family feuds, ill-temper, &c.

What makes such misery as being quarrelsome and cantankerous? he asked. A husband—*bad luck to him!*—had nothing to do all day long, and so constituted himself a domestic nuisance. Conditions were against him. Another got depressed from over-work or temporary annoyance. If we understood the physiology of the brain we should say, 'If I stop at home I shall wrangle. I'll go for a walk and come home and then make it up!' People wouldn't recommence quarrels the next morning if they knew what their brains were made of. *They wouldn't be such fools.*

I am afraid people smiled at some of these remarks. I heard a young lady near me sniggle and say, 'Pa!' when the idle gentleman was alluded to. Altogether, it put me rather in mind of a saying attributed to an eminent Broad Church clergyman, but which I do not believe he ever uttered—'Hang theology!' We have a good many Churches now-a-days—High Church, Low Church, Broad Church—some add Fast Church. It has been reserved for Mr Haweis to inaugurate Physical Church. Perhaps he will bear us back by a circuitous route to Thales of Miletus and his Physical School of Philosophy again. Truly *quot homines, tot sententiæ!*

MR HAWEIS WITH THE SUNDAY LEAGUE.

IF there is one qualification which the British Public appreciates more than another in the pulpit it is pluck; and certainly Mr Haweis is the pluckiest of London preachers. Not only does he advance the most tremendous theories—as, for instance, that of the magnetic character of the sacraments—but on the occasion referred to in the present chapter, he solved the question of preaching—or rather of lecturing—in chapels by simply doing it. The Bishop, it was whispered, offered a remonstrance, but in vain.

The occasion was the first of a series of 'Sunday Evenings for the People,' at South Place Institute, Finsbury, and Mr Haweis was announced to lecture on 'The Use and Abuse of Emotion.' The gathering was promoted by the National Sunday League, and the building was crowded, a charge of threepence, sixpence, and one shilling being made for admission. It having become known that some correspondence had taken place between the Bishop of London and Mr Haweis as to his appearing, considerable interest was excited, especially as he was the first clergyman in the Church of England who had publicly appeared on an occasion of this description upon the platform of the Sunday League. South Place Institute is a building in which Theistic services are regularly held under the direction of Mr Moncure D. Conway, and from what can be gathered—considerable reticence being exhibited in reference to the matter—the Bishop of London, on hearing that Mr Haweis proposed to deliver a lecture under the circumstances described, wrote a letter of remonstrance to him, and expressed a strong hope that he would alter his determination. A correspondence ensued which was considered

to be of a private character, but in the end Mr Haweis was able to write to the Secretary of the Sunday League informing him that the difficulty had been overcome, that the Bishop had withdrawn, and had 'practically' left him in a position to fulfil his promise. Throughout the evening no public allusion was made to the subject.

Mr Haweis's very characteristic address was delivered, without notes, as follows:—

Ladies and Gentlemen, I am delighted to come here to-night and to address you at your own invitation. I believe that nothing but good can come of meetings of this kind. I say, throw open the gates, let the people come in; let every one who aims at self-improvement come and find it on this day—the only day that many of you have to spare for reflection or culture of any kind:

‘Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell.’

(Reverence, that is, for all that is worth reverence.)

‘That heart and mind, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster.’

Now, I have undertaken to address you to-night on the ‘Use and Abuse of Emotion;’ but you must pardon me if I leave the ‘abuse’ of emotion very much to your own imagination.

A great deal has been said against emotion and enthusiasm generally—its danger, its futility, its weakness, its want of manliness, and so forth. But after all, some kind of feeling must underlie every moment of life. Emotion in some shape is co-extensive with intelligent being. Your life is made up of intelligence and emotion. The more thought and feeling you can make room for, the richer you are. The use and abuse of thought would be a grand topic, but I confine myself to-night to the use and abuse of emotion.

What is emotion? Physically it is accompanied, some would say caused, by the quickened pulse, the rapid motion of brain-molecules, and the consequent disturbance and spread of nerve-currents. Thus it

has its sensational side. But it is more than sensation. Distinguish between sensation and emotion. If you knock a man down he feels an unpleasant sensation; he brings his thought to bear on that sensation, and the *emotion* of anger is the result—that may possibly culminate in the action of knocking you down; hence more sensation, followed by reflection on your part, emotion of anger, action—and so on over again.

You perceive then, that emotion demands the union of thought and feeling, or, as Tennyson has it—

‘Heart and mind according well.’

Now, the great secret of a worthy life is to have the emotions well in hand, and to make them do honourable work; for if you do not make your emotions do honourable work, they will be sure to degrade you. Something the heart must have to grind, and if you will not give it good grain, it will grind chaff. In view of these remarks, all sneering at emotion and enthusiasm—which is one manifestation of it, is seen to be irrelevant. A short time ago I happened to read in a superfine paper—in an article by one of those persons who know every one’s business better than their own, and who look down with a lofty contempt upon all modes of thought and feeling unintelligible to them—this expression, ‘Fraud, nonsense, and enthusiasm.’ The three were classed together as a matter of course. Well, my common sense revolted against that. I said, either this writer is merely showing off and does not believe what he says,—in which case he is guilty of fraud—or he can have no knowledge of his subject, and is probably talking nonsense—or he is certainly a little heated, and has allowed his feelings to run away with him; in that case he is the prey of a not very respectable enthusiasm. It is even possible that he himself may be ‘a shocking example of the frightful effects’ of the very fraud, nonsense, and enthusiasm which he so bitterly condemns. People blessed or unblessed with certain temperaments are apt to con-

demn enthusiasm, but they perhaps forget that no good work has ever been done without enthusiasm at the bottom of it. The great heroes of the world have been men capable of being lifted up with high and holy enthusiasm. But emotion generally, and enthusiasm in particular, has got a bad name for several reasons:—First, because feeling very often stands alone, and then it is not respectable; feeling is only respectable when it nerves us for action. Here is a man who has all sorts of fine feelings. But we watch his life, and we see nothing comes of them. Then we distrust him. A person meets you unexpectedly in the street. He is very gushing. He says, ‘Oh! how long it is since we met! I am delighted to see you, my dear old friend; you know we were schoolfellows together.’ He shakes you warmly by the hand, and continues—‘I never had such a friend as you, and although I have not come to see you for a long time, I love you like a brother.’ You say—‘Oh, do you? Lend me five pounds.’ If you had shot him he could not look more struck. He changes colour, and stammers out—‘I—I don’t happen to have five pounds about me just now.’ The fact is, his heart is in the right place, but his purse is in a very different quarter. Now we don’t consider that man’s feelings respectable, for when the opportunity for acting upon it comes, he cannot find in his emotion the spur or stimulus for generosity. If you happen to want a little money you will soon find out whether or not you have a friend in the world.

Again, feeling may be in excess; some people, not perhaps of the male sex, are always in floods of tears. Of course this answers very well at first, but when it has been repeated too often it is very apt to lose its effect. By and by the tears flow unregarded, we know how little they mean, for what trivial or unworthy purposes they are used. Their excess paralyzes their effectiveness. The weeper wears out her welcome, and at last, like the lady in Dickens, she may go home in a flood of tears and a sedan-chair, and nobody will much mind. Then there is what I may call the Pecksniffian

form of emotion ; there are men apparently overpowered by a deep sense of moral responsibility ; they are always talking about the great duties they owe to society, but unfortunately they never discharge any of them ; in short, said Dickens, they are like sign-posts always showing the way and never going.

Well, now, when emotion comes before us in the shape of enthusiasm, or any other strong feeling, we are bound to ask in the interests of decency and common sense, Does it stand alone ? Is it mere gush, or is it ready to be backed by a five-pound note ? Is it merely floods of tears ? Is it weak silly maunder ? When a man who has had a little too much goes about shaking hands with everybody and asking them to dine with him every day of the week, what do we say ? Why we say, Go home, my friend, and get sober, and we will talk to you another day. Or is it Pecksniff ? Well then, we say at once this man is a humbug, take him away, put him . . . somewhere, don't bring him amongst respectable people ; the world has much work to do, and we have no time for this vapouring and silly fellow. Do you not see then why emotion has got a bad name in the world ? It is condemned, not because of its use, but because of its abuse. Remember then emotion demands the union of thought and feeling ; it is raised, it should be controlled by intelligence ; it involves a reflex action of the mind ; it is not a mere sensation as when a man feels pain, it is the mind working upon a sensation. But in order that emotion may be respectable, not to say useful, or even sublime, it must satisfy conditions.

First. Emotion must be true.

Secondly. Emotion must be balanced and correlated with our other faculties.

Thirdly. Emotion must be dignified, that is, it must be devoted to some worthy object.

Fourthly. It must bring forth the fruit of noble action, it must be guided into right channels, it must set in motion useful machinery, it must do honourable work.

Then consider what a power it becomes in the world,

how it touches everything from the least to the greatest. There is not an act, not a thought, hardly an inflection of the voice, unaffected by it. Are not the orator's words weighted with emotion? Do we not feel at times how a passionate utterance will flow over a crowd, melt, animate, subdue, or rouse people to the wildest activity, and nerve them for reckless or indomitable action? And it is the manner far more than the matter; one man may read a sublime speech or poem, but if he betray no emotion it will fall dead, while but a few simple words uttered by another will thrill through and through you; you may have often experienced this in the case of a great actor, his lowest whisper has done what the misplaced passionless rant of another failed to accomplish.

I will repeat to you a passage first with the right emotion as well as I can, and then I will rob it of its emotion, and leave you to draw your own conclusions. Let me take that pathetic address to death and the land beyond the grave, in Longfellow. The poet breaks forth, feeling his soul troubled, feeling the pressure of the pain and sorrow of the world, and sighing for the peacefulness of death and the land where all things are forgotten:—

‘ Oh, land ! oh, land ! for all the broken-hearted :
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and, with inverted torch, doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the silent land ! ’

Now hear it another way.

(The lecturer then read the same lines in a light and jerky style with highly inappropriate action.)

I have simply withdrawn the emotion, and you burst out laughing! So you see how emotion takes hold of the mind—winds it up and lets it down. The same thing is noticeable in music—in painting—nay, even in atmospheric effects of outward nature. As when on some cold day you go out and look abroad upon woods and fields, life seems cheerless. ‘ What a dreary, chilly day,’ you exclaim; but suddenly the leaden sky is rifted,

the sun bursts forth, and brings a glory upon field and woodland: a thrill of emotion strikes through you, and the dreary feeling vanishes! So emotion in a thousand ways shines out and illuminates the landscape of life at all points. Or let us put emotional power in another way. Look at a steam-engine with all its wheels, cranks, and pipes. It seems a huge mass of lifeless iron, and might be supposed, if seen only at rest, to be absolutely useless. All this mighty mechanism wants something. What is it? Steam. If you put in the steam, you will see the wheels begin to turn, and at last the steam will be fully got up, and the engine will speed away with an express train. What has been done? You have supplied the motive power. Steam is the engine's emotion. And, if we want to get men to work, we must put steam into them; we must kindle up emotion, and then they will begin to go. Every great man has had this power of concentrated steam in him—this emotion bottled up; and because he has had it properly under control he has been able to do great things.

Would America have ever been discovered if it had not been for emotion? Think of the enthusiasm of Columbus, think of the stupidity and apathy with which he had to contend. Think of him burning with the thought of this undiscovered land, until at last, in his little boat steering in mid ocean, he finds this new world. Ay! at the very moment when the hearts of all his fellow-mariners failed them—the land hove in sight, and the enthusiasm of Columbus was crowned with an immortal discovery!

Or think of Wilberforce warring against the great selfishness of our country until he had called up an opposing force of sympathy, which ended in the suppression of the slave trade. So that through an emotion—I do not deny that duty came into play, but a knowledge of duty unbacked by feeling is very inoperative—this man communicated his feelings to the whole country until greedy money-loving men were willing to give up their incomes in the Indies and become comparatively

poor men for the sake of an idea, in order to put down the abominable slave trade in the British dominions. That was the work of Wilberforce. There was not much fraud, nonsense, or misplaced enthusiasm about that.

And if you look back on the great work of Cobden, Bright, and other reformers, think how they were in the same manner buoyed up through evil report and good report. Why, there is not a political measure of any importance which does not necessarily involve a vast play of emotion before it can be carried. Think within our own time of the repeal of the corn laws, the whole code of our modern sanitary legislation, the improvements in prison discipline, the extension of the franchise—think of the kind of opposition and the kind of triumph which has attended the long-sustained efforts of Mr Gladstone's administration. It is to the exercise of a noble enthusiasm that we owe a long list of brilliant and salutary reforms, amongst them that great and courageous measure of justice to Ireland—the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. And notwithstanding his temporary withdrawal, I trust that we shall owe a great many more good measures to Mr Gladstone before he retires altogether from public life.

And quite lately we have seen an example of singular elevation and purity of feeling in the person of Bishop Colenso. We have seen a man come over here, already suffering under a social ban through the fearless nobility with which he expressed opinions distasteful to a section of the religious world—we have seen him, already weighted heavily with years of unpopularity, yet willing to throw away in a moment the little remnant of comfort and social ease he might have enjoyed out in that foreign land for an idea, a great idea of justice—justice to Langalabalele! Who cared for Langalabalele out in the colony where Bishop Colenso has to live? The cause of the natives is always unpopular there, but the Bishop knew he had to stand alone and fight prejudice and injustice single-handed, ay, and win too. Who knew anything about Langalabalele over here? Well,

we know a good deal now, thanks to the Bishop. We know that England was committing an unjust act in her colonies when the Bishop of Natal got the ear of our Foreign Minister, and opened his eyes. And through evil report and good report did this Christian Bishop persevere until he had kindled up an interest in that poor savage chief; nor did he return until he had got justice done: and will any one say that he was throughout this thankless work sustained by anything but the noblest religious enthusiasm?

But I will take another labourer in a widely different sphere, who was equally supported by a concentrated life-long enthusiasm for the good of his fellow-men, and the general advancement of civilization. I allude to that great and patient servant of God, whose labours lay in the same far-off land—David Livingstone—whose heart lies in Africa, but whose toilworn body reposes in Westminster Abbey. What buoyed up that noble explorer but the power of a double enthusiasm—an enthusiasm for science, but, far more, an enthusiasm for philanthropy? For science, because Livingstone wanted to settle the vexed problem of the sources of the Nile; for philanthropy, because he wanted to open up that fair land to European influence, and free it from the curse of the slave trade. The terrible revelations he has made will, I trust, go far to rouse English feeling in the direction of African reform. In fact, you know how Mr Stanley has gone out as leader of a joint English and American expedition to complete the work Livingstone began. None can have read Livingstone's last journals without being struck by those dreadful pictures of slavery that kindled his deepest emotion. He frequently saw hordes of slaves driven by their masters cruelly, and when they could go no farther they were tied to a tree and left to die, or their brains were knocked out on the spot. Children were torn from their parents, wives from their husbands; their sufferings from fatigue and hunger were frightful; the tortures inflicted on them terrible. All this Livingstone was obliged to look upon; he could do nothing, except

give his own life for these poor Africans in an attempt to open up their country and heal their grievances. Right and left he tried to make the natives see that their country was being depopulated, that all progress in wellbeing would be denied to Africa so long as the slave trade continued to flourish. What he underwent in this crusade it is difficult for us to realize. There is a picture outside the book which fitly sums up in an image Livingstone's indomitable pluck. It represents him wading, no doubt in one of the last stages of his illness, through one of those dismal swamps which he had so often to cross, now struggling through up to his chin, now borne on stalwart African shoulders with his legs straight out before him skimming along the surface, whilst the others followed him, bearing his precious provisions and trading bales of beads and cloth.

As we follow with bated breath his noble and simple narrative to its sublime and melancholy close, its great calmness and peacefulness win us. Those who think that enthusiasm must be noisy, let them study Livingstone. He stands up against adversity like a rock, his will is indomitable, his resources infinitely fertile, his enthusiasm unflagging; but not a boast, and hardly a murmur, escapes his lips from first to last.

His greatest discoveries are chronicled with the same simple brevity which characterizes the daily incidents of his journey; nay, some of those incidents, such as the loss of his poor little dog Chitane, who swam till he sank trying to follow his master, seem to have affected him more deeply than greater disasters. His own privations are made light of—'took up my belt in three holes because of hunger.' 'This last journey has turned all my hair gray.' After more than usual treachery and idleness amongst his men, he makes all sorts of excuses for them, and says meekly: 'I, too, have faults.' On the loss of his medicine chest—that fatal calamity which was indeed the beginning of the end—he says, quietly, 'I felt as if I had received sentence of death,' and he does return to this dire loss; but even that soon passes with all other lets and hindrances, and we hear no more

of it, save indirectly in the doctor's failing health and the complication of maladies which at last wore out his iron frame.

One other grand instance of the power of emotion I will bring before you in the life of General Garibaldi. No man has more obviously exercised immense power through the propagation and discipline of patriotic feeling than Garibaldi. When I was in Italy, during the great Italian campaign of 1860, I had frequent opportunities of seeing Garibaldi as he appeared as Dictator of the Two Sicilies in that strange and stormy time. But what struck me most about him was his intense calmness; the unruffled serenity of the man in the midst of all the turmoil about him was marvellous. But along with this imperturbable repose of character he had that same power of concentrated enthusiasm stored up for the good of all Italy. What inspired that man was, in another form, what inspired Livingstone, a burning self-sacrificing love for his kind, and a burning indignation against injustice and wrong. He has been called a bandit and a freebooter, and much of his life and activity seems to countenance the charge at first sight, as though he gave way to a kind of disorderly thirst for conquest and military activity; but in Garibaldi this undoubted genius for war was purified and redeemed by one grand and concentrated passion—the love of man and the emancipation of Italy. When Garibaldi began his work the north of Italy was in the possession of Austria, a large slice out of the middle belonged to the Pope, whilst the south groaned under the worst despotism. Garibaldi has lived long enough to see the liberation of the whole land of Italy and Sicily, and he has certainly hastened that event by at least fifty or sixty years, probably more. I don't say that Italy would not have been free in time, but Garibaldi's enthusiasm enormously hastened the movement, and has saved the country a deluge of blood and money; for again and again he did with a handful of men, by a *coup de main*, what it would have taken the King of Italy years and years to do. By his concentrated enthusiasm he bowed

the hearts of Italians from north to south as the heart of one man, and accomplished what great combinations without him could not have done.

There is nothing more remarkable in European history than that rapid and astonishing campaign which gave Sicily and Naples to Victor Emmanuel. You will remember the story, how pregnant with the deepest emotion, so that Italians even now speak of it with bated breath. Two little steamers slipped out of Genoa one moonlight night, crammed with 1000 picked men, Garibaldi's famous Italian legion. They slipped down the west coast and glided over to Sicily. Everybody said, 'Garibaldi is mad; the king's government is in a ferment; he must be stopped!' But Cavour is too cunning to stop him; on the other hand, he protests and does nothing; and the next news is, that after two bloody fights Garibaldi has taken Palermo and is master of Sicily. Over the way lies the kingdom of Naples. Poor Francis II. hears with consternation of the approach of the great bandit. But no one has time to speculate, Garibaldi has already pounced upon the mainland, his men are spread in ambush all over the hills. Then it is that Francis, the king, sends to offer Garibaldi fifty millions of francs and the whole of his fleet if he will be off and capture Venice instead of Naples. An attempt to arrest the earth's motion might have been more successful. Garibaldi was now at Salerno, he had left the bulk of his army in Sicily. With a few of his staff officers, and without any army at all, he took train for Naples, then in the possession of a hostile force, the Neapolitan army numbering 30,000 men. What was his strength, his irresistible strength, in that supreme moment? It was enthusiasm, nothing but enthusiasm; he relied upon it implicitly, it saved him, it saved Italy. That last advance to the capture of Naples is perhaps the most dramatic and astonishing episode in the whole history of civilized war. The crowd gathered thickly about the engine, and climbed upon the carriages; more than once the train had to stop, and then advance again at a snail's pace. So Garibaldi arrived at Naples; the

whole of the populace are with him, the town is in the wildest tumult ; but the army is still faithful to the king. Garibaldi alights from the train and occupies two carriages with a few of his staff officers, and then amid the shouts of the people he advances slowly into Naples. Yonder lies the gloomy fort of St Elmo and the Castelnovo, bristling with guns manned by gunners, waiting but the word of command to sweep the streets with grape-shot, and shoot down the mob, for the army is still supposed to be attached to the Royalists. Garibaldi calmly approaches the great fortress ; the guns are pointed at him, the matches are lighted, the fate of Italy and her hero hangs in the balance. Garibaldi, as he comes within close range of the guns, cries to the coachman, 'Slower ! drive slower !' The poor coachman, of course who is shivering in his boots, seems at first not to hear, when with a voice of thunder, not accustomed to command twice, the general roars out, 'Slower !' Then the driver draws in his reins, and at walking pace advances towards the castle. And now comes a moment so sublime that the memory of it will be handed down to the latest posterity as one of the grandest of emotional triumphs. The general standing up alone in his carriage, with uncovered head, gazed steadfastly at the guns, then he surveyed the gunners with their lighted matches, and silence seemed to fall on the excited crowd ; the suspense hardly lasted a minute. Three times the orders are given to fire. Once ! twice !! —but at the third time the men threw down their matches and threw up their caps and shouted 'Viva Garibaldi !'

Any persons who think that fraud, nonsense, and enthusiasm have got anything to do with my love and admiration for General Garibaldi, had better hold up their hands, or else for ever after hold their peace. (Great applause.)

And now, my friends, I am reminded by that clock that it is almost time for you to enjoy the selections of music which are to follow this address. Music is the language of emotion. I think the time will come when

music will have an enormous power over men in rousing, recreating, and disciplining their emotions. We are only just beginning to learn, here in England, what a great and beneficial power it wields. Wherever there is music you will find the people flock to listen. Music, like everything else, may be degraded, may be made the servant of base emotions ; it may be poor and frivolous, and it may be bad. Give the people good music in order that their hearts may be raised and purified by the play of wholesome and recreative feeling. In choosing a selection from 'Elijah' to-night, that desire has been certainly uppermost in the minds of myself and others. This Oratorio of Elijah is one of the grandest pieces of music that ever entered into the heart of man to conceive, or of composer to record. Mendelssohn's emotion was always true, balanced and dignified, and his works are irradiated with these qualities, which belonged so conspicuously to his beautiful and manly character. I believe myself that systematically hearing good music, when you have the musical faculty, does really teach the mind to balance its own emotions and keep them under proper control. A great work of art, like a Symphony of Beethoven, or an Oratorio by Mendelssohn, is nothing but the expression of those accumulations, windings, turnings, and legitimate developments and progressions of emotion which take place in the mind of a master workman. Our impulse is roused, then the mind is concentrated on a certain order of emotional development through sound ; at a certain point you are left suspended and hanging as it were in mid air, and wonder how you will ever come down again ; but the great composer comes like a magician and leads you down through other phases of feeling, until you find yourself once more on *terra firma*, all the better for your excursion, refreshed and recreated, and fit for sober and vigorous action. Music, by shifting suddenly the emotional atmosphere of the mind, will often do more for us in five minutes than the wisest book or the soundest argument. For music deals straight at first hand with the emotional region, which is also the wellspring of our activity and highest

use. But this subject is too vast for me to enter upon now. You may, perhaps, feel disappointed that I have not dwelt to-night at greater length on the abuse of emotion. But alas, it is too rampant in this great city in every form for me to wish to bring it out in painful detail before you on Sunday evening. I have rather in my brief address tried to show you, First, how narrow and irrelevant a thing it is to sneer promiscuously at emotion, and taboo enthusiasm generally; and secondly, what it is which alone makes emotion valuable, and how irresistible it becomes when cultivated and developed in sufficient quantities, and directed by duty, honour, and wisdom into right channels. With these thoughts for you to work out more at length for yourselves, I shall now leave you to the undivided and profitable enjoyment of Mendelssohn's immortal music.

The address, which was delivered without notes and somewhat rapidly, occupied three-quarters of an hour, and was frequently interrupted by applause.

TWENTY MINUTES ON PRAYER.

IT was once my fortune, or misfortune, to walk home to London from Epsom Downs on the early morning of the Derby Day, after spending the night on the course for the purpose of observing the nocturnal manners and customs of its temporary occupants. I found on that occasion, not indeed every man's hand against me, but most people's faces, and a good many of their tongues. All, or nearly all, were travelling in an opposite direction to myself, and they were not folks of a class likely to let an eccentric traveller pass without treating him to a little chaff. Barring this last item, my experiences on Saturday night were really almost a reproduction in miniature

of those on the Derby Day above-mentioned. I went in a nearly empty train on the Metropolitan to Moorgate Street, in order to hear Mr Burgon deliver the Gresham Lecture on Prayer. A previous lecture had been devoted to a consideration of Professor Tyndall's Belfast address; but as I had done that pretty well to death back in the summer, I did not care to recur to the subject, and I rightly surmised I should get a good deal of Tyndall in the Lecture on Prayer.

I had scarcely realized before what a howling wilderness the City was on a Saturday night, or so clearly grasped the conception of what was meant by its million of 'floating population.' Basinghall Street, at the corner of which stands the Gresham Institute, was without its usual stream of busy wayfarers, only one exceedingly drunken person zigzagging up and down the road, and two clerks emerging from a colossal office with the inevitable brief-bags in their hands, and probably illegal cigars in their mouths. These were all the occupants of usually busy Basinghall Street, and all of these were homeward bound, though the inebriated one was likely to tuck a long while before he got there.

Arrived at the Gresham, I found a resplendent beadle, bound in blue cloth with gold edges, and the very *beau idéal* of a cocked hat on his majestic head. He lolled on a porter's chair at the bottom of the stairs, looking infinitely bored, and probably thinking what lunatics we were to come to the City on such a drizzling January night to hear a Lecture on Prayer. I say we—for at the door I was joined by an elderly lady and two resigned youths, who were evidently being borne along as a matter of unavoidable duty by their venerable protectress. In the lecture theatre about a dozen not very lively-looking listeners were gathered, some three or four being clergymen, and the rest equally divided among the male and female sexes. Precisely at seven o'clock Mr Burgon took his place at the desk, ushered by the gorgeous beadle—or, I rather think, a facsimile—and accompanied by two or three ladies, who seated themselves in the front

row around the table, where one generally expects to see the directors of an institution.

Plunging at once into his subject, and reading, I could see, from printed slips of proof pasted on foolscap, Mr Burgon began by saying he should have to abridge his remarks considerably, as he was to start for Oxford by an eight o'clock train. I am not sure that I should have dared that wilderness journey to the City had I known that his remarks were to be so brief. One is tempted to ask whether the Gresham arrangements are made impromptu, or, if not, by what mismanagement Mr Burgon's lecture was placed on so inconvenient a night.

It was a special aspect of the subject, said the lecturer, to which attention would be directed. He alluded to the insolence of scientific unbelief, and denounced as mere sciolists those who thus appropriated to themselves 'the sacred name of science.' Philosophers, he said, knew that the decrees of one science did not intrude into the domains of another. One branch of physical science did not insolently dogmatize about another. To do so was to abandon the purely inductive method in favour of the deductive. Most offensive of all was the scoffing language indulged in by the 'Enlightened Christians of the nineteenth century,' in illustration of which Mr Burgon read a long extract from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of February 16, 1866, on the subject of the Prayer against the Cattle Plague.

The position assumed by these Enlightened Christians of the nineteenth century was that proof was wanting as to the fact of prayer being answered. It was proposed to bring the matter to the test of experiment. Let two wards of a hospital be selected with patients in each suffering from diseases as nearly as possible identical. Let both have precisely the same medical attention; but let prayer be offered in one and omitted in the other, and see whether there would be any difference in the result.

Nothing, the lecturer said, could be more foolish than this proposal, or exhibit a more entire miscon-

ception of the nature of prayer. It assumed that prayer was a physical or mechanical force. The Professor of Theological Science could at once set right the Enlightened Christian of the nineteenth century on this subject. (There was quite a touch of satire in the constant repetition of this title for his supposed antagonist.) He could at once predict disappointment, and for the very reason that the proceeding was 'unscientific.' You might as well attempt to use a sun-dial to calculate an eclipse. One could not but be struck by the ingenuity with which Mr Burgon assumed for theology just as clear a domain as for physical science, and for its professors a 'clear stage and no favour.'

Two considerations must here be taken into account: (1) that prayer was offered to the Father of Spirits, not to a mere blind force, and therefore, the will and affections came to be factors in the act of prayer; (2) not only so—not only was it to no merely mechanical force prayer was addressed, but to a 'jealous' God, who would resent cross-questioning with terrible displeasure. The position assumed in such a challenge was exactly that of the Jews who said to Christ, 'Come down from the cross if Thou be the Son of God. Save Thyself, and we will believe.' When a sign was demanded, it was said that no sign should be given, except that of Jonah. So were we quite sure that 'blank silence alone would be the result of the *Hospital test*.' It was said of Christ that He could on one occasion do no mighty work because of men's unbelief. So faith was demanded now. The experimental method was preposterous; and, as he had said, disappointment could be predicted as its result. It omitted altogether the moral state of the man who prayed.

A more formidable objection, because more subtle, and more likely to impose on persons if cleverly put, was that which, regarding God as a mere abstraction, as the 'Great First Cause,' maintained that it was derogatory to God to think that He could be influenced by prayer. If Providence, unswayed by prayer, was not perfect, then, it was argued, God was not perfect.

(This, I may mention in passing, was the position taken by Mr Voysey in a recent sermon based on the Hon. Auberon Herbert's letter, and called 'Rational and Irrational Prayer.') How, it was asked, could we expect God to 'reconsider' His arrangements?

Here again the fallacy was that we assumed something about the Divine Nature which we were not warranted in doing. Why should not Perfect Wisdom have ordered that each life should be determined by the character of its will? Divine Revelation represented God as making His answer to prayer depend on the moral state of him who prayed. Of this the analogy of the parental relation was the most perfect illustration. It was no part of our idea of an earthly parent that he should be inexorable, and if God was the great *moral* governor we knew Him to be, inflexibility would not be among His attributes. 'Directly I mention that word "My Father!"' said Mr Burgon in some telling sentences at the end of his brief lecture, 'my eyes run over; and I feel that the Enlightened Christian must take off his professional robes before he can argue with me. If God is my Father, He must be willing as well as able to answer my prayer.'

Every argument of the Apostles of Prayerlessness broke down; and the Philosophers must find weapons from some other armoury before they would destroy man's belief in the efficacy of prayer.

It was a veritable *multum in parvo*, for the hand pointed only to 7.20 when Mr Burgon broke off with an apology, and left me conscious of two wishes: first, that there had been time to deal more exhaustively with his subject; and secondly, that he would take his lecture down to the Hall of Science, and with it beard the Apostles of Prayerlessness in their own den.

A HOME OF COMPASSION.

WHAT to do with our 'surplus' population—in the least flattering sense of that expressive word—is always an embarrassing question. I allude for the moment to that surplus which, unless otherwise provided for, finds its way to the baby-farmer, or too often to a premature grave. Any compassion that might otherwise be extended to these, the most helpless of God's creatures, is often prevented by the idea that in caring for the offspring you offer a premium on the vice which calls them into existence; and so they go on, either departing from life as uncared for as they entered it, or growing up to swell our criminal population, and so indirectly revenging themselves upon society which exiles them from its regards.

I remember once, when I was living in Paris, falling in, during a summer evening's walk, with a conversational old gentleman who occupied an influential position in the *mairie* of one of the Southern *Arrondissements*; and he volunteered to show me—as a foreigner—the lions of the district. Amongst other things, he took me to the *Hospice des Enfants Trouvés*, and at his direction the officials initiated me in the mysteries of the turning-box. I rang a bell at the entrance, and immediately a box, like a little crib, projected itself from the gate. Into this the 'surplus' member of the population would, under ordinary circumstances, be placed by its 'parent or guardian,' the box pulled back, and the superfluous member of the community withdrawn into private life—cut off henceforth by a great gulf from ever troubling further its anxious papa or mamma. The device, my friend informed me, was a clumsy rough-and-ready concession to the exigences of

the situation. He was by no means enthusiastic in his commendation of the method; but as often as it had been abandoned, in deference to those who insisted that it augmented the evil it professed to diminish, so often infanticide increased in such prodigious proportions as to necessitate its re-adoption. Old *habitués* of the Adelphi Theatre will recollect a thrilling scene in 'Janet Pride,' where Mrs Alfred Mellon, having deposited her property-infant in such a turning-box, fell dramatically upon the boards, amid a cruel storm of white paper. This was the French method for getting over the difficulty of 'surplus' population.

I went the other day to visit, not one of these colossal institutions where the stock of surplus humanity is dealt with wholesale—so to say—but to a little private 'retail' establishment, where a good lady gives, not her money only, but her time and herself, to the work of providing for these little mistakes in our civilization. It is a lady's humble but honourable attempt to supersede the necessity of the baby-farm, and to do the work of charity in a somewhat different way from that contemplated in the larger institutions. In these, the separation of mother and child is inevitable; whereas the good lady, whose little farm for surplus human stock came under my notice in the most unpretentious way, uses the child by way of lever to lift the mother into that position which she has, often through her 'misfortune' rather than her fault, abdicated. *Eadem pœnitentia non est omnibus imponenda* is the motto of Miss Bagshawe's work at Park Lodge, Bath Road, Hounslow, at which most exceptional little institution I paid my unpremeditated visit. I found a little low-built suburban cottage standing in fields, with a wide-open gate abutting on the roadway, and nothing of the nature of the prison about it. In fact, there was nothing to prevent the access of the whole wide world to Park Lodge, except a fiery little terrier, who had more bark than bite in him, and who, after a merely perfunctory nibble at the extremity of my inexpressibles, succumbed to my remonstrances, and allowed me to enter.

Another point which greatly recommended Miss Bagshawe to me was that she did not dress up. She was in the ordinary garb of civilized life; and had she not told me so, I certainly should never have guessed that she was residing there with twenty companions, ten being children of the 'surplus' character, and the other ten of no character at all. Yet she informed me she seldom had any difficulty with that somewhat singular family circle; and though ten children is rather a large quiverful, she flattered herself there was less crying than would be heard in many a lady's nursery. From the little parlour where Miss Bagshawe received me I passed to the children's room, where some half-dozen had just come in from the neighbouring day-school, escorted by the terrier who had nibbled my trousers. Here was little Bob, with a strange story of his own: here little Maggie and Maud, whose 'cases' might have gone straight into a sensation story. They were all as merry as grigs, and skipping about their room, which was still decorated for Christmas, with a huge toy-bedizened tree in the middle. There was not an atom of 'discipline' in the lot. My own belongings could not have crowded round me more naturally than this same strange 'surplus' Maggie, Maud, and Bob did.

Up-stairs in the infants' nursery one small superfluity who had just shaved the edges of starvation was lying in a cradle with its lank, thin arms extended, on which the newly-developed flesh still hung somewhat flabbily withal; but this superfluity had evidently rounded the corner, and was looking up with a sort of inquiring expression as to what this new turn in his fortune could mean. 'When it came here a few days ago,' said Miss Bagshawe, 'its head was such a mass of dirt that we thought it was black from a blow;' but it looked as trim and neat as the average British baby then. Another was ailing, but certainly not from want of food or attention; and its mother, I was told, was as anxious about its well-being as though it had not been a superfluity at all. Some of the women in good situations are glad to pay five, or even seven shillings a week to have

their children well taken care of. None are refused ; but the Home of Compassion has no funds, and lives as purely on faith as Mrs Girling and her followers in the New Forest. This is a mode of meeting daily expenses which housekeepers can well understand causes a good deal of anxiety sometimes, but Miss Bagshawe is not a lady to be discomposed by a little trouble, or she would never have started housekeeping at Park Lodge at all. She had a slight difficulty the morning I was there. A stout, hale girl employed in the kitchen turned refractory, and was told she must go to the workhouse, as she was deserted by both parents. She suddenly assented ; but when the moment of departure came, broke down, and gave the following amusing rationale of her ill-behaviour : ' You are too kind to me. I've never been used to anything but being cuffed and knocked about ; and kindness spoils me.' She was reinstated on probation, and informed that she must not expect the discipline of knocking about, but try to render herself amenable to kindness.

Miss Bagshawe has two principal objects of ambition. She feels that a cow would be useful to pick up those superfluities who are apt to come in rather a feeble condition of health to the Home, and for whom good milk is a necessity. There is capital pasturage at Park Lodge, but no cow. Pigs, however, form the acme of her ambition. She drew me quite a glowing picture of the money she could make if she could only take to breeding pigs.

Bedclothes, too, are covetously sought at Park Lodge. One kind draper in Lambeth Walk had sent a quantity of patterns of woollen goods, which were sewn together and made into warm petticoats for the female superfluities. A lady had sent, too—of all things in the world—a package of old ball dresses. Balls are not given at Park Lodge ; but Miss Bagshawe turned her attention for the time being to the old-clothes-dealing line, and proudly told me she had got eleven shillings for the good lady's discarded finery ! With regard to the 'leverage' question, she pointed me to two children, one a trim

girl of fourteen, who brought in the luncheon tray, and another a bright boy. These had been kept most carefully by the mother, who actually, until she heard of this Home of Compassion, retained her evil life so as to get resources to maintain the children. So scrupulous was she lest the children should hear a word of evil, that Miss Bagshawe overheard them say to the other little ones as they were passing Astley's one day, 'That's the only theatre ma would ever take us to. She said the others weren't proper.' How it brought to one's mind the anxiety of Dives lest his five brethren should come to his own *place of torment*!

In another case a child only three years and a half old had been taken away from the mother in the very midst of the haunts of vice, and now, when the mother came, the little one absolutely shrank from her. The very first night she came to the Home, she knelt down, and, of her own accord, prayed that her mother might be kept from drinking gin. She gave in the most graphic way an account of her Saturday night's marketing. When she had sixpence to lay out, her disbursements were a farthing dip, a little bread, and—a quartern of gin for mother.

In these, and in many other cases, Miss Bagshawe found from facts—worth a hundredfold more than theory—that the leverage does tell; and she only needs resources to employ it more largely. She has no desire for an institution. Her aim is rather to start cottages around the central Home of Park Lodge.

I was somewhat surprised to find that she had a good word for the baby-farmers. She did not believe that they intentionally neglected the children, but the parents were often irregular in their payments, and the poverty of the 'farmers' did not permit them to do their duty. This, I remember, was the very plea I heard Margaret Waters put in when she stood on the scaffold, about to expiate with her life some little irregularities in her treatment of some of those very superfluities.

I have seen a good many of these arrangements for the 'surplus' population and their parents; some ex-

ceedingly picturesque, and others so perfect in point of discipline that most of the penitents—who are rather impulsive than æsthetic—ran away; but I never saw work so earnestly yet unostentatiously done as at that little low-lying cottage christened somewhat pretentiously Park Lodge, Hounslow. Its title is the only pretentious part of it, however; the work is real and unpretending—done, be it recollected, by one self-denying lady, who gives not only her means and time, but herself, to the task of remedying, on however small a scale, these big mistakes in our Social Science!

A MAYFAIR MISSION.

AMONG those strange combinations of religious ideas which resulted from the Tractarian revival, none was more remarkable than the particular phase called, a quarter of a century ago, by the name of Aitkenism. It has been not inaptly described as a fusion of High Church doctrine with Methodistical preaching; and, perhaps, no fitter representative could be found of the thing—though not of the name—than Mr Body, whose pulpit utterances at All Saints', Margaret Street, awakened so much attention a few years ago. The mantle of Mr Aitken appears to have fallen on his son, though with a difference, again exhibiting the exuberance of religious development at the present time. Mr Aitken the younger, who had been conducting a week's mission at Curzon Chapel, Mayfair, has, by the very locality he selected, loosened his hold on the Tractarian portion of his paternal system, while retaining the preaching power in, if possible, greater vigour than his father. But still, though Curzon Chapel may well be

taken as a representative of distinctive Evangelical doctrine, Mr Aitken is something far more than what would be called an 'acceptable' preacher of that cultus. Pronounced doctrinal opinions alone are sufficient to gain an ordinary pulpit reputation in the Low Church school of oratory; but Mr Aitken is an orator pure and simple; and by no means obtrudes any dogmatic element into his discourses, which are still earnest and practical in the very highest sense of the terms. The sermon which I purpose to report briefly was, so to say, the aftermath of the Mission, which had just concluded; and I would here insert a word of warning to any person who may be disposed to follow my example in these ecclesiastical wanderings. They have led into considerable expenses with my tailor, in this way—I am obliged to adapt the cut of my coat to the church I visit, or else I find no favour with the pew-openers, who are an Argus-eyed race. For heretical places of worship, I assume a cut-away coat made of what is termed 'diagonal,' with a wide-opening waistcoat, and a black tie. At a Ritualistic church I wear 'Roman bands,' an 'M.B.' waistcoat and my ordinary clerical coat; while for Evangelical churches I have had a frock coat specially constructed, so as to make me look like a respectable artisan dressed in Sunday best; and this I usually combine with a vest buttoned nearly up to the throat, a large white tie in a bow, stand up collar, and a black mohair Albert watch-guard. Now I thought Aitkenism might well be represented by the Evangelical frock coat and M.B. waistcoat, and consequently went forth thus attired. But alas! I had not calculated on the modern development of the system according to the 'use' of Curzon Chapel. That M.B. waistcoat was a fatal mistake. The pew-opener—a truculent-looking lady—spotted me in a moment, and put me into the worst seat in the gallery, right behind a pillar. It is true she gave me a Penny Mission Hymn Book late on in the service; but even that she threw at me as though I were a heathen past praying for. I could only get a glimpse of the pulpit by craning my neck a great deal to one side or the other; and I had to vary

sides to prevent cramp, and sometimes to keep it straight for awhile. This threw me back on myself a good deal, and I found that the other occupants of the pew were servants; in fact, there were nobody but male and female retainers and the choir in the extreme south-west corner to which I was relegated.

The service was admirably read by a youngish curate, in the most happy medium between intoning and preaching. In fact the whole service, music and all, was most hearty and congregational. Every pew was filled—except mine. There was room for half-a-dozen more people south of me; but nobody else came in with an M.B. waistcoat, so I had a wilderness of space on my right. No Litany was read, and the service jumped at once from the Third Collect to the Prayer for Parliament—a very judicious abbreviation. The General Thanksgiving was recited full-voiced by the whole congregation. I could not miss the sensation of intense reality conveyed in the singing and responding at Curzon Chapel. There was nothing perfunctory about it. Everybody seemed thoroughly in earnest. The hymn, ‘Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven,’ was sung to the *Tantum ergo* tune, which requires the fourfold repetition of the words ‘Praise Him,’ and this always seems to afford the singers great delight. The same was the case with that which subsequently preceded the sermon, where ‘Crown Him’ was similarly repeated in a gradual crescendo, reaching a veritable climax at No. 4. Mr Aitken read the ante-Communion Service in a deep voice, rather hurrying the Commandments, and—I was surprised to find—monotoning the Nicene Creed. Then he mounted the pulpit in his surplice, and, after a long extempore prayer of great power, gave out as his text St Mark vi. 20, the Sunday being, it should be noticed, within the octave of St John’s Day.

Expressing a hope that during the Mission then past many had ‘surrendered themselves’ to God, it was necessary, he said, that they should, at the outset of their career, have a high spiritual model, and such he offered them in John the Baptist, of whom it was said

on the highest authority of all, no greater was ever born of woman. He was, said the preacher, a type of what you and I should be. His mission was peculiar. God raises up in different ages witnesses to different classes of truth, but still John was one who demanded our imitation in his pursuit of the great ideal. There were several questions worth asking on this subject.

1. *Whence did he derive his power?* Only from the Holy Ghost regenerating and sanctifying him. He was prophesied of as being 'filled with the Holy Ghost.' As his intelligence expanded it was consecrated by the Holy Spirit. This was the difference between a real and a formal Christian; the one had all his faculties taken possession of by the Holy Spirit; the other troubled himself little about God the Holy Ghost as long as his views were orthodox according to the conventional standard. The world did not believe in the Holy Ghost. It came to God's house with a lie on its lips. Men believed in Jesus Christ as they believed in Napoleon Bonaparte or Alexander the Great. He was a mere historic Christ; and if we thus relegated Jesus to history He was a living Jesus no longer. They believed in God the Father as a mere abstraction, having no connection with daily life; but a belief in God the Holy Ghost was ascribed to heated feelings and called fanaticism. Show me a man who is living in such a belief, and I will show you one at whom the world points the finger of scorn. Here was our strength. He bade his hearers not be distressed because they did not feel so much of the Holy Spirit's influence as they ought. Take it, he said, as a revealed fact. There were times when its presence was sensible, others when the manifestation did not correspond with our desires. But if we were grounded in Christ we should be conscious of the fruits of the Spirit. Let us not be like impatient children who pulled up plants now and again to see that they were growing.

2. This man was *not afraid to speak the truth*. It was amazing, the influence he had over the Jewish nation and over Herod. He did not begin at once with the

sore point. He got hold of him by other means first, and here it was Christians often made a mistake. In protesting against some particular sin it was not necessary always to bring that sin to the front. We should first win influence. We did not know how John did this ; but if he had come face to face with Herod and said at once ‘ You are living in adultery,’ he would have lost ground. He worked up to that point, and when the time came he did not blanch, though the despot, who held his life in his hands, did before his tremendous words. He knew he was laying his head on the executioner’s block when he said, ‘ It is not lawful for thee to have this woman ! ’

Dear children of God, said the preacher, until you have got hold of the heart, until you have gone thus to the very core, you have not discharged your duty. Don’t condescend to be cowards, dear children of God ; be heroes. Here was the coward on the throne : the prophet was bold as a lion. Herod ‘ feared.’ Why ? Because John was full of the Holy Ghost. And you may count on the cowardice of the foe. You will have the calm consciousness of possessed power ; and under such circumstances, wisdom often consists in the scorn of consequences. If John had not spoken out boldly, he would have been the devil’s emissary, because Herod would have been able to say :—‘ This thing cannot be so very bad, since John the Baptist never said a word against it.’

3. *He was just and holy*, and so Herod feared him. There was, said the speaker, no greater power in society than holiness. You might take two clergymen, for instance, in corresponding parishes. One possessed rhetorical powers and talents of all kinds. The other was a man of greater simplicity ; and it was quite possible without uncharitableness to contrast their influence. Go into their parishes, and you would hear flattering remarks about the former, but his influence was *nil*. Without disparaging the other it might be conceded that he was a man of no power ; and yet people would say, I cannot understand the secret of his marvellous influence. The world is ever constrained thus to wonder at the work of

the Invisible. So, he went on to argue, it was in other circles. Social position was a great thing; political influence great while it lasted; but it came and went. The favourite politician of to-day found himself laid on the shelf to-morrow. Intellectual supremacy told only on a class. There were limitations in all these; but in holiness there was something which touched the hearts of all. We might scorn it with our lips, but it had our heart's respect, and we could not rob God's saints of it. I believe, said the preacher, that Herodias respected John. There is always a latent respect for the man who is living in God and God in him. If we had this power of the Holy Ghost, and were also living holy lives, we should speak *straight out*. Don't be afraid because the world ridicules you. Young men, never mind if your club puts you out of the synagogue as unmanly. It is manly to stand by your colours, and wear the regimentals of Heaven. They don't mean it. The Holy Spirit in you has made them feel uncomfortable; and when they give you the bitter sarcasm or the dead cut, they feel profound respect for you.

To turn from John to Herod. His case at first seemed hopeful. He was sufficiently manly to listen to John. He had a heart and a conscience. Herod was told what to do; as people are told in all real sermons. The darling sin was to be given up. But immediately he asked, 'Won't something else do?' There was a synagogue wanted at Capernaum. He would build one. That charitable endowment at Jerusalem was in want of funds. He would double his subscription. He 'did many things,' swayed by those tremendous sermons of the Desert-Prophet. If there were many roads to Heaven, how sure people would be to get there!

Then followed a consummate reduction of the matter to practice. We tried to make compromises with the inexorable demands of God. God says, 'Your hearts.' We say, 'Our purse.' Thus we try to 'wriggle out' of God's hands.

John told him many things first, and then in that last sermon the sword went home. He said, 'Look on that

woman. It is not lawful for thee to have her as thy wife.' Then came Herod's decision. The walls of Machærus must shut that preacher from his presence. He was wedded to that fatal sin.

Brethren, there is a John Baptist in every heart—no man, perhaps, but the Spirit which convicts of sin before it convicts of righteousness. We are just in the position of Herod. We can give up that sin, or we can turn a deaf ear and prison the preacher within dungeon walls. Then as John grows weaker sin grows stronger. Herodias has her quarrel with John. He is forgotten; and the daughter of Herodias dances. Herod is *mesmerized*! The awful moments run out. And then there is the whisper in his ear, 'The Baptist's head!' He is sorry. He would like to go on 'doing many things.' The tempter seems so little stern when he comes in the guise of a dancing damsel. The courtiers are looking on; and the poor wretch is the slave of conventional influences; and so 'because of them that sat at meat' John must die. So the fatal history closed (and here the stentorian voice sank to a pathetic whisper). A few short months, and Herod Antipas was gazing at the ruins of his army, scattered for the very sin John had condemned, as the father of his outraged wife strewed them on the plain!

There was one picture more: a lonely fort—a dungeon-keep in barbarous Gaul. Two solitary ones were there—crownless, sceptreless; the courtiers gone. There sat the sinner and his sin—Herod and Herodias—sin tyrannizing over him to the very last!

It was an awful picture of the end of a man of the world. Think, he said—adapting himself curiously to those whom he addressed—think of the last London season; the last drive of the four-in-hand; the last grand reception; the last paragraph in the *Court Gazette*; the lonely chamber of death. You must leave all behind—your honour, your benevolence, your wealth, your dignity. One shadow shall dodge your steps still, driving you to hell, and follow you to its abysmal depth. It shall still be the sinner and his sin. Gaze then on the Saviour's face, and say—not as a mere idle sentiment—

'The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Teach me to tear it from my heart,
And worship only Thee!'

The best test of the power of this sermon was that it lasted over an hour, and did not seem long. It wanted a little of noon when it began. Before we left the chapel it was about a quarter past one, so long did the vast congregation take to leave the building.

AN ANGLICAN TENEBRÆ SERVICE.

IT may seem an eccentric resolution wherewith to start on my accustomed round of the Churches during Holy Week, but I determined studiously to avoid Roman Catholic places of worship. I had a reason for doing so, however; I wished in my study of ceremonies and ritual to regard these as 'signs of the times,' indications of the present condition of the ecclesiastical thermometer; and I felt that the conservative traditions of the Papacy which had stereotyped its now familiar culture were not the signs of the times now present, but the signs of a good long while ago. The method of the Anglican Church, on the other hand, retrogressive as some may possibly deem it, in so far as it assimilates the English to the Romish Church, is an innovation even in its very retrogression. I eschew all controversy, and elect to be simply descriptive; but so much is necessary to be said in order to explain what might appear the extraordinary process of thus cutting the ground from beneath my own feet.

That some objective observance should mark the recurrence of this most solemn season of all the Christian year is surely but just and proper; and I was rejoiced to

see outside a Wesleyan chapel at the West-end the announcement of 'Good Friday and Easter Sunday services.' This is certainly as it should be; but it is a sign of the times that would have made the hair of some of our good old Puritan forefathers stand on end. My immediate business, however, is with certain Ritualistic practices confessedly adapted from the Roman Church, which are very significant notes of the situation in one branch of the Church of England; and which, should the projected Diocesan Courts become accomplished facts, may have to be described now or never, as they must certainly be eliminated as soon as those tribunals come into operation.

On Wednesday evening of Holy Week, then, I ascertained that Tenebræ Service was to be sung by the Guild of St Alban in the church of St Matthias, South Kensington; and I could not help thinking again what would my deceased grandfather, as a good old sober Church of England gentleman, have thought of Tenebræ by a Guild in the State Church. Sebastian Bach's Passion music at St Paul's or the Abbey would have startled him; and so would the idea of cremation; but there were ante-Reformation—I had almost said anti-Reformation—elements in this arrangement which appertained not to the others; so to South Kensington I went at half-past seven o'clock on Wednesday evening to do Tenebræ like a good 'Catholic.' The ordinary evening service was being performed as I passed from the fast disappearing green lanes into the handsome church of St Matthias; but cassocked youths in the porch invited me to pay twopence for the 'Office of Tenebræ,' with the perusal of which I beguiled the time of waiting. From this I learnt that the service was so designated from the gradual extinguishing of the lights during the singing of the Office until darkness, 'mystical or actual' (whatever that may mean), is produced in the church, commemorative of the darkness which 'witnessed the Crucifixion.' It consists of the Office of the last three days of Holy Week, which is now usually said by anticipation, so that the matins and

lands of Maundy Thursday are said on Wednesday afternoon. The Office, my vade-mecum went on to inform me, ranks as 'a double;' and I have no conception what that signifies, unless it applies to its inordinate length, in which case it is singularly appropriate. After the Evening Prayers—I believe I ought to say Even-song—the Incumbent, Mr Haines, preached a sermon on the Betrayal and Agony of Christ, the Guild of St Alban coming in goodly numbers just before it commenced, and sitting cassocked and cloaked at the back of the church. The discourse itself was somewhat remarkable. Taking as his text the words, 'If it be possible let this cup pass from Me,' Mr Haines noticed how men's difficulties depended on the nature of their positions. Sir Garnet Wolseley had he failed on the Gold Coast would have died a broken-hearted man. Sir John Franklin did die, and so did Livingstone, without accomplishing the tasks they had proposed to themselves. Men will thus give their lives to a purpose; and Christ as the greatest of men, and speaking of Him simply as man, did the same. His philosophy had become the basis of all morality, and His courage was confessed even by unbelievers. He was—I quote Mr Haines's expression verbatim—'dodged by all the devils in hell' during His earthly life; and His human sufferings were increased by His Divine prescience, which intensified the sensitiveness of His failure. These failures were often repeated; as, for instance, when some true-hearted priest of the Church of England gave himself heart and soul to God's service, and offended his flock by the truth, so that they left him in a body, and very likely built a chapel right opposite his church. I did not think the illustration felicitous; but there was a good deal more in the same strain, and Mr Haines concluded by saying, 'I want to ask you whether you were present in Gethsemane driving a dagger into your Redeemer's Heart?' After the sermon, two surpliced officials—I never can tell which are clergy and which laity now-a-days in Ritualistic churches—brought a large standard triangular candlestick containing fifteen

candles 'of unbleached wax' (so said my twopenny Office-book), which they proceeded to light, and which proved restive and refractory as usual. Six others were lighted on the altar, which was draped in deepest black, with crape-veiled cross; and then the Guild took their places in the choir, entering in procession, and being marshalled to their positions by a master of the ceremonies. I was startled to see that the Office occupied no less than thirty-three closely-printed pages, in an octavo book, which was lent me by one of the Guild, who saw I was bewildered by my twopenny investment. This latter I perceived, to my dismay, was only an abridgment. It was just half-past eight o'clock when we began by chanting Psalms to Gregorian tones, the matin service being, as it seemed, incongruously divided into three 'Nocturns,' and followed by Lauds. Was it possible all this had to be gone through? Slowly and sadly the service progressed. Psalms were chanted; antiphons sung with endless repetitions; and versicles and responses interspersed with Lessons, the latter being sung, too, in monotonous cadence. It was of course a Lenten exercise, and I was not so undisciplined as to expect anything lively; but I was scarcely prepared for these interminable proceedings. Every now and then a sudden thought appeared to strike a young man in a surplice, who went with an extinguisher on the end of a pole and put out one candle, returning to his stall with the air of a person who had done his duty. At 9.50 we had only got through eighteen out of thirty-three pages, and extinguished some half-dozen candles. People began to go away very fast; and at ten minutes past ten I did the same, leaving seven unbleached candles still burning on the triangular candlestick, and six on the altar, which had still to be extinguished to the Gregorian tones of the Guild of St Alban. The sequel of the service, which must have gone on until somewhere near midnight, may be gathered from the rubric of my vade-mecum:

All the candles upon the triangular candlestick, except that which is at the apex, having now been extinguished, the six altar

lights shall also be extinguished, during the singing of 'Benedictus;' namely, at the verse 'That we being delivered,' the outer light on the Gospel side, and at the following verse, the outer light on the Epistle side, and so on, in succession, till the end. In the mean time the lights throughout the church shall be put out or covered. And when at the conclusion of 'Benedictus' the Antiphon 'Now he that betrayed' is repeated, the topmost candle shall be taken from the triangular stand, and hidden, still lighted, under the Epistle side of the altar.

A collect followed; and then a slight noise is made, and the lighted candle is immediately brought from beneath the altar; and all rise and depart in silence. If matters went on after as before my departure, there could have been, by the time darkness, actual or mystical, supervened, very few left to rise or depart in silence. But of that I cannot speak. I had often been present at the Office in the Roman churches, when it seemed to me much shorter, and therefore more effective. I have forsworn criticism, but may be pardoned for saying I think Anglican congregations will require a good deal of educating before they will be equal to more than two hours of Tenebræ. They bore it like martyrs up to ten o'clock; but even then I had ample precedent for getting up and abruptly concluding my Passiontide experience.

THE LONDON MISSION OF 1874.

I. THE PREPARATION FOR THE MISSION.

IT is not too much to say that the Church of England is at last learning the necessity of adapting herself to the various wants of the people whom it is her mission to influence, and the extreme unwisdom of that rigidity which has been too long, but incorrectly, deemed to be of the very essence of her system. In former days it

was considered quite sufficient when twice on the Sunday the church doors were thrown open, and people were allowed, if they would, to come to two or three cheerless services gone over in a perfunctory manner by the officiating clergyman, who thought and spoke of the performance simply as so much 'duty.' There has been, of late years, a vast reawakening—one may even say a revival. The Church has seen, amongst other things, that, if she is to leaven the masses of the people, and not leave them to Nonconformity or irreligion, she must lay aside her *hauteur*, and, in the words of the old allegory, go out into the streets and lanes of the city, and compel men to come in. Such, apart from all extreme views, has been the rationale of those at once more frequent and more decent services, of the care with which the House of God has been adorned and beautified, and also of the attention that has been given to the vast instrumentality of preaching. For a recognition of this need there is no doubt the Church has been largely indebted to the Dissenters. It may be that from another quarter she has learnt the value of home mission work; though even in this respect the Wesleyans had something to tell her in the way of itinerant preaching. But the 'Mission,' technically so termed, has always been a prominent feature of the Romish *cultus*, and so also has the religious 'Conference.' It may be that the idea has come recommended from more than one quarter. But of the Clerical Conference on Missions, to which the special service at St Paul's now to be described was introductory, it is certainly not too much to say that, as a combined method of action on the part of the Church of England, it was to a great extent new.

Some years ago, when what came to be called the 'Twelve Days' Mission' was organized, the movement got very much into the hands of one extreme party in the Church, and the tone of teaching was what would be loosely termed 'High,' confession itself being freely advocated by one of the most prominent preachers of the Mission. It was essentially a party movement, and, no doubt in order to prevent this, the bishops who bear

rule over the metropolis took time by the forelock, and issued the following invitation to a conference and preliminary service among the clergy of their dioceses:—

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—Assuming that you are prepared to take part in the Mission to be held in the metropolis in February next, we would earnestly invite you to join us in a special service of prayer and meditation to be held in St Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday, Nov. 4, at half-past eleven o'clock, and to be followed by a conference of incumbents, which will be held at King's College at half-past two. Conscious as we must all be that the work we have set before us will, without God's blessing, be fruitless and futile indeed, let us in faith in the promises made to those who shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, unite our fervent prayers for a special outpouring of the Holy Ghost; for the quickening of the love of God and of the Lord Jesus in our own hearts and in those of our people; for a deeper sense of the worth of immortal souls; for more earnestness and self-denial in our efforts to win them for Christ; and for a great gathering into the true fold of multitudes now wandering and lost in the ways of sin and death. It will not be possible to include our lay brethren in this service, but we would suggest to you the desirableness of inviting such of your parishioners or congregation as are prepared to assist you in the work of the Mission to a special celebration of the Holy Communion on the morning of November 4th, or on some morning in the same week.

We are, dear Brother, your faithful servants in Christ,

J. LONDON.

E. H. WINTON.

T. L. ROCHESTER.

London, October 21, 1873.

A very large number of the London clergy responded to this appeal, and filled the whole space under the dome of St Paul's. There were men of every doctrinal section in the English Church. Among the first comers was Dr Nolan, with a large Evangelical contingent; then came Father Lowder, attended by a following of quite an opposite school of thought. Several laymen tried to enter the enclosure, which was jealously guarded for 'the clergy;' and one irrepressible Sister of Mercy, after being relegated to the foot of a pillar out of sight, pushed well to the front, and would not be satisfied until she got a seat somewhere near the reverend fathers. At half-past eleven the procession of choir and clergy entered from the sacristy. The boys were the only choristers present,

and were followed by the prebendaries, minor canons, canons, and deans; the rear being brought up by the Bishops of London, Winchester, and Rochester.

The Bishop of London passed at once to the pulpit, the choir singing the 'Veni Creator,' at the conclusion of which his lordship read first the Collect, 'Prevent us, O, Lord,' and then the one appointed for Whit Sunday, after which he proceeded at once to his address.

The experience of the last three years, said his lordship, in the way of special efforts towards the lost, had been that such efforts, where they did not interfere with parochial arrangements, had been largely blessed. They brought many into the fold; and also, by their reflex action, quickened spiritual life in congregations, and even in communicants. There seemed no reason, then, why the bishops of the three dioceses included in the metropolis should refuse to preside over their clergy in this special effort against unbelief. Of those three bishops, one gifted man, and his own dear friend, he said, had been suddenly called to his account; but his part had been taken up by another dear friend, who had been called in God's providence to succeed to the vacant place. Experience also showed that the success of a mission depended on the care in its organization. Do we not, he asked, need preparation before we undertake such a work? The object of the present gathering was, as it were, to strike the keynote of the Mission. He desired, then, to speak with his reverend brethren not as their bishop, but literally as their brother. Looking back some twenty-one years to the time when he was in charge of a large parish, he felt, if he were invited to share in such a work as this, two questions would at once occur. Have my ministrations failed? If so, from what cause? Who would venture to say that his ministrations, even in the smallest parish, had quite succeeded, had been all that he could wish? Not even the most faithful pastor had quite carried out the ideal prescribed to him by the Church at his ordination. Then, with regard to the second question. 'I pray God,' said the Bishop with much feeling, 'that none of you, when you come to

look back on a ministry of forty years, may find so much cause for humiliation as he who now addresses you.' As a general rule, defects, he said, varied more in degree than in kind; and when we came to ask ourselves why—as far as lay in ourselves—we had failed, the answer would be, through want of faith and love—faith in God, and love to Jesus Christ and the souls of our fellow-men.

Take preaching, for instance. Did we, he asked, preach as if expecting that what we preached would do its work? Did we believe that our hearers would be converted? Don't we—he plainly asked—preach doubtfully? So with the more important *κήρυγμα* when we were speaking face to face with man, the sick or the sinful—did we believe that what we said would go to the heart? So, too, with prayers—prayer with or for others. Did we believe that our prayers would be answered? Did we throw ourselves on God? Let us try ourselves by this test. Were we not *surprised* when our prayers were answered? His lordship here told an apposite story of a clergyman who was called to the deathbed of a talented man that had imbibed sceptical ideas, who was, in fact, an unbeliever. He had to wait some time before he could see him, and occupied the interval in wrestling for him in prayer. When it expired, the sister of the dying man came down with joy on her face, and said, 'Oh! he is praying—praying hopefully!' The clergyman's heart swelled with gratitude, but—he was *surprised*. And who of us, asked the Bishop, dare cast the first stone at him? It might be said that this distrust savoured of humility; but was it not rather the case that we trusted too much to ourselves and too little to God? The Christian man's phylactery ought to be, 'Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord.' We did not expect that God would perform physical miracles. God did not grant such evidence now. The greatest miracle of all was the work of the Holy Spirit in regeneration, conversion, sanctification, and salvation. The knowledge that they were doing God's will made the boldest ventures of faith reasonable.

In eloquent periods the Bishop pictured the poor fallen

sister staggering along the streets with flushed cheeks ; the ignorant blasphemer under the railway arch or in the lecture-room vilifying the name of God, and, worse than all, the mere man or woman of the world living in carelessness—God would have all these to come to repentance. We never could aim at saving a soul without being in accord with the will of God. Let this, then, be urged, be our first prayer as we prostrated ourselves in silence, ‘ Lord, increase our faith.’

Then there was a long pause for silent prayer—perhaps the most impressive of all forms of worship, especially in the centre of a great city. The roar of London was around, and the slanting rays of the sun lit up the silent congregation as those hundreds of Christian ministers bent in unuttered prayer to God.

Then, as the Bishop of Winchester passed from his stall to the pulpit, the choir sang the following hymn :

Almighty God, Whose only Son
O'er sin and death the triumph won,
And ever lives to intercede
For souls who Thy sweet mercy need.

In His dear name to Thee we pray
For all who err and go astray,
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,
Who do not serve and honour Thee.

There are who never yet have heard
The tidings of Thy blessed Word,
But still in heathen darkness dwell,
Without one thought of heaven or hell ;

And some within Thy sacred Fold
To holy things are dead and cold,
And waste the precious hours of life
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife ;

And many a quickened soul within
There lurks the secret love of sin ;
A wayward will, or anxious fears,
Or lingering taint of bygone years.

O give repentance true and deep
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep,
And kindle in their hearts the fire
Of holy love and pure desire.

That so from angel hosts above
May rise a sweeter song of love,
And we, with all the blest, adore
Thy Name, O God, for evermore. Amen.

The Bishop of Winchester took for his subject the motive that should animate them in such a work as that in contemplation. The love of Jesus crucified, risen, and enthroned in Heaven inevitably resulted in love for all on behalf of whom Christ died. Yet he would ask whether the very refinement of Christian love did not sometimes make us loathe those we ought to love. Christianity had a civilizing and refining effect, and we might be led to shrink from contact with that which is polluted. We must try and school ourselves to love those amongst whom we laboured in mission work as ruined temples of God. All human nature was part of the nature of Christ Incarnate, but sin was no part of it. Each of those fallen was among those whom He came to save. He prayed for them on the Cross. He prays for them on the Throne. So must we school ourselves to love them. Love alone would find its way into the hearts of those we ought to save. Their lives, he said, were hard, and their natures impervious to fear or shame; but not to love. Next to the instinct of food and warmth, the instinct of love was the most natural. Scarcely any were so lost as to be insensible to love. A chord might be struck in the darkest heart if there were a chord in unison with it on our part. The very worst case, perhaps, was those who had followed that counterfeit of love, 'lust, hard by hate,' yet the victims of this were sensible to love. When Howard was walking the streets, one of those wretched girls put her arm into his. He simply turned and said 'Poor creature!' and she burst into tears. We try police-courts, courts of justice, and penitentiaries, but how seldom love crept into the poor homes of our great cities! Love never despaired. It alone could make us hope against hope. All had seen how, when a little one was given over to die, a mother would so hope, and the infant sometimes be spared to her. So would the Christian pastor tend

those who to all others seemed hopeless. So he commended this to their hearts as the motive principle of action.

Again followed the silent prayer and full-voiced hymn, which sounded grandly in its deep unison. Then the Bishop of Rochester ascended the pulpit, and delivered a most stirring and most thoroughly missionary address.

These missions to the careless and perishing, he said—both respectable and outcast—in what conviction did they originate? Perhaps in this, that though the Word had been preached to them with power and energy, yet it had been evident, as matter of experience, that something was needed to bring the Word closer home. Our eternal happiness and misery depended on our relation to God. Preachers spoke to the listening crowd, but we needed something to speak to us as Nathan spoke to David, ‘Thou art the man.’ Sympathy was needed. This desire to help their fellow-sinners had brought them together that day. Then the missionaries of the Church had met for their Lord’s glory. The humblest, most distrustful man might do somewhat—might find some poor soul travailing under a burden which he could lighten, and, by talking man with man, might win him over to Christ. Let them remember they were sent forth by ‘the churches.’ The presence of the three Bishops made this a Church mission. What could be less in accord with the world’s mode of warfare than a mission? Yet, by this simple strategy, it was expected to break up the strongholds of sin. What! had we surveyed Pandemonium, where men assemble by troops in the harlot’s house, the flaunting public-house, the temple of Mammon? Yes, he answered—all this we had seen. All were open to God’s eye, and His word revealed them to us, and at the same time told us that there was in all these sinners a sense of disquietude. In the very worst there was love, as in the woman in Simon’s house. To these, said the Bishop, we go. The result was in God’s hands; ours to go forth in the power of Him who did not strive or cry, but won His victory by gentleness, love, and patience. The Bishop concluded a very eloquent

address by a graphic reference to the work of Him whom it is not irreverent to call the first Missioner.

The service—a very exceptional one indeed for the metropolitan cathedral—concluded with the Lord's Prayer, which was said, not sung, by the Bishop of London and congregation, and the Apostolic benediction also pronounced by the same prelate.

In the afternoon there took place the conference of incumbents at King's College, pursuant to notice. From this the laity and inferior clergy were rigidly excluded, the object being presumably to decide on the details of the mission work. Thus far, everything had been of the most practical kind, and so gave the best promise of success for the work.

II. THE DAY OF DEVOTION FOR THE CLERGY.

Thus, with an esoteric gathering, began the London Mission in the various churches of the metropolis. The previous 'Twelve Days' Mission' of 1869 was an event which had been up to that time undreamed of in the philosophy of the Church of England, and, by an accidental mismanagement, was on that occasion allowed to fall very much into the hands of one party in the Establishment. Possibly that might have been the reason why the idea then inaugurated has so long apparently lain dormant. Now that it has been revived, the results of its long gestation are apparent; it has come forth not only with episcopal sanction, but under the more or less active superintendence of the Bishops of the three dioceses comprised within the limits of the metropolis—London, Winchester, and Rochester. These prelates, as mentioned above, held a special preliminary service some months before in Paul's Cathedral, and warmly commended the work of the Mission both to clergy and laity. The present Mission, as I have said, now actually commenced, and continued during the Octave. Friday was the Great Day of the Preparation, when the work was appropriately commenced by a long series of services and addresses in the metropolitan cathedral. These services,

which were for the clergy only, commenced with a celebration of Holy Communion at 8.30 A.M., followed by Morning Prayer at 10, and a second celebration at 11. These earlier proceedings, I am sorry to say, I neglected; but at noon I groped amid the fog to the north door of the cathedral, and having replied satisfactorily to the challenge of the janitor as to whether I was 'a reverend gentleman,' I entered and found the area under the dome already dotted over with that always heterogeneous assemblage the clergy of the Church of England.

Here entered successively the Ritualist in his trailing cassock, surmounted either by 'priest's cloak' or more mundane greatcoat, and all the varied sections of the Establishment marked broadly by expanse of shirt front and breadth of white tie, culminating in the M.B. waistcoat and Roman band. Among the congregation one saw the faces of many well-known missionaries and London clergy. The Bishops of London and Rochester took their seats amongst us—the congregation—and at 12.30 the Rev W. H. Milman, in surplice, hood, and stole, conducted the missionary to the pulpit, and took his own seat in the choir. The 'Veni Creator' was sung—the High Church party kneeling, the rest standing, and the Bishops among the latter. Then the preacher, the Rev. W. Walsham How, monotoned three collects, and forthwith proceeded to his sermon. Taking his text from the Second Epistle to Timothy, he eloquently described the strength of the foe with whom battle was to be done in this Mission, and the weakness of the instrumentality to be employed, except so far as it was strong through the Crucified. From Him came to us, when we knelt before His cross, the spirit of Strength and Love. He deprecated the going forth in mere power, or hope of success, and advocated love even for the unlovable, the cold, the rough, the repulsive. God grant, he said, they might be brought face to face with such. So would their love be tried. The picture of the love of Christ brought home to such a soul was consummately drawn, and, in conclu-

sion, it was strongly urged that 'sobermindedness' was not to be suspended even during mission work. Excitement might be used by God to awaken the slumbering soul; but there was danger lest such an element might become excessive, and entail a dangerous reaction. Intense, but very calm, devotion was a tone more fruitful of good than one of somewhat unguarded excitement, such as was not quite unknown in mission work. There was a danger lest critics might deem the work un-English, and against these they must be on their guard. He concluded his brief but eloquent address with a special prayer for that one element of sobermindedness—about which he clearly was somewhat in doubt. Three collects and the Apostolic benediction were succeeded by a long interval of silent prayer, during which the contrast of the roar of London city outside, at its very busiest hour, was most significant in comparison with the stillness that reigned around. Among the very first to rise from their knees and pass out at the south door were the two Bishops.

Returning from my brief refreshment amid the fogs of Ludgate Hill, I re-entered, now unchallenged by the doorkeeper, who was relentlessly driving the lay people from his portal—why, I could scarcely understand. Inside it looked quite like a foreign church to notice the clergy prostrate in silent prayer, or intent upon a book of devotion. Was that widening of the space outside the cathedral typical of a kindred process going on within the walls of the Establishment?

At two o'clock the Rev. W. H. Chapman, chaplain of the Lock Hospital, entered, accompanied only by the vergers; and after we had sung the hymn called 'Rock of Ages,' he proceeded, without taking a text, to consider the hindrances to the Mission, especially that resulting from the personality and special characteristics of Satan—the God of this world. Whenever special effort was being made, Satan's power would be put forth principally against God's ministers. Whenever the Holy Ghost worked, Satan worked side by side, and his power was felt. Faith in the written Word of God was the

only weapon to overcome these hindrances. Satan never could stand up against the plain statements of the Word of God. This sermon, which was of Evangelical tone, was preached with much fervour, the preacher leaning right forward on the cushion of the pulpit, until he seemed in danger of falling over among his congregation.

The three-o'clock address was given by the Rev. G. Body, who left such mark on the Mission of 1869, and who has lost none of his former fire by his subsequent preferment. Having given out the beautiful hymn, 'When I survey the wondrous cross,' which was heartily sung by us, where, he asked, could we better meet for such a work as this than on Calvary, whereupon, as on this day and as at this hour, the great Sacrifice was consummated? 'Brothers,' he said, 'let us go to Calvary! In the contemplation of the Passion we best learn the secrets of mission work.' He then went through some of the utterances on the Cross. Christ thirsts, he said, thirsts for the tears of penitents. Jesus, as one with the Father, yearns for the return of prodigals. This was mission work; to seek the good of men that God might be glorified thereby—to satisfy the thirst, the loving thirst, of God, by speaking to men the one name of Jesus; not speaking mere doctrines, but revealing a personal Saviour. We had to tell men of the love of Jesus crucified, risen, and ascending. Have much faith in preaching. Strike the rock and the waters shall gush out to slake the thirst of God. Tell the old, old story. The name of Jesus is mighty as ever. Don't work yourselves up, or try to work others up, to a state of excitement; but tell the old plain story. Conversion, we must remember, is the direct work of the Holy Spirit, and cannot be forced. We must go forth in simple dependence on that, and then wait calmly and patiently. Among the qualifications for Missioners, he specified, first of all reverence—reverence for the souls amongst whom they ministered; reverence for the Sacred Name and Sacred Mystery. The prayers and Eucharists of England, he said, were concentrated on the London

Churches. Secondly, there was need of confidence—confidence, blended with humility, in realized weakness, but confidence in the Sacred Heart. Thirdly, he added, go forth in patience. Don't make up a fictitious excitement. If success seems delayed, throw thyself with all thy disappointment at the foot of the Cross. Lastly, go forth in thanksgiving, fighting beneath the Blood-red banner against the foes of the Cross. Finally, there must be now, as in Pentecostal times, the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. The congregation—vergers and all—seemed fairly taken by surprise with the fervid eloquence of this marvellous preacher, which, I remember, had the same effect upon me at the last Mission, and made me follow him from church to church with the ardour of a *dévouée*.

Evensong was said at four o'clock, and an address subsequently delivered by the Rev. W. Haslam; the series concluding with one by the Rev. Father Benson, Superior of the Cowley Fathers, at six o'clock.

In sharp, ringing voice, Father Benson said we must, as mission priests, keep before our eyes the sight of Jesus at the right hand of God. The Throne of God is the centre of all His Church's action, wherever an apostolical ministry is labouring in His name. Let us realize this gaze of the soul on Jesus as the source of our power. Ours is no mere Jewish ministry, but a ministry of the Resurrection life, moving in its reality in the midst of this great city. We must go forth in this triumphant power, conscious that our whole being is instinct with His life. How can our ministry be of any use else? Think what it is to be the representative of Christ among benighted people! This demands of us to separate ourselves from all that is not of Him. We come hither as the prophet came to Nineveh. He went on the strength of his three days' burial, and came forth in the strength of his resurrection life, and struck Nineveh dumb. So in the power of a like burial we go forth (one could not help suspecting a side reference to the monastic life in these words). We must live as those who are dead to the world and alive to God. If

we call others, we must realize it in our own persons. We must not sink back into the old world, which would put the drag upon our efforts, and take all the fire from our words. Let us between this and Sunday seek to realize that burial to earthly things which must precede the resurrection life. We stand here as the angels of the resurrection, as ourselves partakers of the death of Christ, and having passed into His resurrection. This is the grace of our baptism, a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness.

The sermon, redolent of the very 'highest' thought, and full of ascetic sentiment, was intently listened to by a congregation which was evidently, to a great degree, sympathetic with the preacher. Canon Gregory, I noticed, was among the hearers.

Sunday morning, though nominally the opening of the Mission, may properly be included in the preparation; for in few churches was the work definitely commenced until the evening—in fact, the Mission, as a whole, is far more a matter of week-day than Sunday work.

At 9.30 on Sunday morning I attended a very interesting preliminary service in the Riding School of the Knightsbridge Barracks, where the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, of Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, addressed the 1st Life Guards on the subject of the Mission. After a brief service, which was taken by the Rev. J. A. Crozier, Chaplain to the Forces, and the musical portion of which was admirably performed by the regimental band, Mr Shore spoke a few manly words to the Guardsmen, who were ranged four deep round the building, exhorting them to attend the services at Berkeley Chapel, and not to deem it unmanly to be religious. His words were listened to with the most respectful attention, and he seemed to make a deep impression. The whole service and sermon occupied less than an hour; after which I adjourned to St Barnabas, Pimlico, where the Vicar preached to a large congregation on the subject of the Mission, which in this church was to be conducted by the Revs. R. M. Benson and Francis D. Bagshawe.

So ended the prologue to the drama—that is, let me explain, the speaking before the action—of the Mission of 1874.

III. THE MISSION PROPER.

If, as has been perhaps satirically said, the chief object of a Mission is to make people go to church, it succeeded to a marvel in my case. I lived in church, and breathed an atmosphere redolent of sermons, during the week. The impression remaining on my mind was a somewhat commonplace one. The clergy of the Church of England had, no doubt, gone manfully in for the Mission; but, save in one or two isolated cases, the result seemed to have been scarcely more than a lot of Sundays rolled into one. The sermons were scarcely above the average, and fell more or less flat on the congregations. Indeed, it was difficult to find in the thing itself the excitement we could discern on paper from the day when the Rev. Harry Jones dropped his bomb-shell into the camp by declaring that he stood aloof altogether from the Mission on principle, as being sensational or else nothing. I can fully endorse Mr Jones's vaticination as far as my observation goes. Where the Confessional was advocated, or Revivalism aimed at, an effect was produced. Elsewhere the old proverb was realized—the mountain laboured, and a mouse was the ridiculous result. A conspicuous case in point was that of Dr Lee, at All Saints', New Cut. I went thither on Wednesday evening, and found the usual elaborate service with procession being performed in presence of a mere handful of people. Dr Lee preached, and brought to an abrupt conclusion the 'apparently unsuccessful mission.' He told them they would have no 'ranting or roaring' there, nothing sensational; and, *ecce signum!* as far as present and perceptible results are concerned, the Mission was abortive, and I wasted an evening.

St James's, Norland Square, Bayswater, struck me as being one of the most successfully worked of the West-

end parochial Missions. The incumbent, the Rev. G. T. Palmer, personally visited the public-houses, and got a great many people, at all events, to come to church. He had three Mission priests working with him, and averaged 50 communicants at the 7 o'clock celebration, while as many as 700 children were present at the afternoon services. The church of St John the Evangelist, Kensington (Rev. G. Booker), also took an active part in the Mission, and gathered large congregations. Visiting the handsome church of All Saints, Kensington Park, so famous for its musical services, I found that the vicar, the Rev. John Light, was only commencing the Mission on Thursday—parochial arrangements having prevented his doing so before. He had just retired to the Choristers' School-house to live 'in community' during the Mission. The well-known preacher, the Rev. G. C. L. Dunbar, D.D., was taking the special sermons in the Mission chapel. Two Mission priests, the Rev. J. M. Conolly, curate of Tilehurst, Berks, and the Rev. J. R. Buchanan, vicar of Herne, Kent, were working in the church. The latter gentleman commenced with a course of children's services, in which he took as his subject the 'Knowledge of good and evil,' which he treated so as to secure the interest of a very large number of children, whom he also catechized, receiving very intelligent answers from them.

My experiences of the Low Church party had not been, so far, felicitous. I fancied I might take St John's, Paddington, as a typical church, and the vicar, the Rev. Emilius Bayley, as a representative man on the Evangelical side. Accordingly on the Tuesday morning I journeyed due west, and sought the church in question. I confess to being attracted also by a promising list of preachers, among whom were included the Archbishop of York and the Rev. William Cadman, of Trinity Church, Marylebone; while the Mission preacher was the Rev. C. D. Marston, who succeeded Mr Capel Molyneux at St Paul's, Onslow Square. It was a bitter morning, and I was obliged to array myself in overcoat and respirator. Whether this exercised the mind

of the pew-opener or not I do not know ; but the impression which that good lady left with me was, that I was not expected at St John's and had better have stopped away. The cavernous pews were rigidly appropriated to their respective owners, very few of whom put in an appearance, and those in the proportion of about one man to ten women—most of them elderly, and many, I fancy, unmarried. The free seats, of which there are very few, were about two-thirds full, and the pew-opener motioned me to one of these close to the door and full in the draught. I pointed to my respirator, and asked if she could not give me a seat, but she was inexorable, and only moved me a row or two higher in the free seats. The sermon was on 'Consecration,' and was preached by the Rev. W. H. Chapman, minister of the Lock Chapel ; but, as I have already reported this gentleman's address at St Paul's Cathedral, I need not say more here than that I do not think it would have 'converted' me, and I am sure it could not possibly have excited any one, while the service was of the most depressing character, the responses being made by two charity children in the organ loft, and the singing of the mildest possible description. At Quebec Chapel my reception was very different. There the whole edifice was thrown open to chance comers, an arrangement which I had thought to be of the very essence of a Mission service. But it was neither High nor Low that I had elected to make my *pièce de résistance*. Both High and Low had shaken their heads ominously when I mentioned the Rev. Llewellyn Davies, of Christ Church, Lisson Grove, and assured me I should find lay preachers in full possession there. Dim visions of Dr Max Müller, I confess, did float through my mind as I sought the sylvan retirement, but no lay preachers were there. Mr Davies, though a Broad Churchman, had not gone out of town, and had complied with the injunction to keep Mission by having special evening sermons by distinguished clergymen—not laymen. The one I heard was the Rev. Dr Abbott, Head Master of the City of London School ; and as his subject was the exceedingly

interesting one of education, I thought I might go farther and fare worse, so I stayed. The preacher for the following evening was the Bishop of Manchester. Evensong was sung at 8.30—such a bright, cheerful service, with Tallis's responses done in first-rate style by a full choir. The congregation was a large one, including many substantial middle-class folks, and a large number of poor—together more like a Mission gathering than any I had seen. Clad in an M.A. gown, Dr Abbott gave out as his text the Fifth Commandment, 'Honour thy father and thy mother.' He deprecated the idea that this commandment was 'wasted' because many of us had lost our parents. It spoke to parents as well as children, bidding them deserve the respect of their children. He would confine his attention to one point—viz., education. He would narrow the term to mere school teaching, and point out the duty of parents in this respect. He showed the fallacy of drawing a contrast between 'book-learning' and good character; and eloquently pleaded in favour of the 'three R's.' He talked colloquially without any notes, and quite carried his congregation along with him by his plain words. He claimed reading and writing as being almost additional senses. Satan found some mischief still for idle hands to do, and teaching a child to read was to arm him against temptation. Reading might be turned to evil purposes, true; but, looking to the grand works of English authors, we must feel there was vastly more good than evil. As a matter of fact we know from the statistics of crime that all but a small percentage were unable to read and write. What was the education of the streets, he asked (pertinently enough in Lisson Grove), and was not that the only alternative to the education in school? It was more true in London than in the country that to be idle is to be sinful. No doubt they were obliged to send children to school now; but he dwelt strongly on the necessity of regularity in attendance. There might be other remedies not resting with parents, but he believed that the great difficulty rested with the parents, and he be-

sought them to do all they could to form a healthy public opinion in their neighbourhood, so as to keep the children regular and make them do their work. The affectionate sympathy of a father or mother might help a child wonderfully. To this was owing much of the superiority of the Scotch schools as well as to the excellence of the institutions themselves. 'Thrice happy,' he said, 'is the nation where mothers thus aid by sympathy and example in the education of their children.'

I may be right or wrong—I think I am right, of course—but this seemed to me more in keeping with the real spirit of an Anglican Mission service than any amount of sacerdotal 'direction,' or any fervid efforts at 'revival'—a plain manly appeal to the first duty of a parent, and especially a poor parent; and, as I came out, I felt extremely grateful to Mr Davies that he had not gone out of town, or, if he did so, returned in time to keep, at all events, something in the shape of a Mission Service at Christ Church, Lisson Grove.

IV. A CALL TO CONFESSION.

I have been all along reserving the right, if any service, sermon, or ceremony of the present Mission should seem to rise above the prevailing dead level, to chronicle such in my running commentary. Rightly or wrongly, I believe such a crisis has arrived; if my own sympathies and predilections do not quite go along with it, that is a secondary and purely irrelevant matter. My mission is emphatically to describe, not to pass judgment, or even act as advocate.

On Saturday evening, attracted by what I had heard of midnight Argyll audiences at St Peter's, Windmill Street, I set out, early in the evening, to 'prospect' in that direction; and found that, by what I consider an error of judgment, there was to be no midnight service on Saturday. At that particular time the supper-houses and other places would have been shut, and there would have been no counter-attractions to the missionaries' work. So it was, however, the fiat had gone forth.

There was to be no 11.30 service on Saturday. Foiled in my immediate purpose, I acted like the man who, having lost his way, gives his horse the rein and trusts to its guidance. Chance led me to the church of S. Thomas, Regent Street, *née* Archbishop Tenison's Chapel, where I heard what I have every reason to believe a distinctive service; certainly one which interested me greatly, and seemed in its degree characteristic of one aspect of the Mission. S. Thomas's may be—nay, it had better own the soft impeachment, is—ugly. It is an instance of a conventicle that has striven to become Ritualistic, which always more or less resembles that monstium our bucolic friends describe in their peculiar phrase—as an 'old lamb dressed ewe-fashion'—I mean an elderly spinster arrayed in the latest mode. Tenison's Chapel pretended to be nothing more than a preaching-shop. S. Thomas (I purposely omit the 't' in Saint) is of the most pronounced Ritualistic type—a very coryphæus in the rising generation of 'advanced' churches. Its walls and ceiling are 'flatted' red, white, and blue in a way which brings its native ugliness into prominence, much as do the rings and bedizenments of the dowager above-mentioned. But the sacrarium and altar redeem, or are meant to redeem, everything, and cover a multitude of sins. The Holy Table was vested in black on Saturday night, and eight tapers were standing on it, divided by the central cross, and flanked with two huge *bougies* at the north and south ends. The deep galleries down the chapel looked incongruous enough; but they served to remind us that all the beauty was focussed and concentrated in the chancel. Perhaps they were meant to.

I entered at 8 P.M.—the service being at 8.30, with a second service at 11 'for women only.' A fair congregation already dotted the chapel, many women and a few men; and groups of choristers in cassocks were chatting in rather an irreverent and unmission-like way in the aisles. Station pictures of no very high order of art decorated the walls; and altogether staid old Tenison's Chapel was in a very advanced condition indeed; how

changed from the time when the oratory of Lawrell was a sufficient attraction! At 8.15 a demure young man lighted six out of the eight tapers on the altar, to which he bowed with that strange shamefaced air Ritualists adopt in their genuflexions as compared with Roman Catholics, much in the same way as the salutation of an Englishman to the *dame au comptoir* of a restaurant differs from that of the Parisian 'to the manner born.' At service time a procession of twenty-four filed from the west end, consisting of the Rev. W. J. Richardson, the minister, Rev. Mr Steele, assistant, and Mr Knox-Little, the missionary, the rest being choristers. A metrical Litany was sung by Mr Steele and two acolytes kneeling in front of the altar, the choir and congregation taking the alternate verses. It was a bright, sparkling composition in six-eight time, very effective and appropriate. A few Collects followed, and then the *Miserere* or Psalm 51, all devoutly kneeling, and singing to a Gregorian tune. Several taking hymns were interpolated at different intervals; amongst them the favourite, 'Daily, daily sing the praises;' and the Mission service was over. The missionary, Mr Knox-Little, passed to the pulpit, and taking as his text the words 'I will arise and go to my Father' (Luke xv. 18), said that the Christian life was one not of feeling only but of action. It was a change of posture; an energetic advance to the Father. This special occasion, he reminded them, involved great obligations, as it offered great privileges. To all the different calls that had been made during life, this one was now added. I could not fail to notice the immense fluency of the preacher, with the absence of all exaggeration, and the mode in which he riveted the attention of a large congregation; for such had ours now grown to be. The women's seats were full: the men's nearly so; and the men were quite as attentive as the women. Christian life, he repeated, was not a mere dream or picture. It was being realized around us in all ages and stations. We ought to take God's call as a great reality, and make a responsive advance. There was one inducement which it might savour of commonplace to urge, but

which he could not pass over. In the silence of night and in the crowd, when we were thinking or when we were waking, the thought would come that this could not possibly go on long. It might be commonplace, but every one of us had to face the great fact of death. 'Don't ask me,' he said, 'then, why you should change your posture; why you should advance towards God. Ask rather the hindrances.' These he specified as pride, covetousness, pleasure, indifference; and followed up with a fervid and impetuous call to confession. 'Confession,' he said, 'was an act of the Incarnate leading the soul to God. To hold back, if God calls, was most dangerous to the spiritual life. If there were secrets on the soul, and God gave the chance of speaking them out and getting absolution, then to hold back was the most terrible danger, and involved the most terrible responsibilities.' 'Don't hold back,' he kept repeating—when the end of the Mission had come, then would be the time for making resolutions. If God has, in the course of it, said 'Confess,' then don't hold back. In the name of your Creator, don't hold back. If you do, the blood of Jesus has been shed in vain. That was the one question. Have I had that message in the Mission? if so, am I holding back? If that were the case he would say, go home and fall on your knees, and say, 'I will hold back no longer.' Hold back, and that truth will haunt you in the shape of the word that man spoke to you at the Mission. If we accept it, all the world may argue, men may ridicule or persecute, public opinion may scoff, but it would not matter to us.

The preacher's manner, whatever we might think of his matter, was perfect, his oratory fluent, his action telling but unexaggerated, and all bearing the stamp of sincere feeling. Of course the question remained—Was the doctrine un-English or not? But I am describing only. He concluded with a fervent *extempore* prayer, and gave notice that he would add a brief instruction on 'Meditation as a mode of deepening the spiritual life' to such as thought fit to remain after the service. It was twenty minutes to ten, but scarcely a score of people left the

church, and soon after the procession had filed out, the missionary and Mr Steele returned arrayed in their cassocks, and several of the choir in the same habit. A hymn was sung, and Mr Knox-Little advanced to the centre of the chancel, where he walked up and down while delivering his instruction. This was a telling and æsthetic account of meditation considered in the light of mental prayer. He deprecated the custom of 'reading a chapter,' which so many good people did, as though it were a sort of charm. Meditation was a perfect system, and might be made quite 'business-like.' He sketched separately at some length the Preparation, the Prelude, the Divisions of the Subject, the Acts of Meditation. It was necessary to place oneself earnestly in God's presence; to realize one's 'creatureliness;' to resign oneself into God's hands, to make the meditation what He would; to adore God; to seek the breath of the Holy Spirit. This, he said, sounded long; but it would take about half a minute. It was simply making meditation a real act instead of a mere dream. Then followed the Fruits of Meditation, the chief of which was to do something or leave something undone that day for God: to be strongly on the watch against some definite sin. The great danger of religion was indefiniteness: the great value of the Catholic Faith was that it was so definite; that it made God and Christ and the saints and angels real persons; that it gave a real Presence in the Sacrament, that it made the Priest real, and the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar real too. It was an age of appearances in secular and religious life. Meditation gave definiteness to the latter. It made the Unseen World a place in which we actually lived, made the Christian a creature living in two worlds, and gaining immense strength from the fact of walking with the saints and angels. He concluded by a renewed invitation to confession. The missionaries would be in church all Monday, not only to receive formal confession, but to talk over difficulties with such as cared to consult them.

The special service for women took place at eleven; but men were rigidly excluded. Two stout policemen

took up their stations at the door to enforce this regulation. I was informed that the attendance had been good, and many girls had been rescued and placed in homes, as many as twelve in one evening. On the Monday there was to be an outdoor procession at 7.30 in the streets immediately around the church, to get people to come to the service; and the Mission closed with a Celebration the next morning.

V. SERVICES FOR WOMEN.

It is, I suppose, only another instance of men being better than their creeds when I am able to state that, though the Ritualistic preachers have over and over again stated that it was a blessed thing to be persecuted by the press, still, directly I stated my wish to be present and report the services 'for women only,' and from which men are, as I stated, rigidly excluded, each of the priests to whom I applied, courteously—nay, even anxiously—requested me to come, and afforded every facility for seeing without being seen. The West-end women, even more than their East-end sisters, are naturally sensitive as to being 'reported;' and on all hands this feature of the Mission requires most delicate treatment.

I paid, then, first of all, a morning visit to each of the two churches which have combined for this raid on Regent Street—namely, St Peter's, Windmill Street, next door to the Argyll Rooms, and St Thomas's, late Archbishop Tenison's Chapel. In each I found the missionaries hard at work. At St Peter's, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, son of the then Premier, was in earnest converse with a man who bore the appearance of an artisan. In St Thomas's a bearded priest was in the same position with a middle-aged female; while several younger women were waiting for an interview. The Rev. Edward Steele was sitting in the vestry for the same purpose; and, in each case, I must in justice say that the mere mention of the avowedly obnoxious press was sufficient at once to gain me the *entrée* I

solicited. I was anxious, however, first of all to see the Mission doing out-of-door work; and for that purpose repaired to St Thomas's Church at half-past seven for a preliminary *excursus* through the streets prior to the last Mission service, the object of such sortie being principally to collect a congregation; though, no doubt, in a secondary degree, to get at those who will not come to church at all. A somewhat angry mob surrounded the door of the church, and were making remarks, more pointed than polite, on the Ritualists in general, and the confessional in particular. The idea of a procession was wisely abandoned, for one plain-spoken gentleman gave notice that if they brought any of 'them rags' out, he would 'pitch into 'em, if he got locked up for it.' So we went out two and two to a spot agreed upon down a back-street. 'I am afraid there will be a row,' said the vicar. 'Then let's have a row,' answered the plucky curate. We met at the appointed rendezvous where a Windsor chair was forthcoming; and before people knew what he was about, Mr Steele had popped on a pocket surplice and mounted his rostrum. A hymn was sung, and he preached a sermonette appropriate to the occasion. The people were quiet; some impressed, others inclined to suggest that the gentleman was in his shirt sleeves; but the assembly was quite divided; and when he made a touching reference to a mother's prayers having gone up to Heaven for many of those present, I saw rough women moved to tears, and even men were disposed to concede that 'the feller warn't a-doing any harm.' Perhaps his greatest *coup* of all was when he said, 'I dare say many of you ain't Church of England people; but I don't care for that. Perhaps some of you are Wesleyans; I hope you are.' He scored a point there; but lost it again when he kissed the crucifix at the end of his short discourse. As we passed from post to post, marching to the tune of 'Daily, daily,' along the unfragrant streets and alleys, the noise increased; but it was made entirely by small boys, and, of course, the smaller the lad the more noise he made. One halting-

place was near the scene of a recent fatal fire ; and Mr Steele pressed that fact cleverly into his service. He was a man not to be howled down on any account, or by any number of infinitesimal boys. There was an immense congregation collected for the eight o'clock service, and the gentleman who had elected to be locked up contented himself with howling 'confessional' as Mr Steele passed him on re-entering the church. Discretion is so often the better part of valour. But it is eleven o'clock, and the bell is ringing for the late service 'for women only ; men rigidly excluded ;' yet are there not, as Sydney Smith said, three sexes, 'men, women, and clergymen' ? I am a clergyman, and enter unchallenged. There were very few women present at eleven o'clock ; but a good many cassocked priests and Sisters in their habits. When a girl did enter she was pounced down upon, perhaps a little too suddenly, by several Sisters at once ; but they entered quite readily into conversation ; and, in fact, did not seem so much alarmed as I think I should have been myself, under the circumstances. The 'Miserere' was first sung—painfully out of tune (perhaps to express penitence) ; then the Collect for the First Sunday in Advent was read, and the ever-recurrent 'Daily, daily,' sung ; and afterwards Mr Steele gave some exceedingly good advice to those present. I wish I could think his words went home. I passed out—shall I own it?—disappointed. I could scarcely deem the service at St Thomas's a success ; and I fancy I can, without lack of charity, explain the cause. There were too many Sisters, and they were too forward in their attentions. I think we men could have managed matters better—much as I believe in 'woman's mission to woman.' I was not surprised to hear the Vicar say that the 'girls' had begun to tire of the services. Magdalene is a very difficult subject to deal with ; and I doubt whether they have the best method at St Thomas's. So I passed along that Pandemonium, the lower part of Regent Street, formerly called the Quadrant, and could not help wondering how many years of Missions or Sessions

of Parliamentary legislation it would take to cleanse that plague-spot. St Peter's has indeed bearded the lion in his den; for it is next door to the chief casino of London, the band of which seemed to play me into church as I passed the sacred portal. 'Father' Prescott, of the Society of St John at Cowley, was reciting the ordinary Mission service, and there was a fair congregation, numbering many of the obnoxious sex, while cassocked priests dotted the whole church over. The service was succeeded by a long interval of silent prayer, during which I could distinctly hear the thud of the contra-bassi in the next building, the tune of the dances, and eventually the noise of the roysterers as they passed from their revelry, most of them to supper, but some to church. It was a strange contrast, worth sitting-up once in a way into the small hours to witness.

At midnight we sang on our knees, and too dolefully withal, the hymn—

Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Soon after twelve they came in, a motley gathering—girls and young men with them: for the restriction 'For women only,' was waived last night, and still the same mistake. Wherever a giggling girl settled, an estimable lady in a poke bonnet came and settled too, and the poke bonnet made the girls giggle more. Father Prescott commenced his address by giving the girls addresses of the ladies who would attend them in any sickness or difficulty, and then gave out a hymn, which was sung to an incongruous accompaniment of loud laughter as fresh bevvies of girls came pouring in. There was, at all events, no lack of congregation here. Then followed the address by an exceedingly uninteresting, but I have no doubt estimable, gentleman. He took as his subject, 'Christ, the Good Shepherd,' and talked to his congregation as though they had been children—which they were not. Decidedly the best portion of his brief sermon was where he claimed that

the same ban that rested on them, his dear 'children,' should rest on those who had led them to it. I had hoped much from this aspect of the Mission, and am sorry to feel it possible it may have failed.

VI. THE FINAL SERVICE OF PRAISE.

So, then, for one more year the brief campaign against Sin and Satan was over, and it remained only to sing the pæan of victory—if victory it shall have been. Once again, despite my late exercises of the preceding night, I adjourned, to end as I had begun, by imbibing the *genius loci* at St Paul's Cathedral, where the Thanksgiving Service was celebrated immediately after ten o'clock morning prayer. A vast congregation filled the whole space under the dome, though morning service had only just begun when I got there. Here mustered the ladies literally 'in their thousands,' and the 'frequent' cleric lent an air of sanctity to the scene—if that were necessary. Prayers over, the vergers passed around papers containing the order of the service, from which documents I could not help observing even the faintest allusion to the Mission was conspicuously and significantly absent. Was it possible the authorities were ashamed of their bantling? After the service enter a procession of three—the preacher (the Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, of St Peter's, Eaton Square), chaperoned by two canons—one, of course, being Canon Gregory—no bishops now, no dean, 'no pomp and circumstance of glorious war;' only two canons and a verger! I had expected a big procession, and dignitaries in abundance. Was it not a 'lame and impotent conclusion' for so great a work?

Hymn 320 of the Ancient and Modern Collection was sung. 'The Church's One Foundation,' in which occurs the suggestive stanza:

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,

Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

The Lord's Prayer followed, and then the 103rd Psalm ; after which Mr Wilkinson appeared in the pulpit. He took as his text the 2nd verse of the Psalm just sung :— 'Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.'

Plunging at once *in medias res* he asked what good had the Mission done ? The answer could not be given at once. We had hurried hither this morning with sword still unsheathed and war-drum sounding, and were asked, 'How went the battle ?' The London clergy could, however, tell of souls won, and of good done to themselves. They had for years been struggling, and their courage had well nigh failed when the message of the Mission came. They had been talking of the Gospel until they had degenerated into a weak sentimentalism, when lo this Mission ! A blessing had rested on Church workers who had come forward in Christ's cause. 'God has saved sinners, God has given saints to His Church by this London Mission.' But it might be said, 'All this is temporary.' There might be darker sides to the Mission of which we were now ignorant. Mistakes might bring down the contempt of the world. Possibly so ; God alone could survey the whole battlefield ; but whatever mistakes there were, let the world criticize them, if it had the heart to do so, when it saw men nearly broken down in trying to do good. God had given results which no criticism could touch. Of individual mercies he had no time to speak, but he called for thanks because, first of all, they had been allowed to manifest their belief honestly, if imperfectly, in the centre of our modern Babylon. Come what might in the future, nothing could rob us of this, that the Mission was ended, and that we had manifested the Name of our God ; and, secondly, that this had been done, not by individuals, but by the Church in its corporate capacity. Our bishops had the spiritual power given them to summon their

clergy. The Dean and Chapter of St Paul's made the Cathedral the centre of the Mission. The bishops—he thanked God for it—had sent us out from this Cathedral with words of prayer, and hither we returned to-day to thank Him. Thank God, who had given us such bishops, and who used 'this dear old church of our fathers' for such a purpose! Who could calculate the force of those prayers which our bishops had been instrumental in suggesting? The battle had only just begun. If we were wearied now, how should we hold our ground in the coming Lent? In no other way than by being still and listening to the echo wafted to us from the margin of the crystal sea. 'In everything, by prayer and supplication let your requests be made known unto God.' God only knew for what trials this Mission might be preparing the Church, but He would fight for Judah against the Moabites and Ammonites.

The sermon, which was an elegant apotheosis of the Mission in general, and of the bishops very much in particular, was followed first by a silent thanksgiving, then by a *Te Deum* and Benediction; and so the Mission was formally and finally ended.

Looking over the somewhat voluminous notes I have accumulated in thus 'stumping' the London Mission, I find that some reference to the *via media* is necessary—the Church of England pure and simple. As a type of this class, I should certainly take the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, of Berkeley Chapel. Mayfair might seem an unpromising sphere for a Mission; but Mr Shore tried it with four services a day, and so far succeeded that he not only got Mayfair to come to week-day services, but to lay aside its exclusiveness, so that one might see a colonel in the Guards and a footman sitting side by side. Mayfair altered its dinner-hour, and ladies opened the street doors themselves, so as to let the servants go to church. Here were tangible results, at all events. A Public-house Brigade of young peers and guardsmen visited the different taverns, not to preach, but to get people to church, where special instruction was given—*e.g.*, to domestic servants. A society of men and women

servants has been formed to perpetuate the work of the Mission. An excellent arrangement at Berkeley Chapel was the providing each person with a short, printed epitome of the evening sermon, to take away with them for purposes of meditation and prayer. A very good effect, too, was produced by requesting the congregation not to leave *en masse*, but two-by-two, the rest remaining on their knees. By this means perfect silence was kept; and it was hoped that the effect of the previous service would not be dispersed, as it seems to be when all the congregation leave together.

The Mission, of course, had been, and will be, used by parties in the Church for party purposes. Some of our best men of all shades of thought have stood aloof from the movement altogether, perhaps for the very reason that they saw it was being used for party purposes. One may venture even to surmise some such cause for the conspicuous absence of the Bishops from St Paul's; but this makes it only the more interesting to notice the form the Mission assumed under the auspices of such men as Mr Shore and Mr Llewellyn Davies in the widely-different localities of Mayfair and Lisson Grove.

However, *actum est*. The curtain falls. It is, perhaps, premature to look for fruits which may be still looming only in the distant future.

The Ten Days' Mission of 1874 was over; and as we lay down its voluminous records we are conscious of the same emotion as that excited by a venerable wallflower whom we have unexpectedly trotted out to a dance at the last moment, when all the eligible partners were gone. The Establishment had gushed; the metropolitan bishops gushed; the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's gushed sympathetically—for is not Canon Gregory its Hildebrand? Even Dean Stanley so far caught the contagion as to lay on Professor Max Müller for an unseasonable Mission on his own account, of course in a very heterodox and irregular way; but still he went in for the letter, if not for the spirit, of the movement. If dignitaries gushed 'the inferior clergy' could do no less.

So we had all—or nearly all—of us been gushing for the last ten days. That sensationalism which had hitherto cropped up in three-volume novels and five-act pieces has found its way to the pulpit; not here and there, as it always did, but as the rule and not the exception. The whole Establishment gushed with one heart and one voice; and even a few Dissenters, who could not by any means be admitted within the pale, have gushed humbly outside, like Jews at the 'Weeping Gate.'

Five years ago a spasm of the same kind occurred in the body corporate of the Established Church; some of us thought by way of make-weight over against the Irish revivals. Then, however, the bishops stood on their dignity, and only one portion of the ecclesiastical body took the infection; but the Ritualists had it very badly indeed. In fact, they managed to monopolize the movement, and utilized it in the way of working up compulsory auricular confession to the place it confessedly occupies in that cultus.

But now, as we have said, the bishops gushed. Sydney Smith could not realize the idea of a bishop flirting. Had he occupied his old stall at St Paul's when the Mission ball was set rolling, he would have heard London, Rochester, and Winchester gush like girls. Their *rôle* was to pat the Mission on the back, and so keep it orthodox—keep its gushing within limits; alas! with how little success those who have 'followed' the Mission know too well. Our right reverend fathers in God raised a spirit they cannot lay, and what will be the next freaks of Frankenstein it is impossible even to surmise.

It may possibly surprise the uninitiated to learn that the gushings of the ultra-Evangelical school had scarcely been so prominent or perceptible as those of the other Protean parties into which the Church of England as by law established is divided and subdivided. This, however, results from the fact that gush is simply the normal condition of those sweetly orthodox folks. Your thorough Evangelical, before she—for it is always she—has been with you five minutes, gushingly asks you if you have been to 'hear' dear Mr So-and-so, or to 'sit under' Mr

or even Mrs Somebody else. It is always that dear Earl of Shaftesbury, or dear Poet Tupper and his pension, or dear Dr Cumming's very last Vial of Wrath, with which they regale you. A gush more or less scarcely shows in a real rampant Evangelical, and it needs no London Mission to evoke his powers. A prayer-meeting will do it any Wednesday evening; nay, family prayers at a full-dress evening party, with the Bibles handed round on a tray, like refreshments, will call out the gushing faculties of the guests at a moment's notice. To a man like Mr Haslam, of Curzon Chapel, Mayfair, who will preach three full-flavoured sermons on a Sunday without turning a hair, what need of a Mission? He is a permanent missionary, and will feel it the greatest compliment we can possibly pay him when we say so.

To say that the Ritualists once more marked the Mission for their own, is simply another way of saying that they have reached the acme of gush. They were always great on coloured stoles and the last new thing in copes or dalmatics; and to hear Father Ignatius breathe a Benediction, or Father Stanton 'rant' (it is his own term) at a watch-night service, one would have thought there was as little for a Mission to do at this as at the other pole. But the Ritualists in general, and the Cowley Fathers in particular, have arrogated to themselves an exclusiveness in the matter of gush which he would be a bold man indeed who would venture to dispute. When that Argyll ball was over, and the female portion of the assembly adjourned pretty well *en masse* to St Peter's, Windmill Street, next door, the way Father Prescott, of Cowley, addressed them as his 'dear sisters' was positively seraphic; and though they did giggle a bit when he told them the dear ladies in the coal-scuttle bonnets would be happy to nurse them through any disease, 'even the small-pox,' still they could not, those interesting Magdalens, fail to be impressed with his reiterated assurances that they were his very dear sisters indeed. We did indeed hear one of our poor 'sisters' ask whether the fatherly gentleman who succeeded Mr Prescott thought they were children, and irreverently

enough compare his sermon on the lost sheep—or rather its episode of the Scotch shepherd who tumbled over a rock with a sheep—to a new version of ‘Little Bopeep.’ The ladies in the poke bonnets were more than demonstrative; indeed we fear they laid it on a little more thickly than the girls liked; for Magdalen has had a rough schooling, and, though impressionable and easily moved to tears as to smiles, has a very keen sense of the ridiculous; and we should not be at all surprised if the good ladies at St Peter’s, in their exceedingly commendable zeal, rather overshot the mark than otherwise, for the fair but frail ones were rather noisy one night, and interrupted the proceedings. If we had hopes of the Mission under any aspect it was under this, and we were very sorry to see it in any degree fail—if it did fail. We fancy the men would have managed the matter better for themselves, especially now that the art of ecclesiastical gush has been so thoroughly reduced to a system.

But what shall be said of those ungushing, ungushable ones of all schools who stood aloof from this great work? We had, we will confess it, hoped better things of Mr Stuart, of St Mary Magdalene’s, Munster Square, for he is generally fragrant with the odour of sanctity; but Mr Stuart’s *bête noir* is a bishop, and he can no more help girding at a right reverend father in God than a bull can help running at a red rag. We are far from wishing any harm to Mr Stuart, for we have on many occasions admired his pluck; but it would have been a fine piece of retributive justice if the Hon. Arthur Kinaird had accepted his offer to let him preach the following Sunday at St Mary Magdalene’s, with the reverend gentleman himself as amateur verger to show him to the pulpit. Mr Rowsell, Dr Irons, Mr Haweis, and a few others we could name, have elected to become ‘marked men’ by abstaining from all part or lot in the Mission. Dr Lee, the coryphæus of Ritualism, ended his experiment abruptly, confessing it abortive. He would have ‘no ranting and roaring’ in the New Cut. He is but a tyro in the art of gush; but, very softly be it spoken, we believe that, in their hearts, the bishops honour these

men, and look upon them as the small minority in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal. Moabites and Ammonites, Mr Wilkinson at St Paul's called all the non-missioners; but there were no bishops—not even a dean or an archdeacon—to lend a dignified endorsement to this lion of Judah. Female London and clerical London were there in full gush, but the bishops, who had patted the Mission on the back there, in 'that dear old church of their fathers,' but a few months ago, were conspicuously and significantly absent, and only a procession of three could be got up to inaugurate the final 'Te Deum.' Canon Gregory, the ever-gushing, had to represent the whole Chapter on the occasion. The very name of the Mission was eliminated from the programmes of the service, and the vergers themselves forbore to talk about it. The fact is, that there enters into the composition of a bishop, besides the average amount of capacity, a good deal of shrewd common sense; and my Lords of London, Winchester, and Rochester saw the Mission was not going to answer. If a stamp of the prelatial foot would have put out the Mission, it would certainly have been extinguished; but Ritualists take a deal of episcopal stamping to put them out; that, again, is a compliment which we are sure they will appreciate. From their point of view the success of the Mission had been complete. It filled the confessionals; and that particular apparatus of devotion is quite safe to prevent anything like a Conservative reaction.

We—heretics within and without the pale—look on serenely upon the *suave mari magno* principle; and Rome bides her time, securely expectant of the results. In the reaction which always follows any kind of gush, it will certainly be found that old divergences have widened out, that the Ritualists are more Roman, the Evangelicals more Methodistical, than ever. If we could believe that this would fuse differences into one whole, however heterogeneous, we might congratulate the Established Church on having made the *premier pas* towards the paraded Reunion of Christendom. We do not assume prophetic power; but our belief is that this act of the

bishops has been suicidal, and that the result of all this gush—notwithstanding the accession of the stagnant party to power—will be an immense impetus in the direction of disestablishment.

THE CHURCH IN THE NEW CUT.

THERE is a prevalent and widespread idea that advanced Ritualism is a sort of religious luxury adapted only to the needs of the upper ten thousand; and that if the poor are admitted into the circle of its influences at all, it is only as a sort of raw material, on which diletanti Good Samaritans may exercise their easy charity and specious self-denial. Possibly this idea originated in the fact that what was years ago called ‘Puseyism’ first became familiar to us in certain Belgravian churches, and the notion spread that there was something exclusive and aristocratic about its cultus. There was a time, perhaps, when a good deal of spurious churchmanship—and still more churchwomanship—did expend itself in pretty gilt crosses on prayer-books, genuflexions, and such like; but this was quite in the infancy of the system. As it grew, whether for good or ill it is not incumbent on me to say, it spread rapidly, and at the same time took root downwards among strata of society who had as yet only been reached by an equally pronounced Protestantism, if even by that, and which probably will always require some strong sensuous element to arrest their attention in the direction of spiritual truth.* The fact of Baldwin’s Gardens, Holborn, and the New Cut, Lambeth, being the very strongholds of metropolitan Ritualism, affords certain evidence that the poor discern a kindred element in æsthetic worship. After making due allowance for the circumstance that some poor people may be attracted by

the charitable doles known to form part of the practical religion of 'High Church' people, and the corresponding certainty that a gold ring and goodly apparel are not necessary qualifications to secure them a seat in church, there still remain cases more than enough, not covered by either of these contingencies, which serve to assure us that Ritualism, if it be the natural expression of the religious sentiment in the rich and refined, is sometimes equally so in the poor and illiterate. Extremes meet in this, as in many other cases. It is a known fact that your 'hard-headed Protestants' and 'plain sober Church of England people' are found very generally among the lower middle classes. A Ritualistic small shopkeeper is as rare as a tortoise-shell tom cat or a white elephant.

But, again, in other than social respects, there are Ritualists and Ritualists. The Ritualism of St Alban's, Holborn, differs widely, though not perhaps essentially, from that of the New Cut. I purposely name the two headquarters I had already mentioned. Though Mr Mackonochie and Dr Lee are probably at one on all vital points of doctrine, still the system which has grown up around the one differs greatly from that which finds its centre in the other. There is a correctness, a rigidity—I use the term inoffensively, and for lack of better—at St Alban's, which are quite lacking in the equally precise but more popular expression of identical ideas at All Saints', Lambeth. The aristocratic element—if it ever existed at all—may be supposed to be traceable in the former. It is certainly banished from the latter. There is also another difference in the two systems, to which one need do no more than refer in so many words here. All Saints' relies principally on the æsthetic elements of its worship to form pabulum for its congregation. The strong point of St Alban's is avowedly the Confessional—each, of course, in subordination to that pronounced sacramental teaching which lies at the root of every arrangement in the one as in the other.

The day selected for my typical visit to All Saints' was the 8th of September, when I was informed by the *Church Times* 'the Nativity of our Blessed Lady' would

be celebrated by the sixteenth anniversary of the Association for Promoting the Union of Christendom being held thereupon. I had, some years previously, attended one of these special services, and had then got to regard All Saints' as my ideal of a Ritualistic Church. Considering the acknowledged claims of Dr Lee to be an authority in these matters, one could well understand that everything that was done at all would be well and correctly done; but how he did it there, in the very abyss of London poverty, was the marvel. Low transpontine Cockneys saw a function that would not have done dishonour to a Catholic cathedral. But then, I thought, this was an exceptional occasion; and I was really glad to hear Dr Lee say that this year they would trust mainly to themselves to celebrate the festival and the anniversary. I wanted to see All Saints' thrown upon its resources; and here, it seemed, was my opportunity. Entering the church, which is a capacious one, able to contain sixteen hundred out of the six thousand five hundred who form the population of the parish, I found it well filled with a congregation in which both the sexes and all the social elements were pretty fairly divided. The building itself is plain in the extreme; but a rood-screen separates it from the chancel, and this is highly decorated, and arranged with every appurtenance of 'Catholic' devotion. Six lights were burning on the altar, three on either side of the crucifix, and vases of bright flowers were ranged between. A row of lighted tapers also ran along the chancel wall, about on a level with the large cross that surmounted the roodloft. It was—if I may hazard an opinion—very much what the Church of the Poor ought to be, if it is to contrast with the false glare and glitter of the world outside. Precisely at eight o'clock, a procession emerged from the vestry singing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' to the jubilant melody of Handel's 'See the Conquering Hero comes;' and I was at once struck with the fertility of resources in the New Cut. Instead of some twelve, or at most a score, as I had expected, there must have been at least a hundred in the procession, with cross, tapers, banners,

and smoking censers. The clergy, three in number, were arrayed in the most gorgeous vestments; and an admirable contrast to the white-robed choristers was afforded by a guild which brought up the rear of the procession dressed in their cassocks, with the badge of their order suspended round the neck by a crimson ribbon. The acolytes wore scarlet cassocks and skull-caps. As they made the circuit of the church and posed themselves on entering the chancel, still singing the festal hymn in unison, I thought the spectacle must be the very perfection of ritual. The congregation joined heartily in the singing.

After the opening sentence was monotoned, the Confession followed, to the exclusion of 'Dearly beloved brethren;' an exhortation which no doubt loses something of its force by continual repetition. Their rubrics are elastic at All Saints', and they omit or insert as seems best for edification; possibly the best rubric of all. The Psalms and Lessons were proper to the festival, and the 'Ave Maria' was sung as an antiphon before each of the former. The interest culminated at the Magnificat, which was sung while all turned to the east, Dr Lee being on the top step of the altar. There were also special collects, for the festival and anniversary, and then the Hymn of the Office was sung, the words being written by Dr Lee himself, to one of the most exquisite airs I ever heard:—

OFFICE HYMN.

God the Father, we adore Thee,
Great Creator, Lord of Life;
From Thy heavenly home behold us,
And in mercy stay our strife:
As Thou art, so, Lord, Thy Church is,
One divine, and One alone;
Give us here that peace Thou sheddest
O'er the ransomed round Thy throne.

Thou, O Christ, before the worlds were,
Sole-begotten of the Sire,
Art True Man, by Mary brought forth,
Of all nations the Desire!

Love Divine, like morning sunbeams,
Fell upon an outcast race,
From the moment that Saint Gabriel
Hailed Thy Mother full of grace.

Love Divine, like dew in harvest,
Rested on a sinful world,
From Thy glorious Paschal triumph,
When the cross-flag was unfurled:
Yet that prayer for peace and oneness,
On Thy Passion-night of woe,
Now we tramp in isolation,
Seems unheard, as ages go.

Lord, then, in Thy mercy heed us,
Rule and blend our varying wills,
Speak the reconciling fiat,
Darkness flees with all its ills.
Isolation and divisions
Shall be known again no more,
But on earth unbroken union,
Like the calm of Heaven's shore.

Hear us, God, Thou great Creator;
Grant it, Mary's gracious Son;
Seal it, Comforter most holy,
Let the Will of God be done!
May Christ's dying prayer be wrought out,
In the Church divisions cease,
Till His soldiers gain their triumph
In the dawn of Light and Peace.

One or two prayers only followed—the Prayer for All Sorts and Conditions of Men and the General Thanksgiving being omitted. Hymn 303 from the *People's Hymnal*, 'O what light and glory!' was sung, and then Dr Lee entered the pulpit—where, I may mention, is no sort of apparatus for holding a 'document,' as the ritualists term written sermons in derision—and preached from 1 Cor. i.—'Is Christ divided?'

Never, he said, since Pentecost had there been greater necessity than now for the faithful to have belief in an Incarnate God; and by the appearance of the present festival in the Prayer-Book of the Church of England it was quite clear that it was intended to be observed. The Incarnation could not, humanly speaking, be carried

out without the co-operation of her who was predestinated to be the mother of the Lord. It was essential to have a clear and accurate view of the dogma of the Incarnation as set forth by St John, well termed the 'Theologian ;' and never was statement more clear than his as to the central verity of the Word made Flesh. It was in reference to this that the words of the text were asked ; upon this different schools and sects differed, but the doctrine of the whole college of the Apostles was that contained in the three creeds.

From time to time people had failed in this cardinal doctrine. The Arians, for instance, in opposition to the statement of St John the Theologian, that 'the Word *was* God,' maintained that Christ was not of the same substance with the Father. Arianism fought hard, but it was condemned in the Nicene Creed. Then came the Nestorians, a century later, who, while resembling the Arians in their tone, were precisely opposed to them in the fact that they denied Christ's humanity. They said it was degrading for God to have been born of a virgin. They made two Persons: the Word was one, the Flesh the other. These were condemned by the Fathers at Ephesus; while at Chalcedon they opposed Eutychus, who refused to divide the natures, maintaining that they were confused and absorbed into one.

Now, the preacher proceeded to say, we had in ourselves a shadow of the Incarnation, as of the Trinity. As the latter was symbolized by the body, soul, and spirit, so the former was shadowed forth in what the glorious words of the Athanasian Creed called 'the reasonable soul and the human flesh.'

Every feast, said Dr Lee, which guards this doctrine of the Incarnation, was one that we ought to reverence. Anything that hedged round this dogma was not only seemly, but valuable and important. Hence we observed this festival—the birthday of our Lady, as Christmas was the birthday of our Lord. This was the natal day of Mary. Who was so near to Jesus as the mother who for nine long months bore Him in her sacred womb? She it was who tended Him in His boyhood, and whose

presence made His home beautiful and happy. The names of Jesus and Mary were closely linked together in all our creeds ; and we observed this festival to guard the doctrine of the Incarnation itself. The Church of England, when, for good or ill, she put aside many other things, deliberately retained this particular feast ; whilst all antiquity was in favour of its observance.

Sixteen years ago there were those to whom the question of the text came strongly home, and they banded themselves together for intercessory prayer that God would heal the divisions of the Church ; and if he might state his individual opinions, he thought they had done well to choose as their patroness the Blessed Virgin Mary. If we wanted to secure an end, we obtained the intercession of the influential, and so it was we sought the intercession of her who was highest in heaven. It was to her the prophetic utterance of David referred, when he said, ‘ Upon thy right hand did stand the queen in a vesture of gold, wrought about with divers colours.’ And we could see the present fruits of Mary’s intercession in the success of the Society whose sixteenth anniversary we were keeping.

In an eloquent peroration he exhorted all to go on praying, for prayer would one day pierce the skies. The night was passing ; the morning breaking. ‘ O perplexed and distracted ! ’ he concluded, ‘ O worn and weary ! Lift up your hearts, for your redemption draweth nigh. And O, Blessed Paraclete, our guide, our life, our stay ! turn the hearts of the fathers to their children, and of the children to their fathers, and give us peace, so that when the question of the text is asked of us, we may reply in the words of our Creed, “ I believe in ONE God.” May that truth be with us when the crucifix is held for the last time before our eyes, and we sleep here on earth, to wake up in the joy of the land that is beyond the grave ! ’

Filing out to the strains of ‘ Pilgrims of the Night,’ as a Recessional Hymn, the procession showed itself in its true dimensions. The cross-bearer had passed into the sacristy before Dr Lee left the sacrarium, thus filling

three sides of the vast church with its white-robed and bannered files.

This was, of course, a high day at All Saints', but the work is steady and continuous there. Four celebrations of the Holy Communion, and on an average four sermons, take place weekly. There are National Schools, with about 400 children in attendance, Sunday Schools, Clothing Club, Maternity Charity, &c., all worked by means of voluntary gifts. The choir consists almost entirely of volunteers.

'The High Church movement,' said Dr Lee to me, 'has won its way in spite of opposition from without, and now there is no apparent distaste or dislike for it.' My own observation confirmed this as far as the congregation on this day was concerned, for it was a hearty and genial one. There are no pew-rents, or fees for baptism or churchings, at All Saints'. It is, as befits a church in the New Cut, essentially a poor man's church. Lambeth, added my informant, is not a church-going population. It has been so long exclusively in the hands of the Evangelicals that little more than 20 per cent. of the people go to any place of worship. The great practical need is for the large employers of labour to take some interest in the well-being of their workmen and their families, in which they now so generally fail. There is as utter a want of knowledge—either of other—between employer and employed, as there is between any two classes in England—*e.g.*, the highest and the lowest.

Work in such a parish, and with such surroundings, can be no sinecure. The worship and the teaching are 'pitched high,' no doubt, but the surrounding influences are pitched proportionately low. If Dr Lee reclaims the smallest fraction of the population from the abyss, we should be querulous indeed to grumble at the means by which he accomplishes an end so desirable yet so difficult.

A HARVEST FESTIVAL IN WALWORTH.

IT would seem that, except under its most material aspect, the dwellers in great cities would not take much interest in the harvest. It might appear that, save in the higher or lower price of a staple article of food, London would barely notice the advent of *Frugifer Auctumnus*; and perhaps of all parts of the metropolis, Walworth is the least likely to be æsthetic on that or any other subject. It is more than Cockney—it is transpontine; and in London across the bridges Cockneyism seems to culminate and come to a head. Yet so it is. Though Walworth is the reverse of Arcadian, it is punctilious in its respect to the harvest. Its Thanksgiving services have, since the appointment of Mr Going to the iucumbency of St Paul's, Lorrimore Square, been an annual event. At the commencement of that period, Mr Going told me, he had been commissioned to manage a harvest festival in Devonshire; and the idea occurred to him, why should not such a celebration be transferred from the coast of England to his suburban parish? He saw no just cause or impediment; and one Sunday after his return from his holiday, he gave notice that a harvest festival would be held in Walworth, asking at the same time, for gifts of corn, flowers, and the like. He was forthwith inundated, and his cornucopia was even more full than he desired. From that time the Walworth Harvest Festival has been an institution; and it was from seeing it advertised in the *Times*, with a sermon by the Rev. Luke Rivington, that I adjourned thither.

Lorrimore Square is not easy even for a Londoner to find; and a gentle drizzle drifted in my face as I footed it over Westminster Bridge, effectually dispelling the last remains of harvest ideas with which I had, artifi-

ally enough, filled my mind before starting. I arrived at my destination full half an hour before time, but found the church even then well filled with a thoroughly Walworthian population. It is a plain Gothic edifice of spacious dimensions ; and two little cocklofts of galleries in the north and south aisles were stuffed so full of people that they looked as if they must inevitably topple over. The columns were painted half-way up with dead red and a cold gray, the latter colour being greatly used in the mural decorations of the church. The chancel arch was diapered green, and figures of the Blessed Virgin and St Paul were blazoned on the pillars. This is to be the character of adornment throughout the church, when funds allow ; but Walworth is poor, and things have to be done by degrees. Above the chancel rails, which were magnificently decorated with fruits, is a roodloft richly panelled in red and blue, with a huge crucifix flanked by two standard tapers, and a bouquet of lights on each side suspended from the roof. The rich adornments of the chancel arch, compared with the plain character of the rest of the church, gave it almost the appearance of a proscenium. There were also two side altars at the east end of the north and south aisles respectively, with tapers and floral decorations. The sacrarium was dark when I entered, except from the light given by seven sanctuary lamps ; but presently two acolytes in scarlet cassocks and white surplices lighted up first the tapers in the roodloft, and then those on the three altars, showing the high altar richly and chastely decorated with white and light-coloured dahlias, but the *chef d'œuvre* of all was the decoration of the chancel rails, the taste and profusion of which I have never seen approached in church decoration. Two banners of rich silk were resting against the north and south columns of the chancel arch.

At eight o'clock a large procession of choristers and clergy, preceded by a cross-bearer and two acolytes, entered from the vestry, and passed to the chancel without any processional hymn, the organ playing a

bright introit. With the exception of the three in front, who wore scarlet cassocks, the rest were in ordinary black cassock and surplice, the clergy wearing their academical hoods. I had expected to see the vestments more 'advanced' at St Paul's. Indeed, throughout the service, I was continually surprised to find matters not nearly so 'extreme' as I had supposed. The choir was more numerous than musical, and sang the Confession in a very flat way, making, in fact, quite a descending chromatic scale of it, in spite of the officiating clergyman, who did his best to sustain the pitch. Tallis's accompanied versicles picked them up; and they sang out the psalms—which were the ordinary ones of the day—lustily, and with a good courage, to Gregorian tones in unison. The 'Magnificat' was a more pretentious composition, seeming a sort of hybrid between Anglican and Gregorian, and throughout the Psalms and Canticles the organist perpetually introduced long scales into his accompaniment, which had a very strange effect, especially in the unison singing, where surely the accompaniment cannot be too simple. The hymn after the third collect was the usual one for Thursday evening, and was also sung to a Gregorian tune. Matters improved after the prayers, when the hymn 'Raise the song of harvest-home' was sung to a cheerful air by the choir, and—for the first time—by the congregation, who remained mute as mice as long as the music was Gregorian. Ecclesiastical and correct as the Gregorian music is, it certainly does require an educated taste to appreciate it; and Walworth did not seem up to the mark, despite the fifteen years' schooling of Mr Going. Towards the end of the hymn, the Rev. Luke Rivington, now one of the Cowley Fathers, ascended the pulpit, and preached a most eloquent sermon from St John viii. 12, on 'The Light of the World.'

The occasion, he said, when the text was uttered, might almost be described as a harvest festival. It was at the Feast of Tabernacles, or ingathering, when the Jews decorated their houses with beautiful boughs, to remind them of the plenteous land on which they en-

tered after their passage through the wilderness in old times. He would try, he said, to enter into the feelings of those who did not believe in God's providence. He did not suppose there were any Atheists or Pantheists in that congregation ; but it would be well to compare the advantages enjoyed by Christians with the disadvantages of those schools. A statement of their doctrines need not take them out of their depth. There were people, of the same flesh and blood as ourselves, who could see nothing around them but dead, inert matter. If you asked them what it all meant, they could only say, 'I don't know. If it is only matter, what concern have we in the question whence it came, or whither it is going?' But thinking men want to know this, when they look up into the star-studded sky, or abroad upon earth in its summer beauty ; and then comes the Pantheist and says there must be a God, because the doctrine has been on the lips of people for centuries. The Infinite, he tells us, rises from the mineral to the animal, and up through the ascending grades of animals to man ; but how, asked the preacher, *can* the Infinite so unfold Himself ?

But when we see man put on earth as the vicegerent of God, with everything adapted to his wants and pleasures, instead of gazing in stupid wonderment, we were filled with gratitude ; and it was in the light of this revelation that as Christians we came before God that night, to thank Him for His gifts in the material world.

But still, we had not exhausted the story of our relation to this world. As there was in Eden a forbidden tree, so there was to each of us a forbidden fruit ; and here it was especially that the Christian enjoyed light. There was indeed no forbidden tree in the sense that things were ticketed good and bad ; but One had dwelt in this world who told us what was the forbidden tree to each of us. See Him on the Cross teaching us that man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesseth. His poverty dissipated the delusion as to happiness depending upon the number of things on

which a man could write his name. By passing life amongst earthly creatures, and yet foregoing the use of them, He taught what was the forbidden fruit to each. Look to Christ, then, he said, and in the inner circle of His light learn what is to each the forbidden fruit. It would be different to each individual. One man might use what another would feel obliged to forego.

If, he continued, this forbidden fruit was not marked out to the natural eye, but left to conscience, was there nothing but the example of Christ to guide us? When man was created, God's image was stamped on his nature; and as long as he continued true to this, he saw what he ought and ought not to do, and loved and hated accordingly. But when he fell, he had still wisdom; he knew his responsibilities; but he lost the fellowship of the Holy Ghost. He knew what was right and what wrong; but he often loved the wrong and hated the right. His affections strayed; and he often hated himself for that fact—he had lost the control of his affections!

And there comes, he added solemnly, to every one a day when Christ would say to each one of us, as God said to Adam of old, 'Where art thou? What hast thou been doing?' And the sinner would have to confess to a wasted life. But Christ comes not only as Judge. He comes as Light of the World. He comes to give affection a new power, that we might not only know through conscience what we ought to do, but love to do it.

In the early morning of that great festival, when the night was dying out, they lighted two huge candelabra, which shed a light over all Jerusalem; and gradually, as the morning dawned, the sun seemed to quench the light of the lamps. That sun was mocking the Jewish ritual; and lo! there rang through Jerusalem a voice of unearthly grandeur, saying, 'I am the Light of the World.' As the sun paled those Temple lights, so all the old covenant faded away before that Light of the World.

And Christ seemed to utter the words of the text from

age to age. O child ! said the preacher, in an earnest apostrophe, living in self-will, you are living in darkness ! There was a story of a young man who said he was going to settle in life. He would marry. 'And what next ?' asked an old man. 'Well, then, rise in my profession.' 'And what next ?' the old man asked. 'Well, then, live on, and, I suppose, die some day.' 'And what next ?' The young man had never thought of *that*. How many were living in such a state of thoughtlessness !

Why, concluded the preacher, should you live in darkness ? Yield your affections to Christ. There could be, he reminded his hearers, no harvest without discipline. The field, if endowed with consciousness, might wonder why it should be ploughed and harrowed, and trodden by the feet of the sower ; why the cloud should loom over it, the rain fall, and the snow cover it up. But in the spring morning light and heat would descend together, and in July heaven seemed to have dropped on each corn-stalk a golden crown of beauty ; and then the field would know it was well to have undergone previous preparation if all were to end in this glorious golden harvest. So must we look on to the blessed day when we should have done with the discipline of life ; when, having sown in tears, we should reap in joy, and come, bringing our sheaves with us. Might this Harvest Festival, he prayed, be to the angels of God no mere parody, no mere thanksgiving for material harvest, but of deeper thanks for all that was involved in the expression, 'The Light of the World.'

The sermon was most eloquent, and almost voluble in its fluency, with enough graceful action to delight the hearts of Walworth, who, as a rule, object to 'book parsons.' It was listened to with rapt attention by what had now swollen to a vast congregation, cramming every inch of the church.

And then came the Harvest Festival in real earnest. With banners borne aloft, that large choir went in procession round the church to the music of two hymns ;

the first being 'Praise, O praise our God and King,' of which the well-known burden is—

For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure;

the second, the familiar 'Onward, Christian soldiers.'

So ended this very characteristic service; and long did Walworth linger to gaze on the bright autumn trophies decorating their church. From conversation with the incumbent I learned that all the seats at St Paul's are free, and all the decorations gifts—no money being expended on the festival. There are large schools in the parish recently rebuilt at a cost of £5000; so there is something being done at St Paul's besides frequent High Church services and annual Harvest Festivals. The bigger boys sat just in front of me on Thursday evening, having the chief seat in the synagogue at the Harvest Thanksgiving, and—as is the custom with boys elsewhere than in Walworth—fidgetting me to the verge of distraction during the service. They evidently looked upon my note-taking in church as a heterodox proceeding, and only appeared relieved from apprehension when they saw Mr Going come out and courteously supplement my otherwise imperfect account of the doings.

Walworth is a place of strange antitheses. On the last two occasions when I had penetrated its recesses, it was to hunt up Joanna Southcott's people, and to chronicle the doings of the Jumpers. As I returned the rain fell heavily, and amid the muggy atmosphere and black mud of transpontine London it required a very strong exercise of imagination indeed to keep up any lingering impressions of the bright Harvest Festival.

AN ORGAN RECITAL.

TINIEST of all metropolitan churches is that which, sacred to St John the Baptist, does its best to blush unseen in Great Marlborough Street. Good, positive people, who fancy they see a little further into a milestone than their neighbours, will argue stoutly that there is no church in Great Marlborough Street at all; and, short of taking them down that well-known thoroughfare and showing them two ecclesiastical street-lamps on each side of an ordinary front door and a notice-board before the window, there is no convincing them. The church is a temporary iron structure (in ecclesiastical matters we seem reproducing the iron age), erected at the back of one of the houses in Great Marlborough Street, which I believe is one day to come down, along with its next-door neighbour, and form a splendid site for the permanent church. However, there is the little church of St John the Baptist now, capable of holding some 200 people, but with a district comprising some of the dirtiest of the Soho streets; and there, too, which is more to our immediate purpose, is one of the best choirs in London. The incumbent, the Rev. H. N. D'Almaine, is himself a musical man, and devotes a large portion of his time to the musical arrangements of his church. He is a moderate Broad Churchman in views, and seems to make it his mission to expose the fallacy which argues that liberal views in theological matters are incompatible with æsthetic beauty in worship. One fails entirely to see why high sacramental or sacerdotal ideas should be the only ones that develop logically into beauty of ritual. Mr D'Almaine, however, was educated in a good school in this respect, having been curate to the Rev. Harry Jones, when that gentleman was incumbent of St Luke's,

Berwick Street, and the church stood almost alone in the capacity just named, that is, as combining something like ritual observances with Broad Church preaching.

The occasion when I paid my visit to this Great Marlborough Street church was the festival of its patron saint, which was to be signalized by a musical service, followed by an organ recital. The organist for the evening was Mr A. Tamplin, the regular organist being Mr Bruce, a young but exceedingly competent man. I found the little place modestly but beautifully decorated for the occasion. St John's is wise in this respect; it never overdoes its ornamentation. With small churches, as with small ladies, a little ornamentation goes a long way, and anything like excess is a fatal mistake. The first time strangers go to St John's they think it is 'High,' for the Communion table is elevated and bears two large candles flanking a mural cross. These candles are not lighted, it is true; but on St. John's day they were wreathed with flowers, and two large bouquets also stood on the altar. The little font was crowned with blossoms, and over the pulpit was a white floral cross. That was all.

At eight o'clock Mr Tamplin played a brilliant voluntary, and a surpliced choir soon after entered singing the Processional Hymn:—

Forward! be our watchword,
Steps and voices join'd,
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind.

This being concluded, there followed what always struck me as an incongruity at St John's—the Exhortation was read. It was not taken in that dubious way which leaves a pleasant state of doubt as to whether one has heard monotonous reading or monotone technically so termed; but was read in quite a colloquial tone, as if to show that it was designedly done. Then followed the harmonized confession, which was, if anything, taken too *piano*, but that is a fault on the right side. Choirs sometimes show their energy by screaming; that at St John's does quite

the reverse, and perhaps is a little disposed to rush into the opposite extreme. The Psalms and Lessons were proper, the former being sung to double Anglican chants, the latter read by a layman in the attire of ordinary life, which I thought as incongruous as the read Exhortation preluding a choral service. The accompaniment to the Psalms was as much too loud as the Confession had been too soft. Mr Tamplin was formerly, and until very lately, organist at St Luke's Church, Redcliffe Square, in which large building he was able to use more energy than at St John's. The canticles were an original composition by Mr Tamplin, and hit a happy mean between the conventional cathedral 'service' and the popular florid style now so largely adopted. That, in fact, was the characteristic of the whole arrangements at St John's—a clever adaptation of the cathedral system to parochial requirements, preserving all the beauty of the former without losing sight of the congregational element which should distinguish the latter. A cornet-à-piston had been used with excellent effect during the processional hymn, and would have come in opportunely at sundry passages afterwards; but the gentleman who played it, a clever amateur, was not too liberal with his favours. The service at St John's was altogether so satisfactory that it makes one's remarks sound hypercritical. One does not care to criticize a mediocre affair at all.

Mr Tamplin's accompaniments to the Apostles' Creed were very telling indeed; and one small boy who occupied a pew in front of me was so carried away that he sang not only the responses, but the clergyman's part in the suffrages that followed. Indeed he was continually breaking out in wrong places during the subsequent service, and had to be forcibly repressed by his mother. How that boy must have envied the little choristers who could sing out to their hearts' content!

The anthem was 'The Lord be a lamp unto thy feet,' from Sir Julius Benedict's *St Peter*, and before the sermon was sung the glorious No. 320 in Hymns Ancient and Modern—

The Church's one Foundation
Is Jesus Christ the Lord.

For this Mr Tamplin had written a very striking and appropriate special tune, affording full scope for our amateur friend's brass; but these well-known hymns get associated with equally well-known tunes, and any composer who writes a new tune does it at a disadvantage. People are always ready to exclaim 'The old is better.'

Mr D'Almaine has one surpassing merit; he preaches, not only remarkably good, but most exceptionally *short* sermons. A quarter of an hour is about his average; twenty minutes his maximum length. On this occasion he was at his shortest, and his address had little of the homiletic about it.

He took as his text, Matthew xi. 18, 19, 'John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, "He hath a devil." The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, "Behold a man gluttonous and a winebibber."'

I feel, said Mr D'Almaine, I may with propriety address you in a somewhat less formal manner this evening than is usual in sermons. I shall detain you but a very short time, because I have no doubt you are more in a humour for the musical treat we are looking forward to after the service is over than for a homily. But I venture on a few words of something like a sermon, because I cannot bear on any occasion to give colour to the unkind taunt that we subordinate the higher work of the Christian ministry here to the cultivation of music. And I am quite sure that none of you who are sincerely interested in the work of this church would wish me to do so.

Because the Son of Man came 'eating and drinking,' malicious persons, who could find no fault with Him for that, said that, He did it to excess—that He was 'a man gluttonous and a winebibber.'

And in precisely the same spirit now, because we prefer good music to bad, the uncharitable say that we carry it to excess, and that we turn the house of God into a consecrated music-hall.

It is a taunt which is utterly untrue of us. Our whole effort is to make the music here the appropriate expression of our devotion. We have in this church a regular congregation as warmly attached and interested in its services, and, I venture to say, as devout as any, but I doubt if six members of it come here for the music alone. It is scarcely necessary to say that for London, where the competition is so severe, it is not good enough for that. With the very limited means at our command we should be hopelessly distanced by our neighbours if we started on so unworthy a race. It is, I am assured, precisely the element of quiet but sincere devotion in our services to which we owe such prosperity as we may have attained.

But what I want to say is, that we endeavour to make the musical part of services here as good as we can, and that we honestly believe we are right in doing so. There are, I know, grave objections to choirs, so there are to everything. There are grave objections to sermons, and it would be idle for a man to sit down hopelessly and helplessly, with his hands before him, waiting to begin any work whatever until he could find an absolute perfect tool to do it with. Indeed, if you insist on absolute purity of devotion in those who conduct church services, you would not only have no choirs, but you would have no bishops and no clergy.

In this world, if we have work to do, we must do it with blunt tools if we cannot get sharp ones, and a wise man, instead of throwing away an imperfect instrument, will try to mend it and to do his work with it as well as he can.

This I know, and am persuaded of, that Christian devotion and music are natural allies. It may be rare to find them blended in due proportions, but it would assuredly be a good thing for our English Christianity if religious people were a little more musical, and musical people a little more religious.

For this is really the question which underlies the whole thing. 'What are our Religious Services?' Penitential Exercises endured once or twice a week by

constraint of conscience? Nothing is more remote from their true intention. The stern—the penitential part of Religion is the daily strife with evil, the conflict with selfishness and all the hosts of sins, little and great, which mar the image of God in our souls. Our services in church should be things of natural pleasure and refreshment. In church we need some contrast to set against the severity of the struggle with sin and the dulness of daily toil. Life with all is more or less sad and colourless, and in church we need warmth and refreshment. The hours spent here should be short intervals of repose from strife and sorrow, when our souls may rest with pleasure on the hills from whence the towers of the Celestial City are seen, moments of contentment and delight in which weary spirits may renew their strength to pursue the course along the narrow, stony road that leads to life.

With such a view of religious services the gratification of the most refined artistic taste in them, if made subordinate to the thought it clothes, is perfectly consistent, and art and beauty are not smuggled into them with an apology, but are recognized as the lawful ornaments of genuine worship.

The Son of Man came eating and drinking—that is, sin excepted, leading the natural life of man on earth, exalting into the service of God the gifts which He had given for our subsistence and pleasure here.

There are, I know, many good people who take an entirely different view of the object of religious services.

The world seems to me to be alive with persons who, from their youth up, have been taught that religion consists exclusively of church- or chapel-going—that church-going is religion. And I have always noticed that such persons always regard it as an infinitely wearisome performance; that they need to be constantly urged or bribed to it, as to a severe duty, the true notion of its pleasures being a thought they have never attained. And this further may be remarked, that the steadiest and most long-suffering among them seize any excuse for a little relaxation of their stern discipline, with a

sense of relief they can ill conceal. It appears to them, I fancy, a grim foretaste of what is to come—of what must surely seem to them *ironically* described as the 'joys of Heaven.'

Joy! No! Only a very dull and colourless alternative to escape a more hideous fate! But really such ignorance is unworthy of an educated, to say nothing of a Christian, people.

The battle of life is hard enough and stern enough, God knows, to call forth all our manhood. And he who has a turn for the severer discipline of religion may abundantly find its exercise in trying to lead a pure and simple life amidst the manifold temptations and sorrows of the world. And the more manfully he bears himself in the fight, the more will he value those quiet moments in which he may turn aside for a while to refresh his soul with the beauty of worship, and its lawful accessories.

While the collection was being made, the choir sang H. Smart's *Te Deum*, which was rather too long for the place it occupied, after a service and before a recital. I venture to think Mr Tamplin would have kept a better auditory had this been abridged. Then Hymn 36 was sung as a recessional, and the recital began.

Organ recitals are so new a feature in our English churches that people do not quite know what to do while they are going on. Some few solved that difficulty by leaving altogether; but those who stayed seemed to labour under exceeding doubt as to whether they ought to talk or not. A few did so under protest, and as though they had not made up their minds about the legality of the proceeding, but when the choir returned from the vestry and dispersed themselves over the church they seemed to lend a professional air to the occasion which set us at our ease.

Mr Tamplin is an exceedingly brilliant player, and the first piece was in his most brilliant style, but I could not recognize it, and there were no programmes. Then followed a slow air, evidently a part of the same work,

and after it a martial movement, which I felt annoyed at not recognizing. The execution was marvellous, and I am sure the difficulty with the listeners was now, not whether to talk or be silent, but to refrain from applauding or in some way expressing their satisfaction. Being determined to satisfy myself as to the work I had heard, I applied to Mr Tamplin, who shrugged his shoulders and said he could not tell me. He had simply been extemporizing. If I was amazed at the lissom fingers of the executant, still more so was I at the fertile brain of the composer which had supplied them with material. The recital was as brief in proportion as the incumbent's sermon; for Mr Tamplin only added a fourth piece, which was again original, and consisted of a clever fugue in four parts on the subject of the Recessional Hymn.

I believe I am betraying confidence in stating the authorship of the pieces played at this recital; but I do so deliberately, and by way of illustrating the text or adage that men do not—or should not—hide their light under a bushel.

AN ANGLICAN MASS.

THERE was a time, and that not so long ago either, when a study of church music would have been comprised within very narrow limits indeed; for a choral service, or indeed any attention to the musical portion of worship, was deemed significant of a particular set of opinions, and there would have been absolutely no material for such a paper as the present, except in Roman Catholic and 'High' Anglican churches: but happily we may now say, *nous avons changé tout cela*. A due regard for the artistic element in worship is no

longer regarded as symptomatic of advanced opinions. Were it so that need not scare us from the subject, but it would narrow our horizon. As things are, however, we find some of our most distinctive services, apart, of course, from cathedrals, among the Evangelical and Dissenting bodies. Let me say one word by way of definition. I do not of necessity mean by a choral service one where the minister as well as the choir sings or intones. I mean simply a service where the ingredient of praise is elevated, as surely it ought to be, to a par with those of prayer and preaching. With this larger acceptation of the term in my mind I can think of several Nonconformist places of worship where the service is as truly choral as at Westminster Abbey, St George's Catholic Cathedral, or the great Synagogue.

For the purpose of writing this article, then, I went, on the morning of Trinity Sunday, across the unromantic cabbage-gardens around Earl's Court station, where lingering hedgerows still remain to assure us the country once existed, and passing down a verdant lane fragrant with hawthorn flowers, entered the spacious church of St Matthias, West Brompton. I was courteously received by the incumbent, the Rev. S. C. Haines, and by him introduced to the organist, Mr J. Mallitt Jones, who at once asked me to accompany him to the organ gallery, advising me, however, to leave my hat behind, as the accommodation was limited. The space allowed for the organist by the builder, Mr Jones, of the Fulham Road, was indeed small. It was what the theatrical gentleman in 'Nicholas Nickleby' termed 'pernicious snug,' but I quite forgot any discomfort in the pleasure of listening to Mr Jones's manipulation of his excellent instrument, and at the same time witnessing a service, for the grandeur of which I was altogether unprepared. My reason for selecting St Matthias' was that I had understood the service there presented a judicious combination of the Gregorian and Anglican elements; and this I found to be the truth, though only half the truth. From my point of view as a clerical critic, I may be allowed to premise that I do not altogether like Grego-

rians, though I recognize their utility where only unison singing can be accomplished; and when they are rendered by a large body of voices, as I have heard them at St Paul's and at Notre Dame in Paris, or still more recently at the Abbey Church of Pontigny, during the pilgrimage, the effect is very fine; but even so, I am told, since I plead guilty to liking melody, that the tones I most admire are not Gregorian at all. But this by the way. Mr Jones having assumed a violet cassock and short surplice, we adjourned to the organ gallery, and, after a cleverly extemporized voluntary, he struck up the hymn 282 in 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' and the procession of choir and clergy entered the church, passing down the north aisle from the vestry, and then up the nave to the chancel, singing the words:—

‘O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright.’

The procession consisted of a thurifer swinging his censer of incense, a cross-bearer, with four banners borne at intervals among the long line of choristers, and emblazoned respectively with the Agnus Dei, the Good Shepherd, the Virgin, and the Blessed Sacrament. Behind these walked the two curates, the preacher, and lastly the incumbent.

After the harmonized Confession by Barnby, and Tallis's Versicles, came the Gregorian portion of the service. The Ferial Psalter was used, and the Venite was sung to the first of the Ancient Tones, the two opening Psalms for the day (23rd of the month) to the first Tone, the last—the Jubilant 113th—being taken to the fifth Tone with the Roman Mediation. Mr Jones's accompaniment was most florid, and quite removed the sometimes harsh and unmusical character of the Gregorian music. There are about fifty members of the choir, and a fair proportion mustered on that day, only three of the voices being professional. Farther on in the service I saw the necessity for these three exceptional voices.

During the lessons, I craned my neck over and took stock of the congregation. Every nook of the church was filled, and it was quite evident that those present thoroughly sympathized with the tone of things at St Matthias', 'High' as it undoubtedly was. If, as I understand it, the object of the choral element is to give expression to the devotional sentiment of the worshippers, I cannot help thinking the cultus at this church exactly answered its end. To some persons, of course, such a service would be distasteful, and therefore undevotional; but in that case empty or scantily-occupied benches would be the result. In reply to some who have said that an elaborate ritual was forced on the St Matthias' people, I can only answer that the church was crammed both at Matins and also at the 'Mass' which immediately succeeded it. The only desideratum I saw was a little toning-down of the light in the church, which stained glass would at once effect; as yet only a few of the windows have this advantage.

Now came the Anglican element in this most composite service. The *Te Deum* was sung to three single chants from Ouseley and Monk's Canticles. Then ensued a Gregorian Benedictus to the Seventh Tone, and the Athanasian Creed to the eighth. Here again Mr Jones's accompaniments were most effective, as also in the Lord's Prayer which succeeded. The Anthem was from Spohr's *Last Judgment*, the portions selected being 'Come up hither,' with the chorus 'Holy, holy.' Hereupon followed the sermon; but I must plead guilty to talking very hard with Mr Jones all the time, and afterwards waiting with some impatience for Schubert's Mass in B flat, which was to succeed.

The clergy having assumed their Eucharistic vestments of white, and the numerous candles being kindled until the altar was one mass of light and flowers, the Communion Service commenced. In order to adapt the Roman Mass to Anglican purposes, the Kyrie has, of course, to be shortened, and the Gloria removed from its place at the beginning to the end; and I could not quite decide whether the magnificent cadences of Schu-

bert, so thoroughly of the nature of an *ouverture*, did not suffer from their displacement, grand as was still the climax which they formed. With these two modifications, and also the arrangement of the Benedictus and Agnus Dei before and after the Prayer of Consecration, the Mass exactly suits the English Communion Service. Were I to criticize the work itself, except for the special purpose for which it was being used, I should deservedly draw down upon myself from musical men the admonition *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. To prove again how minutely the congregation followed the service, I noticed that the large majority knelt at the 'Incarnatus' in the Credo; a few compromised the matter by standing with bent heads; while others, evidently strangers either to the church or to the 'use,' stood erect and simply looked uncomfortable until the rest rose again. For the Offertory Mr Jones played Handel's 'Holy, holy,' and here I could not help wondering how it is that we have not, according to the rule of supply answering demand, more works (I myself do not know any), either original or adapted, specially arranged for the Anglican Mass—I mean with short Kyrie, Communion Hymn, &c., all of a piece. The necessary interpolations of other works rather break the uniformity. The hymn which on this occasion followed the Agnus Dei during Communion was 397 in 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' sung to a beautiful melody by Rossini, taken from the 'Crown of Jesus Hymnal.' Though this was of course a High Mass, yet I found a large number of persons communicated; and this to a clerical observer formed a very distinct point of divergence from the Roman custom, where the sacrificial act alone gives its significance to the High Mass. It amounted, in fact, to the introduction of what always seems wanting—the congregational element. The people are partakers in the highest act of worship, not mere spectators. I must not omit to mention that the celebrant's portions of this service were artistically performed; the 'Comfortable Words' and 'Sursum Corda' were most elaborately inflected, and their execution faultless. The professional tenor,

bass, and soprano were especially useful in the concluding 'Gloria in Excelsis;' but the amateur portion of the choir, excepting a tendency to get flat here and there during a very trying service, did their parts wonderfully well.

I am no optimist. If there were what I considered, from my exceptional point of view, faults, I should note them. My own proclivities are nothing to the purpose: but taking the end and aim of any choral service to be the expression of praise, I could not descend from my coign of vantage, while Mr Jones played suggestively 'Be not afraid' from *Elijah*, without feeling that I had been furtively present at a very solemn act of congregational worship.

A CHORAL WEDDING.

AS I was expatiating the other day in the immediate neighbourhood of Oxford Street I found myself suddenly, and before I was aware of it, in front of the magnificent Gothic church in Margaret Street, which marks the site of one of the earliest abodes of Puseyism. Hereabouts it was that the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, Vicar of Frome-Selwood, gave almost the earliest impetus to that movement which has developed as phenomenally in one direction as Moody-and-Sankeyism in the other. A larger crowd and longer line of carriages than would be accounted for by a week-day celebration at noon, were outside, so being always anxious to learn the very latest intelligence in the religious world, I entered the church. Before I did so, however, I guessed the cause of the gathering. A fashionable marriage was about to take place, and most probably, I inferred, it would be choral, and so suited to my present purpose. I dared

not ask the venerable cassocked verger at the doorway, for I had already done so on several occasions when acting as Special Commissioner for a daily paper, and always got one stereotyped reply, 'We do not desire publicity. We give no information.' He was always courteous, but firm, so I did not trouble him. Besides, the poor man was infinitely distressed because the ladies, who kept coming in shoals, would go and sit on the gentlemen's side of the church, instead of leaving it to me and about five others of the male sex. There was some excuse for this irregularity, because all the ladies' seats were full, but it distressed the correct verger to the very quick.

I found a congregation of about a hundred ladies and five small boys assembled, most, if not all of whom, appeared to be attracted by the wedding rather than the celebration, if I might judge from the subsequent fact that nobody communicated. Two large tapers were burning on the altar, and a clergyman, habited in a white satin cope richly embroidered, was reading the Gospel when I entered, a little after half-past eleven. He was reading so very slowly that I began to dread whether he would have concluded before the canonical hour of noon, after which the wedding could not be legally solemnized. Just at the Prayer of Consecration I saw a kind of sea-green mass float into the porch. These were the six bridesmaids, who significantly asked, 'How long?' referring, I presumed, to the present service, and not to their appearance in another capacity. The ceremony is always suggestive of the latter demand to young ladies who officiate as assistants, I have heard.

Nobody communicated, although the celebrant extemporized a special invitation, which was not in the Prayer Book, and which would, I should think, render him amenable to the Public Worship Act. The service was therefore soon over, and just before the close twelve nice little boys in cassocks filed through the mass of sea-green bridesmaids at the porch, and went to the sacristy. I was not there in vain: the service would be choral.

By this time the gathering at the west end of the church was most incongruous. There were the sea-green ladies waiting in the porch mixed up with horsey-looking grooms, buried under portentous bouquets, and palefaced Sœurs de Charité in black habits and white bibs, looking on sadly enough at the ceremony. I wonder what *they* were thinking of? The bridegroom was marshalled to the chancel rail, where he knelt down, looking the picture of misery. Then the bride entered with the conventional costume and bouquet as large as an umbrella. But I am ignorant of the mysteries of *Le Follet*, and could not, if I would, describe the costume further than it left a general impression of gauziness and sickly white, just as the bridesmaids did of sea-green and surpassing loveliness. But I am carried away by my feelings, and forgetting that my mission is musical.

A brief and anything but inspiring voluntary being played, the twelve little boys dressed in white surplices came into the choir, and two clergymen in surplices and white stoles. At the same time the bridal procession moved eastward, to relieve the monotony of the bridegroom. I could not for the life of me help thinking that it looked like the chorus of Oceanides going to visit Prometheus on his solitary rock. It must have been the sea-green costume that inspired so heterodox an idea. The procession was slow, like a cheerful funeral.

When the correct verger had put out the altar lights, which I fancy in his bewilderment he had forgotten up to this point, the twelve little boys sang very sweetly, and to a florid tune, the hymn beginning, 'The Voice that breathed o'er Eden;' and then the younger of the two priests, who was perfectly hidden in voluminous whiskers, commenced the Exhortation in a musical voice. The betrothal took place at the chancel steps, and here Frederick and Constance were made man and wife, after which they went in procession to the altar, while the psalm was being chanted to the 5th Gregorian tone. The young ladies in sea-green remained picturesquely posed in the centre of the church, and I noticed they all bowed at the Gloria as if they had

rehearsed it. There could not have been an Evangelical amongst them. The Lord's Prayer was beautifully accompanied; and the suffrages following it inflected by the officiating priest in a clear voice and in faultless tune. I wondered whether he had practised it with the choir before, for he was not one of the clergy of the church; indeed, I ascertained afterwards he was the brother of the bride. He was evidently quite *au fait* at a choral service.

The concluding prayers and collects having been delivered in an equally musical way, the second clergyman took his share of the ceremony by reading the Exhortation. I rather hoped a sermon would have been substituted, as is sometimes done now, but he contented himself with the stereotyped address. Although this is intended for the whole congregation, being directed to all those who are married or intend to take the holy estate of matrimony upon them—as no doubt the six young ladies did who were still posed picturesquely in the centre—this clergyman delivered it quite *sotto voce*, and as if it were confidentially addressed to the bride and bridegroom only. This was really the only mistake in the proceedings. Whatever may be said of reading the prayers in a manner that shall make them 'not understood of the people'—and I fail to see the rationale of that—there can be no excuse for delivering an exhortation to the people on the duty of husbands towards their wives and wives towards their husbands in such a way that nobody but the bride and bridegroom, and possibly the first couple of sea-green bridesmaids, could catch a syllable of it. However, we got in due time down to 'any amazement,' after which came a second hymn, and then the organist played a soft strain while we knelt in silent prayer. It was a sight in itself to see the bridesmaids grouped on their knees in the centre. No coryphées could have surpassed the unanimity with which they subsided.

The soft music gave place to the introductory notes of Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March,' which was admirably played by the organist; and the striking ceremony

concluded by the curate emerging from the sanctum in the attire of every-day life, and locking the chancel gates full in the faces of the sea-green ladies, as if he feared they would violate the sanctity of the holy place by entering it. They did not seem to have the least intention of committing such a breach of decorum ; but the curate quite scowled at them, and walked away like a clerical gaoler. I fancy that any irruption from the outer world is rather distressing to the *habitués* of All Saints'. The celebrant at the Communion had to invite communicants—as I mentioned—and also to make a pause in the Benediction at the end, and request silence. It was only, I think, that people were coming in fast, and not being familiar with the manners and customs of All Saints', jumped to the conclusion that they were very late for the wedding, and so got excited.

Had all the attendants at the wedding been as well posted up in their parts as the first officiating clergyman and the six bridesmaids, the ceremony would have been a very striking one ; though here, as in the Anglican mass, it struck me that an advantage would be gained if a whole service were composed from beginning to end by some one competent man, so that a continuous vein of thought might run through the whole. Anglican services are too apt to assume this patch-work character. Here the hymns were florid, the psalm Gregorian, and the responses, I think, an adaptation of Tallis. There is certainly room for a musically-arranged version of the English ritual.

Of the general appropriateness of music as an adjunct of the marriage service, probably none, except very prejudiced people indeed, will entertain any doubt. Even the wise man would confess this to be 'a time to laugh ;' and, as Tom Hood beautifully said, 'Bells are music's laughter.' We have a peal of bells in few of our London churches, but we have good choirs in very many of them. The boys' voices at All Saints' are remarkably fresh and clear, and one could well believe that the echoes of 'The Voice that breathed o'er Eden' as sung by them would be likely to reverberate long and pleas-

antly down the married life of Frederick and Constance.

There was nothing extreme in any of the ceremonies at this choral wedding. I had expected to see the betrothal take place at the porch, and the marriage service followed by mass for the bride and bridegroom. Nothing of the kind occurred; only a very striking and appropriate celebration of what ought to be the happiest day in two blended lives.

A CHORAL FUNERAL.

OF all the offices in the simple ritual of the Church of England, there is none so imposing in itself, or which stands so little in need of adventitious aid, as that for the burial of the dead. At the same time it is equally true that none accommodates itself more easily to music. Musical accompaniment, that is, forms as fitting a vehicle for the expression of Christian sorrow as of Christian joy. The heathen might weep over the day of departure, as the first dread day of nothingness. The Christian regards it as the last of languor and distress indeed, but as the first step towards a higher life.

One of the most touching ceremonies of this kind at which I ever remember to have been present, was the funeral of the late Bishop of Winchester, which took place in the quiet Sussex churchyard, while children sang sweetly round the grave, and the crowd of mourners blended their voices heartily, though inartistically, in unison with them. The burial of which I now speak was of a different order. Bishop Thirlwall, the historian of Greece and translator of Niebuhr, was borne to his honoured rest in Westminster Abbey, by the side of his brother historian, George Grote, and the occasion was a remarkable instance of that sublimity which attaches to

the Church of England service from its very simplicity. The procession, which filed up the nave between two lines of spectators, bristling with a policeman here and there, was prosaic enough—the Abbey Choir, the Dean and Canons, the coffin of the dead Bishop and scholar, with the pall borne by six of his brother prelates—namely, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of London, Winchester, Ely, St David's, and Melbourne. No cross-bearer preceded the cortège, only the venerable verger of the Abbey with his ponderous mace; no acolytes swung censers; above all, no instrumentalists wailed Gregorians on ophicleides and serpents; but up among the cold gray arches of the Abbey rang the solemn phrases of Croft's 'I am the Resurrection and the life,' and 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'

When the procession reached the east end of the choir, the Bishops passed to their places at the altar, the Archbishop taking the north side and the Bishop of London the south side, the other prelates being grouped around. One little dash of romance I noticed, which has come to be recognized as a portion of our still somewhat objectionable funeral arrangements; each of the mourners carried a large wreath with him to his place in the choir. Some of these floral chaplets were of white and green only, but others were gay with the many hues of summer, and formed a beautiful contrast with the sombre adornments of pall, hatband, and scarf. The coffin was of polished oak, shaped like a sarcophagus, and surmounted by a full length Latin cross.

As it rested in front of the Communion-rail the choir sang the 90th Psalm—the second of the two set down in the Burial Service—to a well-known minor chant, which modulated into the major at the Gloria. Whilst this was taking place, an anti-climax occurred at the grave itself. One of the grave-diggers came, and with a crowbar somewhat enlarged the dimensions of the grave. Whether he had failed to learn that procrastination is the thief of time, or the coffin proved wider than had been expected, I know not, but the clink of the crowbar sounded incongruously enough amid the cadences of the

Domine refugium. It was, however, happily soon over, and then Archdeacon Jennings read from his stall the magnificent funeral lesson (1 Cor. xv.), where St Paul gives the clearest definition, or approach to a definition, of all in Holy Scripture, of the condition of the Departed, and answers the inevitable demand of the heart at such a moment, '*How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?*' with that most forcible of all the analogies from Nature, the flower or grain springing from the dead and buried seed—the same, yet oh how different! The Archdeacon read the chapter in a clear distinct voice, without any attempt at elocution, but so as to render every word distinctly heard, at least throughout the choir.

At the conclusion of the lesson, while an appropriate voluntary was played by Mr Jekyll, the choir, with the Dean of Westminster and the Rev. S. Flood Jones, the Precentor, passed through the west door of the choir round to the south transept, where the grave was situated, while the funeral procession proper left by the gate immediately below the Communion-rail. Here the choristers again took up Croft's music, and also Purcell's exquisite sequence, 'I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, "Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,"' &c.

Dean Stanley does not intone, but the modulation of his voice in the committal of the body to the ground was all that could be wished. He read in the most stately manner possible, and the sound of the dust falling upon the metal cross of the coffin-lid added strange emphasis to his words. The Sentences and Lord's Prayer were simply read both by choir and minister, the former wisely abstaining from reciting a note which would probably have resulted in a discord. Nothing could exceed the pathos of the Dean's delivery in the former of the two prayers that succeed, and which many of us think the finest in the whole liturgy of the Church of England.

Unfortunately the choir did attempt a musical 'Amen' at the end of these prayers, and came to grief accordingly. There was no reciting note to give them the key, and each

member of the choir having his own opinion on the subject, made the result far from satisfactory, but they did their spiriting gently, and no *contretemps* ensued.

After the second prayer was read the choir sang with admirable effect Handel's Funeral Anthem (from 'The ways of Zion do mourn'), with the appropriate words, 'His body is buried in peace.' The main subject is slow and solemn, fitly conveying the rest of the grave supervening upon the storms of life and the transient disquietude of death. Finally it bursts into a glorious melody, indicative of higher life, at the words, 'but his name liveth evermore.'

By the way, this anthem is a clear interpolation, and a most fitting and impressive one; but how about its 'legality'? We hear a good deal of the law in connection with the Gospel now-a-days, and it seemed a strange illustration of the principle how much better men often are than their creeds, and even bishops and archbishops than the Acts of Parliament they frame. Here were the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, who had recently fulminated the Public Worship Bill (one had almost written 'Bull'), visiting with direct penalties those who should add to or diminish from the *litera scripta* of the rubrics, calmly standing by while this irregular anthem was being exquisitely rendered by the Abbey choir! Is it possible, even if desirable, to attain the dead level of utter uniformity aimed at by this Bill? Could it be possible to find three Westminster people sufficiently pigheaded to inform against Dean Stanley for thus amplifying the noble Funeral Service, though no rubric says, 'In choirs and places where they sing here followeth the anthem.' Even supposing the Pharisees to be forthcoming, how could Lord Penzance possibly entertain the complaint when, by their presence, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London were *participes criminis*?

How strangely youth contrasts with age! how closely life treads on the heels of death! Everywhere that day were the ubiquitous Westminster lads. As I crossed Dean's Yard to the cloisters I met one gorgeously at-

tired in pink and flannels, going off to cricket or boating; another in academicals talked of 'exam. ;' a third was reading listlessly from a dog's-eared book, perched in one of the cloister arches, and swinging a tennis bat in his hand, heedless of dead bishops and impending funerals; while yet another was fitting about like a sweet little cherub on the top of the choir screen, his college gown flying all around as he skipped about in utter disregard of Mr Jekyll's fine performance of the Dead March in 'Saul.'

THE FLOWER SERMON.

AMONG the romantic customs attaching to the City of London—and there is some romance yet lingering in this apparently unpoetical locality—is the annual flower service and sermon at the parish church of St Katherine-Cree, Leadenhall Street, on Whit Tuesday. Before half-past six o'clock on that day the old church was filled with a congregation consisting principally but not entirely of young persons, each of whom was requested to bring a bouquet of flowers. They complied very generally with the stipulation, and it was a pretty sight to see the long lines of children in the gray City church, each with his or her nosegay, from a sprig of hawthorn or lilac, up to the bouquet properly so termed, and redolent of Covent Garden Market. At the half-hour the organist struck up the appropriate air, 'With verdure clad the hills appear,' and continued to play throughout the ensuing thirty minutes of waiting. During this period the choir assembled in the western gallery, each laden with a portentous posy, and the nosegay put for the preacher, the Rev. Dr Whittemore, on the red velvet cushion of the pulpit was quite a Ben-

jamin's mess compared with any of the others. I noticed too that some gentlemen who probably had been young but now were old, forbore to own the soft impeachment by wearing lilies of the valley in their buttonhole as though in the ordinary course of events. One rosy and romantic old bachelor was garnished with a little bundle of forget-me-nots, and the very smallest boy in the place was attached to a gigantic peony. It was quite an old-fashioned congregation, for the most part like what one would see in a country rather than a London church, and we were partitioned off into square cavernous pews like little rooms. At seven o'clock, while the beautiful air, 'If with all your hearts,' was played, there entered from the vestry, first an array of vergers with maces, then five clergymen in surplices, and last of all Dr Whittemore in black gown. The service, which was of a festal character throughout, with special psalms and lessons, commenced with a bright and cheery hymn:—

Hosanna ! Master, lo, we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne ;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.

Hosanna ! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng ;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

O Saviour, if, redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

The clear silvery voices of the little charity children in the gallery, who looked so picturesque in their quaint costumes, rang out above the rest of the vast congregation, the dimensions of which I realized when I stood up, as well as the fragrance of the bouquets ; they perfumed the air when we rose like fumes of incense from a censer. The Psalms were the 8th and 64th, the lessons Isaiah xxxv. and St John xv. 1—8, which, besides being ap-

propriate to the occasion, had the merit of brevity, and by giving each to a separate clergyman and dividing the service into three, it was contrived to find everybody something to do. The canticles were sung to the very florid Jackson in F. The second hymn, set to a tune called Festivity, was very beautiful, and evidently a favourite with the young singers. In it occurred the verses :—

Come join the festive song,
Wake, voices all :
Chime with the vernal throng,
List to the call.
Hear we in every breeze,
From vale and mountain trees,
Glad notes of nature say,
Join ye my lay.

Lord of the rolling year !
Round and above,
Boundless Thy works appear—
Boundless Thy love.
All, all in earth and sky,
As glide the seasons by,
New glories of Thy name,
Ever proclaim.

Joyous we swell the strain,
Thankful to Thee,
Watched by Thy care, again
Spring-tide to see.
Still in this gospel-land,
Now with our flowers we stand,
Under Truth's canopy,
Happy and free.

Onward for ever flow
Truth's mighty wave ;
Soon every clime below
Conquer and save.
Sweet as the voice of Spring
Then every tongue shall sing,
Glory to God on high,
Glory for aye.

There was yet another hymn before the sermon, which I am fain to quote again, because the musical portion of this service was so very characteristic :—

Away with thoughts of sadness,
 My harp afresh I'll tune,
 For flowers of hope and gladness
 Are o'er my pathway strewn.
 Though sometimes dark with sorrow
 My pilgrimage below,
 All care about the morrow
 At present I'll forego.

This earth by sin polluted,
 Must thorns and briars bear ;
 Yet all are not uprooted
 Of lovely things and fair ;
 For flowerets round are springing,
 Sweet birds are warbling nigh,
 And yonder sun is flinging
 Bright radiance o'er the sky.

Yet lost in contemplation
 Of what surrounds me here,
 Shall I forget salvation,
 That theme to sinners dear ?
 Oh no, my harp,—no, never !
 Though sounding other lays,
 Thy loudest chords shall ever
 Proclaim my Saviour's praise.

Then farewell gloom and sorrow,
 Sad sounds, adieu awhile ;
 A joyful tone I'll borrow
 From fair creation's smile.
 And when this life is ended,
 A golden harp be mine,
 That harp and voice, still blended,
 May echo strains divine.

Then Dr Whittemore ascended the pulpit to preach the sermon which was to be 'about flowers.'

Beginning without a text, Dr Whittemore said he had nothing to do with grown-up people, if any had smuggled themselves in, and thanked the lady who for twenty-three years had placed a bouquet in the pulpit as his text.

Twenty-three years ago he had resolved to have a garden of girls and boys, and every year he came to see how those plants were getting on. He then referred to the Song of Solomon vi. 11, 'I went down into

the garden to see whether the pomegranates budded,' which he made the people repeat aloud, though the pomegranates were rather a difficulty for the younger elements of his congregation, Dr Whittemore would acknowledge. Pomegranates might well stand as emblems of children. As the queen's beauty was in this Book said to be like the pomegranate, so were the rosy cheeks of children. The Israelites in the desert complained of the absence of pomegranates, and the spies described Canaan as abounding with pomegranates. It was highly valued, and boys and girls were to remember that if there were no buds there could be no fruit, and that was what he had come down to see in his pomegranates. Was there anything in their character giving promise of fruit to come? If there were many buds there would be abundance of fruit if no untimely frost came to nip it. We did not expect much from children, but we wanted to see an indication of the future. Solomon said, even a child was known by his doings. He told the story of a little winning girl who thus gave promise of the future, and had now, as a grown lady, struck out a path of usefulness among working men. She was now no longer a bud, but a rich ripe pomegranate fruit—so might it be when the buds of this garden ripened into fruit.

But even children might be of use. The buds of pomegranate were useful as a medicine, so might there be something done even by a child for Jesus. Whenever they tried to do good let them do it in love. When the pomegranate was eaten a little sugar was poured over it. 'Don't forget the sugar, my little friends, in all you do.' Here came in a story of a good but churlish rich man, who would give his sovereign for any good work, but gave it roughly; he was a pomegranate fruit, but he had forgotten the sugar. So, too, the pomegranate taught humility. It belonged to the same natural order as the myrtle. Don't look down on some poor child twining a little simple wreath to come to the flower sermon, you richer boys and girls. We all belong to one natural order, one great brotherhood,

whether pomegranates or myrtles. So, too, must the myrtle not envy the pomegranate. God has made us all of the same natural order.

Thus with aptest story and illustration the sermon proceeded. Dr Whittemore *talked* to the children and the children listened, nor were the grown-up people who had 'smuggled themselves in' lacking in interest.

It taught me how much might be done without sensationalism of any kind, by a simple Church of England service, plain, honest, pertinent preaching and utilization of the natural seasons, as well as the seasons of the Church, and the simple flowers of the field, on which, as His text, I could not help thinking how the Divine Master Himself preached the greatest sermon of all.

APPENDIX.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

By something very far beyond his artificial position as Primate of All England and Metropolitan, Dr Tait would, with common consent, take rank among our first living ecclesiastics. It would indeed be an unhappy circumstance if this high position should be filled either by an incompetent man or by one so far pledged to any of the parties into which the Established Church is divided, that he could possibly be suspected of lending the high prestige of his office to the purposes of sectarianism. Dr Tait is, vaguely enough, described as a Broad Churchman, but so technical a meaning has that expression taken of late that to apply it to the Archbishop of Canterbury might be almost to mislead. Dr Tait is certainly not a Broad Churchman in the sense that Mr Haweis is; scarcely so pronounced, perhaps, as the Dean of Westminster, but rather what may be called—and what his high office especially requires him to be—a Liberal Churchman. No doubt, when history comes to write her moral on Dr Tait's episcopate and primacy the chief event on which she will dwell will be the creation of the Bishop of London's Fund for relieving the spiritual destitution of the metropolis, and, possibly, the Public Worship Regulation Bill, for defining more clearly and securing the more complete carrying out of the faith and practice of the Established Church. Of this measure it would be premature to speak for the moment. The Archbishop is not what would be called an 'attractive' preacher, but his discourses are scholarly and logical, and he can, when occasion requires, lend them all the force and emphasis of real, but sober eloquence. His Grace frequently preaches extempore, or with a few notes. His speeches in the House of Lords and the Upper House of Convocation are remarkable for their lucidity of arrangement and clearness of delivery.

With regard to the Archbishop's antecedents, his Grace is the son of Craufurd Tait, Esq., of Harviestown, Clackmannanshire,

and was born in the year 1811. He was educated first at Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities, and afterwards entered at Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated First Class in Classics for his B.A. in 1833. He successively took the degrees of M.A. in 1836, D.C.L. in 1842, and D.D. in 1869. After being for many years Fellow and Tutor of his college, he became Head Master of Rugby, a post which he held from 1842 to 1849. He was Dean of Carlisle from 1849 to 1856, and Bishop of London from 1856 to 1868, when he was translated to Canterbury.

It may be interesting to mention that the Archbishop of Canterbury, by virtue of his office, takes rank next after the Princes of the Blood Royal. The Archbishop's mitre consists of a cap surmounted by a ducal coronet.

By something more than a coincidence perhaps it happens that the Primate and the Bishop of London are both ex-pedagogues. This fact, which is apt to move the mirth of very zealous ecclesiastics, may not be without significance in an age which, above all others, requires scholastic precision and clear business tact on the part of those who administer the highest offices in the Church. The Episcopal bench can be no bed of roses at the present moment; and while there are diversities of opinion among the bishops themselves, a firm hand and even temper are requisite on the part of our modern *Pontifex Maximus*, on whom the whole weight of the ecclesiastical edifice rests, and it would be difficult to find an Atlas more equal to the task of supporting it than Dr Archibald Campbell Tait.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Following in natural and almost necessary sequence upon the Archbishop of Canterbury comes the other Primate. It is no Hibernicism to say so, although, etymologically speaking, such might appear to be the case. The Archbishop of Canterbury is Primate of *all* England; the Archbishop of York Primate of England. The highest authority in the Church of England may be therefore said to be a dual one. Possibly the reason for such an arrangement may be something akin to that which most of us recollect from our school days as the reason given by Eutropius why there were two consuls appointed at Rome instead of one king—*ut, si unus malus esse voluisset, alter eum, habens potestatem similem, coaceret*. Happily this rationale has no pertinence at present. The two Archbishops are essentially moderate men. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a worse catastrophe for the Establishment than that either of its two

most prominent men should be a theologian of extreme religious opinions.

It is generally imagined that in questions of precedence the Archbishop of York ranks next to the Archbishop of Canterbury, but such is not the case. The Lord Chancellor comes between them, perhaps to remind us that the Church of England is—at all events for the present—a Church ‘by law established,’ as well as deriving its succession from the Apostles.

Dr Thomson, the present Primate and Metropolitan of our northern province, was translated to his high position in the year 1863, having previously administered the diocese of Gloucester and Bristol for two years. The following are his antecedents:—He was the son of John Thomson, Esq., J.P., of Whitehaven; born in 1819, and educated at Shrewsbury and Queen’s College, Oxford, to which seat of learning he would, as a Cumberland man, naturally gravitate. He took his B.A. in 1840, when his name appears in the third class in *Literis Humanioribus* for Easter Term, the well-known title of Mr J. A. Froude standing on the same list, with N. Greswell and W. E. Greg among the examiners. He graduated successively M.A. in 1842, and D.D. in 1853, and was, in due gradation, fellow, tutor, and provost of his college. Dr Thomson was Preacher at Lincoln’s Inn from 1858 to 1861; Rector of All Souls’, Marylebone—popularly known as the ‘extinguisher’ church—in 1855; Chaplain to the Queen, 1860-61; and Bampton Lecturer at Oxford in 1853. This well-merited series of honours—academical and ecclesiastical—naturally culminated in his elevation to the episcopal bench in 1861. In this influential position his Grace is patron of ninety-six livings, three archdeaconries, together with the dignities of York Minster. In the returns quoted by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, under date 1835, the net income of the two archbishoprics was set down as—Canterbury, £19,182.; York, £12,629.; but by recent legislation the revenues are fixed at £15,000 and £10,000 per annum respectively. His Grace, it should be added, is a family man in the fullest sense of the word, having married in 1855 Zoe, daughter of J. H. Skene, Esq., British Consul at Aleppo, by whom he has issue three sons and four daughters. Ascetic theologians make merry over the titles of ‘Mrs Archbishop’ and ‘the Misses and Masters Archbishop,’ but to us the honoured consort and the prelatie quiverful seem rather to betoken the very genius of the Church of England, which finds its embodiment in the Cana Marriage Feast, rather than in the Hebron Desert of old.

Dr Thomson, indeed, may be aptly taken to exemplify the *bonhomie* and ripe scholarship of the Establishment, just as Dr Tait embodies its theological breadth and comprehensiveness. The northern Primate is an eloquent preacher and a fluent speaker, while his scholarly proclivities may be gathered from the fact that he adds to his academic titles the coveted initials F.R.S., F.R.G.S. He was appointed President of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society in 1865.

The Archbishop's palace is at Bishopsthorpe, York, and his town residence at 38, Queen's Gate, S.W. Those who would form a personal acquaintance with the archiepiscopal style of eloquence have no difficulty during the season in finding Dr Thomson's name in the list of announcements given by the Saturday papers. From the frequency of its recurrence it may safely be augured that his Grace knows how to make a successful appeal, and finds his list of Sunday engagements proportionately full.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON.*

The Right Rev. Dr John Jackson, Bishop of London, was born 1811, and was educated at Reading and Pembroke College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. as First Class in classics 1833, M.A. 1836, D.D. 1853. He was for some years Head Master of the Islington School, then Incumbent of St James, Muswell Hill, Rector of St James, Westminster, Canon of Bristol, and was consecrated 86th Bishop of Lincoln 1853, and translated as Bishop of London 1869. He married Mary Annie Frith, youngest daughter of Henry Browell, Esq., of Kentish Town; she died in 1874. The Bishop is father of eleven daughters, the majority of whom are married to clergymen.

BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

The Right Hon. and Right Rev. Lord Arthur Charles Hervey, D.D., is the son of the 1st Marquis of Bristol. He was born 1808, and was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. After having been Rector of Ickworth and of Horningsheath and Archdeacon of Sudbury, he was consecrated Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1869. Lord Hervey may be ranked among liberal prelates, being able to sympathize with both members of the High and Low Church party. The Bishop is a ripe scholar and a contributor to Dr Smith's Bible Dictionary.

* Several of the facts in these shorter notices are derived from the Rev. F. Arnold's work, 'Our Bishops and Deans.'

THE BISHOP OF ELY.

Dr Woodford was born 1820, and from Merchant Taylors' passed to Pembroke College, Cambridge. After a brilliant university career, he having been Senior Optime and second class Classical Tripos 1842, he became Perpetual Curate of St Saviour's, Coal Pit Heath, and eventually Vicar of the large and influential parish of Leeds. He was for some time Preacher before the University of Cambridge, and a Chaplain to the Queen. He was Examining Chaplain to Bishop Wilberforce both at Oxford and Winchester, and must ever be regarded as the pupil and follower of that prelate. Dr Woodford was created Bishop of Ely, 1873.

THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

The Bishopric of Chichester, which, by the way, is the smallest of all the English dioceses, its extent being limited to a single English county, was founded in the Isle of Selsey in 680 by Wilfred Archbishop of York. The seat of the Bishopric was removed by Stigand to Chichester in 1071, was in 1870 conferred on the aged Dr Durnford by Mr Gladstone. The Church Congress of 1874 being held at Brighton, the Bishop was its President.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

This prelate is the son of James Fraser, Esq., of Heavitree, Devon, and was educated at Shrewsbury. He is an instance of the scholars that were produced at that college under the old régime. From Shrewsbury he proceeded to Pembroke College, Oxford, and for many years occupied the position of country parson, 'a time,' as he said at a Church Congress, 'where he spent some of the happiest years of his life.'* The Bishop's line is decidedly the popular one. He is always ready to act as the poor man's friend, and has in many instances been chosen arbitrator in trade disputes. Perhaps no better idea of his liberality

* He was afterwards Prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral, Chaplain to the Bishop of Salisbury, and was appointed Select Preacher at Oxford University, 1852—4, and was consecrated second Bishop of Manchester, 1870.

can be gathered than from his preface to his *University Sermons*, in which he says, 'We ought to be able to see that there are other points of view from which religious questions may be regarded, other aims with which schemes of practical usefulness may be advocated, than what are so insidiously and offensively called either Tractarian or Evangelical. All really good and earnest hearts among us are yearning for peace.' Bishop Fraser is unmarried.

BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

Dr Wordsworth, the present Bishop of Lincoln, is nephew to the great poet. He was born in 1807, and is third son of Christopher Wordsworth, Master of Trinity. He was educated at Winchester and Trinity College, where he seems to have carried off almost all the prizes worth having; and was first on the Mathematical Tripos of 1830. He was Public Orator at Cambridge, and in 1836 became Head Master of Harrow, which he vacated in 1844, and was succeeded by Dr Vaughan, the present Master of the Temple. He then became Canon of Westminster and Vicar of Stamford-in-the-Vale. Having previously been offered and refused the Bishopric of Gibraltar, he was, under Mr Disraeli's Government, in 1869, made Bishop of Lincoln. Dr Wordsworth may fairly rank as one of the finest scholars of our day.

BISHOP OF OXFORD.

Dr Mackarness, son of John Mackarness, Esq., of Bath, was born 1820, and educated at Eton and Merton College, Oxford. He was Vicar of Tardebigge, Worcestershire; Rector of Honiton, Inspector of Schools, and Head Master of the Grammar School, Honiton; Hon. Canon of Worcester, and Prebendary of Exeter Cathedral. In 1870 he was consecrated Bishop of Oxford. He has the reputation of doing his work faithfully and well in his diocese, and of bestowing preferment in return for good service rendered to the Church. Oxford was constituted a bishopric by Henry VIII. out of the lands of the dissolved monasteries of Disney and Abingdon, but Elizabeth deprived it of many of the emoluments given by her father.

THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

Dr Bickersteth, son of the late Rev. J. Bickersteth, was born at Acton, in Suffolk, in 1816. Though intended by his father for the medical profession, he changed his plans and went to Queen's College, Cambridge, and, after his ordination, became curate to his father at Sapeote. He was for some time Incumbent of St John's, Clapham Rise, and afterwards held the important living of St Giles' in the Fields, and was consecrated second Bishop of Ripon in 1857. Dr Bickersteth may well be described as a great preaching prelate, often preaching three sermons a day in different churches of his diocese. The bishopric of Ripon was founded in Saxon times, but was afterwards taken with York, and it was only as late as 1836 that it was reconstituted a separate diocese.

DEAN GOULBURN.

Dean Goulburn belongs to a family of which many members have gained high literary renown. His father, who has not long since died, was a Judge in Bankruptcy, and was deservedly esteemed for the integrity with which he performed his duties. The Dean was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, and became Fellow and Tutor of Merton. After his ordination he was presented to the Incumbency of Holywell, Oxford. In 1850 he succeeded Dr Tait as Head Master of Rugby, and during the time he presided over the school evinced the greatest anxiety for the well-being of those committed to his care, but at the same time he appears to have felt the active life of church work more congenial to his taste than that of schoolmaster, and on Mr Alford vacating Quebec Chapel for the Deanery of Canterbury, he accepted that charge, which he soon exchanged for St John's, Paddington. Dr Goulburn is not a great orator, but he possesses the gift of a wonderful charm of manner, which, combined with his great scholarship, wonderful command of language and clearness of enunciation, never fail to gather a large congregation round him.

CANON LIDDON.

We are apt to imagine, when a contrast is instituted between a Roman and an Anglican ecclesiastic, that an air of mystery and inaccessibility will surround the latter which will have no existence in the sphere filled by the former. The atmosphere in which the

Roman Catholic priest lives is supposed to be redolent of incense and tinted with the hues of storied windows, while that of the Church of England 'parson' is the free air of outdoor existence, chequered only with those lights and shadows which are incidental to all our surroundings. In the case of the two divines who have lately been engaged in a controversy second only to that between our ex-Premier and the Pope, the poles of this contrast are entirely reversed. Each is constituted by this circumstance an exceptional man in his special walk of life. Monsignor Capel has elected to emerge from the learned retirement which characterized the earlier portion of his career. He has, no doubt for his own special purpose, constituted himself an ecclesiastical Ulysses, seeing the cities of many men and learning their customs, more especially that one particular class of men who, according to him, stand on the very borderland of Rome, and sometimes set foot incontinently over the dim frontier-line; while Canon Liddon—less, perhaps, with any far-reaching purpose than by force of natural disposition and the bias of early circumstances—has led, since the date of his graduation in 1850, a purely academical life, which critics looking from the stand-point of merry Rosalind, might be inclined to set down in her category of the 'merely monastic.' There is little to chronicle in a life so cloistered. In fact—by a not uncommon process of Nature—the bent of these two minds is written in the physiognomy. Without being a Lavater, one could read in the features of Monsignor Capel corroborative evidence as to his being the prototype of the courtly Monsignor Catesby, in 'Lothair.' Canon Liddon's face, as seen in his stall at St Paul's Cathedral, or from the pulpit under the dome whence he addresses those vast congregations for whom there is not room in the choir, is that of a monk by Fra Angelico. Henry Parry Liddon is the son of the late Captain Liddon, R.N., who accompanied Sir W. E. Parry to the North Pole in 1819-20 as commander of the *Griper*. Scholarly and studious from boyhood, he took his B.A. second class in *Literis Humanioribus* in 1850, and successively obtained the positions of student of Christ Church; Johnson Theological Scholar, 1851; M.A., 1853. He was ordained deacon and priest in 1852-53 respectively, and on each occasion by the Bishop of Oxford. In fact—as Canon Liddon himself observes—his life has been almost spent in Oxford. In the pages of the Oxford Calendar and the catalogues of Messrs Rivingtons' books lie the chief items of his uneventful biography. He is Ireland Professor of Exegesis, and was appointed a member of the Hebdomadal Council in 1866. Extending the radius one degree from the Alma Mater of this most constant student, we find him appointed Canon Residentiary of St Paul's in 1870; an arrangement which, while it has given a somewhat 'High' tone to a capitular body not wont to indulge in extremes, has also recommended itself by going far towards restoring the ancient glories of Paul's Cross. Canon Liddon is as essentially the

preacher as the student. The list of his works—mostly sermons—fills no less than seventeen pages in the folio catalogue of the British Museum. The other positions external to Oxford which he has filled have been those of Vice-Principal of the Cuddesdon Theological College, and Examining Chaplain to the late Bishop of Salisbury. In 1866 he was Bampton lecturer; and the following year saw the publication of his lectures in a volume which gave rise to much controversy, entitled ‘The Divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.’ The seventh chapter of ‘that remarkable but saddening work,’ Professor F. W. Newman’s ‘Phases of Faith,’ yielded the analysis which was expanded into these lectures. Quoting the words of a thoughtful friend in his preface to the second edition of this work, Canon Liddon says:—‘In the seventh chapter of the “Phases of Faith” there is the satisfaction of feeling that one has reached the floor of Pandemonium, and that a rebound has become almost inevitable. Anything is better than to be sinking still, one knows not how deeply, into the abyss. At the feet of the Christ of the Gospels,’ adds the lecturer in his own words, ‘the moral sense may be trusted to protest against an intellectual aberration which condemns Him as vain and false and selfish, only that it may rob Him of His aureole of Divinity.’ ‘The great question of our day,’ he concludes, ‘is whether Christ our Lord is only the author and founder of a religion of which another Being, altogether separate from him—namely, God, is the Object; or whether Jesus Christ Himself, true God and true Man, is, with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, the Object of Christian faith and love as truly as, in history, He was the founder of Christendom. Come what may, the latter belief has been, is, and will be to the end, the faith of His Church. . . . It is really a choice between a phantom and a reality—between the implied falsehood and the eternal truth of Christianity.’ Incidentally the lectures glance at Renan and Strauss, and even at ‘Ecce Homo,’ though frankly putting forward Mr Gladstone’s defence of that now historic volume. In the introduction to the earliest edition the Canon quoted appositely the words of Augustine: ‘Quisquis hæc legit, ubi pariter certus est, pergat mecum; ubi pariter hæsitat, quærat mecum; ubi errorem suum cognoscit redeat ad me; ubi meum, revocet me. Ita ingrediamur simul charitatis iram, tendentes ad Eum de Quo dictum est, Quærite Faciem Ejus semper.’ In the present—or, it might almost be written, the past—ephemeral controversy waged with Monsignor Capel in the uncongenial columns of the *Times*,* Canon Liddon chivalrously rebuts the accusation brought by Monsignor Capel that the ‘Puseyites’ (if that term be not obsolete) were disseminating

* The celebrated Capel-Liddon controversy in the *Times* gave occasion for the accompanying biographical sketch, and for the corresponding one of Monsignor Capel in ‘Unorthodox London,’ Series II. They were written in connection with portraits of these two divines which appeared in the *Pictorial World*. A sermon of Canon Liddon’s is also given in the first series of this work, pages 74 et seq.

Roman doctrine. The plain truth seems to be that the party has outgrown its appellation, and neither Monsignor Capel nor Canon Liddon has quite kept pace with the rapid development of thought in 'High' latitudes, or the former may have narrowed his strictures more cautiously to the Ritualists, and the Canon been spared the necessity of taking up the cudgels for a party with whose excesses he fails to sympathize, though able to advance with individuals to a certain point on their Excelsior route. It is thus he expresses himself in a personal communication to the writer of this narrative:—'I should not have entered upon a discussion with Monsignor Capel unless I had understood him to imply that, together with others whom he named, I was personally teaching Roman doctrines. The line of demarcation between what is popularly known as High Church doctrine (in other words, the historical and obvious sense of the Sacramental and Occasional Services in the Book of Common Prayer) on the one side, and Roman doctrine on the other, appears to me to be a sufficiently distinct one. Monsignor Capel certainly succeeded in producing quotations from certain devotional works of which I had never before heard—which I was obliged to confess transgressed the limits which, to my mind, loyalty to the English Church formularies would prescribe for her ministers. But he also used language which seemed to imply that doctrines taught or sanctioned by the Prayer Book were distinctly Roman doctrines; and I was unwilling to allow that the 'Ritualist' writers whom he quoted were disloyal to the Church of England to the extent which he implied. Their sayings, however, belonged to the second stage of the controversy, and had nothing to do with the motives which led me to write; in the first instance, to the *Times*.'

THE END.

